THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY 1929

Lincoln the Lover. The Courtship . . . . . WILMA FRANCES MINOR 1
From Newly Discovered Letters, Diaries, and Books
The Herding Day. *The Pleasures of Sheep Herding* . . . ARCHER B. GILFILLAN 15
The Christian Ministry . . . . . HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK 24
The Old Band . . . . . SUSAN D. ALFORD 31
What Happened in Lawrence, Kansas, Seventy-Five Years Ago
Flipper. *A Sea Story* . . . . . CAPTAIN WILLIAM OUTERSON 41
Life, Art, and Peace . . . . . JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH 52
Hortus Siccus. *A Poem* . . . . . DOROTHY MARGARET STUART 67
Camels and Camel Pullers. *Caravan Lore* . . . . . OWEN LATTIMORE 68
Socrates Up to Date. *A Dialogue Regarding Time* . . . . . IRVIN H. MYERS 78
The Russian Theatre . . . . . JOHN MASON BROWN 83
'Cunjur.' II. *A Story in Two Parts* . . . . . PERNET PATTERSON 95
An Experiment in Faith. *Radcliffe College* . . . . LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS 105
Night. *A Poem* . . . . . LORD DUNSANY 110
The Women's Colleges Reply . . . . . WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON 111
A Brief Rejoinder . . . . . WILLIAM B. MUNRO 115

THE NEW WORLD

Peace on Earth — and the U. S. A. . . . . WILLIAM MARTIN 116
The Editor of the 'Journal de Genève' Speaks with Impartial Candor
The English Prayer Book To-day . . . . . HERBERT W. HORWILL 123
Italy Abroad . . . . . SILVIO TRENTIN 128

Contributors' Club: Arrowhead — A Philosophy of Pith-Balls 136
Contributors' Column 140
Atlantic Bookshelf: Rasputin, the Holy Devil — Sceptical Essays — Boston — Masks in a Pageant — Mussolini's Autobiography — Four Books of Travel . . . . . *Front Advertising Section*
The Financial Counselor: Arthur W. Joyce . . . . . *Back Advertising Section*

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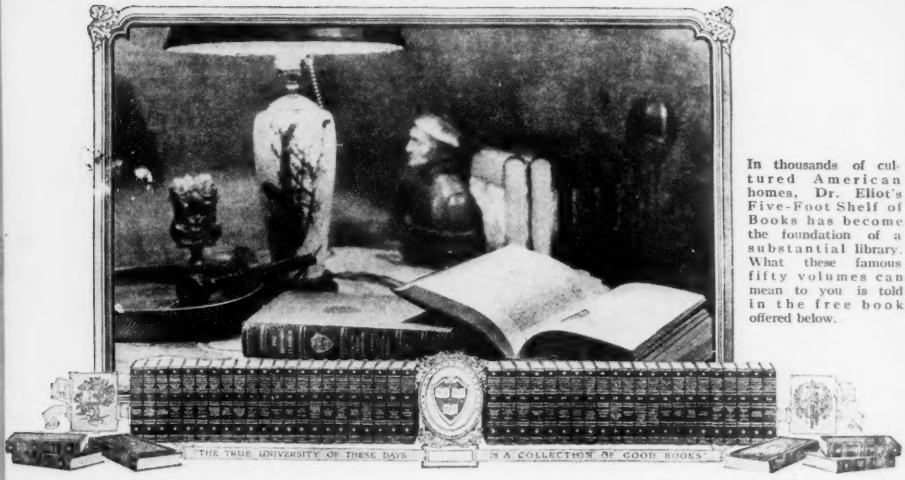

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A BLESSED COMPANION IS A BOOK

Rasputin, the Holy Devil, by René Fülöp-Miller. New York: The Viking Press. 8vo. xii + 386 pp. $5.00.

Oh, those Russians! With their violence and their vehemence and their age-old, stolid, incurable indifference, and their veracity and their vodka! Oh, those Russians! With their strange aptitude for sex and sin and sanctity and the missionary spirit, shifting from one to the other with barbaric relish and incomprehensible ease! You read it all in their music, with its haunting, intoxicating dissonances, its broken, syncopated rhythms, so symptomatic of a syncopated soul. You read it in their literature, Turgenev and Tolstoi and Dostoevski and Tchekov, the literature of rapture and ecstasy and turbulent question and brutal tragedy and simulated, stimulated peace. You certainly read it fully in this epic story of Rasputin, the inspired peasant, drunk with vodka and holy fervor, who turned men's and women's hearts and the world upside down, and then went out, stabbed, on a winter night. It will be said that this is the old Russia, that the Russia of to-day is made over, transformed. But the Russia of to-day has its roots deep down in the Russia of Catherine and Peter and Ivan the Terrible and the hordes who wandered from Asia with Oriental greed and Oriental cruelty.

This story of Rasputin is perhaps all the more impressive from being somewhat incoherent and confused in the telling, since confusion and incoherence were the tissue of the man's soul. A peasant's son, born in a Siberian village, he grew up with animals and dreams and God, and all his life partook of all of them. An illiterate, enthusiastic monk, he wandered over all Russia, picking up queer human secrets, looking into eyes and hearts, with an uncanny power of psychological penetration and an inexplicable depth of spiritual mastery. Women especially adored him, and he made profit of their adoration, legitimate and illegitimate, straying into strange divagations of theoretical religious debauchery.

Then he came to St. Petersburg, grafted his mystical domination on to the last, tottering, incompetent representatives of the Romanov dynasty, and for years, up into the Great War, made and unmade ministers, dictated policies, all the time dragging women through sexual corruption to God, spending his days in political intrigue and his nights in the maddest dancing and revelry, yet contriving, apparently without effort, to keep the reputation of a saint even with those who knew him to be a sinner.

Naturally the politicians hated him, and they intrigued against him, and devised all sorts of schemes to destroy him. For a long time he defied them and laughed at them, but in the end they got him, and his body was dragged out of the Neva, the last resting place of so many Russian sinners and saints.

When you finish, you rub your eyes and awake from a nightmare, realizing with relief that this is common-sense America, with its trolleys and automobiles and baseball leagues and elections and prohibitions. No drunken debauched prophets about here! Yet, perhaps with the influence still in your blood, you wonder whether, if you stripped off common sense, Dr. Cadman, and Eddie Guest, you might come down to the primitive elements, after all, just as in Russia. There is sex here, and jazz here, and vodka here, and religious fanaticism here, and under it all there is that basis of universal mystery which makes the secret of Russia, because it makes the secret of humanity, and deeper still there is the unsolved, perhaps insoluble, problem, which makes the strength and the weakness of all the Rasputins, and is caught up in the lilt of the old song: —

> For God is the riddle of life,
> And life is the riddle of God.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Sceptical Essays, by Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1928. 12mo. 256 pp. $2.50.

As most readers know, Bertrand Russell divides his time between original work and popularization. The present volume, composed of seventeen essays which appear to have been written at various times and for various purposes, represents one of his efforts in the latter direction. The subjects are diverse — 'Is Science Superstitious?' 'The Harm That Good Men Do,' 'Philosophy in the Twentieth Century,' and so forth — and the book gets such unity as it has from the personality of the author. One will not find in it any complete or orderly development of a philosophy, but one will find such a philosophy implied in the attitudes taken toward various subjects.

Mr. Russell is a rationalist, not because he adheres to any set of 'common sense' opinions, but because he believes in reason as the only possible instrument for the solution of human problems, and the vigor of his style is the expression of his irritation with a world which refuses to behave in a rational manner. 'Those,' he says, 'who in principle oppose birth control are either incapable of arithmetic or else in favor of war, pestilence,

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and famine as permanent features of human life,' and between the lines of such statements one may read the near despair of a man who feels that though they are completely unanswerable yet a very considerable part of humanity will blandly disregard them. As a sceptic he is prepared to doubt any specific conclusion of scientific thought, but as a rationalist he refuses to believe that any other method can challenge that of rationality and science. He is ready to abandon the naïve materialism of the nineteenth century, but he will have no traffic with anything like the Bergsonian 'Intuition' which proposes to thrust reason aside, and in the name of candor and caution he calls a halt to the speculations of the more enthusiastic of the contemporary philosophers of science who run far ahead of their evidence in their eagerness to find once more a place for God in the universe.

Most of the essays in the present volume are concerned quite as much with the social well-being of humanity as they are with that abstraction called Truth, and it is interesting to note the frequency with which Mr. Russell falls back upon the conviction that an intelligent self-interest on the part of the individual would be sufficient to solve most of the problems with which civilization is faced. In one essay he remarks that 'in an ordered community it is very rarely to a man's interest to do anything which is very harmful to others,' and in his Introduction he says further, while speaking of envy and patriotism, 'Our unconscious is more malevolent than it pays us to be. . . . It [a rational morality] could be realized to-morrow if men would learn to pursue their own happiness rather than the misery of others. This is no impossibly austere morality, yet its adoption would turn our earth into a paradise.'

Now this faith is very much like that faith in 'enlightened selfishness' which soothed so many consciences during the Industrial Revolution in England and which drove Carlyle to the very height of his fury. There are, as a matter of fact, two objections to be raised to it: first, that the hope of cultivating in the majority of mankind any 'enlightened selfishness' so extremely enlightened as it would need to be is, in itself, Utopian; and, second, that such selfishness would have to be not only more enlightened but also more farseeing — more ready to sacrifice the immediate good to the future — than any very likely to be born very soon in a creature as defective as man in his present state. But, unlikely as salvation in this fashion may be, a pessimist, at least, may be permitted to affirm that he thinks it as likely as any other, even if he feels it necessary to add that that modern world which permitted the most destructive war in history was the world which had a better opportunity than any had ever had before it to realize the extent of its folly.

As hinted above, *Sceptical Essays* is an effort to popularize the ideas of its author rather than an effort to add to them. It contains nothing which will surprise those already familiar with his writings, but it bears everywhere the stamp of his penetrating and vivacious mind.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Boston, by Upton Sinclair. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1928. 12mo. 2 vols. 755 pp. $5.00.

ONE'S first thought, when laying down this novel, is that it supplies an almost perfect disproof of the fact that Sacco and Vanzetti ever lived.

Mr. Sinclair's method is the reverse of Swift's and Defoe's. They made fantastic stories plausible by loading them, especially at the beginning, with a wealth of small, commonplace, convincing details. Mr. Sinclair starts with what seem to be such monstrous whoppers about imaginary characters that when he comes to the real ones they seem fictitious, too.

If you believe that a celebrity, past eighty years old, can die after dinner and lie in his library all night, although surrounded by valet, butler, and maids; if you believe that well-bred women can quarrel furiously at their fathers' funerals over the family heirlooms, caring much more for antiques than appearances; and if you believe that one of the best-known women in Massachusetts can run away from home and work for the Plymouth Cordage Company for a year without discovery — then you are well started in Mr. Sinclair's new book.

Vanzetti makes his appearance after about forty pages; his broken English is reproduced in a way that casts ghastly humor, rather than pathos, over his fate. Many a martyr has spoken brokenly; but the biographer is wise who avoids a literal rendering of such phrases as 'a great reech clooba — I washa da deesh.' He refers, with equally unhappy effect, to his codefendant as 'Sacc'.' Meanwhile, a second case is being described concurrently — the Willett-Sears litigation. Blue blood is apparently the synonym for bad manners and for greed; black coats are usually a symbol for the black-heartedness of bankers, lawyers, and their caste. There are savage portraits of Judge Thayer and Governor Fuller; but the peculiar improbability of the imaginary characters has done its work, and these very real men become improbable, too. There are curious, almost ingenious little slips, throughout, like 'Camp Putnam,' and the 'Friday dances' and the 'Alpha Delta Phi' club of Harvard. They are all very nearly right; but they make the whole effect very oddly wrong.

The present reviewer cannot close without paying tribute to Mr. Sinclair's sincerity. He writes, as always, from a burning sense of conviction. In *Boston* he has attempted what he describes as a contemporary historical novel, a new art-form. It is far and away the most ambitious novel of this year, or many years. Beyond most men now living, Mr. Sinclair is convinced. It is a pity he so seldom manages to be convincing, too.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Masks in a Pageant, by William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. 8vo. xvi+507 pp. $5.00.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE is a journalist who would do credit to the press of any nation. In American letters his place is one of honor which has been long sustained. His latest volume, *Masks in a Pageant*, is entertaining and often brilliant. But Mr. White, with all the valuable qualities which his work possesses, is not invariably accurate in historical detail. Let me cite a few examples.

Mr. White assigns the famous mugwump campaign to 1888, on Mr. Cleveland's renomination for the Presidency. In fact it was when Cleveland opposed Blaine in 1884 that the real revolt came, rather than when he ran against Harrison, to whose standard many Republicans in 1888 returned. Mr. White's plan of merging the two Cleveland administrations into one picture, rather than presenting each in its own setting, does not wholly excuse much that is slipshod in his assembling of facts. He emphasizes Cleveland's veto of the Seigniorage Bill, which he assigns to 1893, and which he describes very inaccurately. The veto bore date of March 30, 1894. It was relatively unimportant beside the great battle for the repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchases Act, which did take place in the special session that the President called for the purpose in the summer of 1893.

Mr. White follows McElroy in giving an altogether undue prominence to William J. Bryan in this silver battle. He was a new Congressman, serving in all but two terms and only one of these in the Cleveland administration; but, because of Bryan's subsequent leadership of the silver cause, the biographers have given him a prominence which he did not at the time possess.

White designates the President's mother as Anne Nealy, whereas her name was Ann Neal, and ascribes to Charles A. Dana the appellation 'the stuffed prophet' which the latter's editorial associate, the late Edward P. Mitchell, has acknowledged.

Mr. White's account of President Cleveland's answering the telephone directly in his own White House office is altogether mythical. Telephony has come rapidly in recent years. It was not until Mr. Cleveland's second retirement that there was more than one telephonic receiver in the White House and that was in the telegraphers' room, many steps from the President's own office. Mr. White tells of Mr. Cleveland's going, after his second retirement from the Presidency in 1897, to New York 'three or four times a week, in a law connection, to earn an honest living.' Four years earlier he had disposed of his law library. He was not actively in the practice of his profession even in the period between the two presidential terms, although maintaining an office with a law firm, and serving as referee in some elevated-railway cases. Most of his time was given, by his own testimony, to receiving and corresponding with Democrats from all parts of the country, in connection with his expected renomination in 1892. The trips he made to New York following his second retirement, to which Mr. White undoubtedly refers, were in connection with the reorganization of the Equitable Insurance Company. In fine, the Cleveland chapter lacks accuracy. But accuracy is not Mr. White's long suit; readability is, and in that he admirably succeeds.

In his study of President Harrison the author alludes continually to the latter's small stature, to his full beard, and to his distinguished ancestry — all undoubtedly factors in his career, but by no means so all-engrossing as Mr. White, with a sense of the dramatic, seems intent on making them. Nor is he altogether just to the recent Democratic candidate for the Presidency in this sentence: 'The Tammany which trained young Croker, which trained Charles Murphy, Croker's successor, and which trained Al Smith, Murphy's successor, is a human institution.' There is much humor in many of the author's comments, for example in his saying that Harrison believed 'in the God of his times — a good God who kept books and tolerantly charged off many bad accounts.'

Every reader will enjoy the book even if he regrets some of its easy-going ways. Its chapters on Wilson, Roosevelt, and Coolidge are the best, because they are nearer to the author's observation and because they are in effect condensations of his more ambitious studies.

ROBERT LINCOLN O'BRIEN

My Autobiography, by Benito Mussolini. With a foreword by Richard Washburn Child. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. 8vo. xix+311 pp. $3.50.

'THERE is no other autobiography by me,' we are assured in Mussolini's own hand, and on the front cover of this egregious volume, as if to guarantee that autobiographies, unlike interviews, would not be the most bountiful product of the dictatorship. Indeed there may still be just a doubt as to whether there is any autobiography by Mussolini, if in an autobiography one hopes to find an examination of the forces that make the man or the subtle shaping of a character that is trying to change the destinies of Italy. For this book is a glorified interview, dictated and edited first by Mussolini himself, then by Mr. Child.

Perhaps it is too much to expect of autobiography in general, and of Mussolini's in particular, that it should show the growth of a personality. He, more than most, may justifiably make his life a record of events, *omnium pars magna fuit*, since he has lived almost entirely in acting. The word 'extravert' is a sadly misused label, yet one may certainly say of Mussolini's *Autobiography* that he builds himself up by scenes of action. Within twelve pages he is an exile in Switzerland, characteristically without mention of his father's

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arrest as being in any way connected with his 'urge to escape' from 'the short rope' with which he was tethered as a country school-teacher. In the scope of twenty-two pages he has plunged into the war — short shrift enough for those Socialist follies of youth, or for troubles with the police! There is small mention even of those shaping years of wandering and exile in which he soaked up such ideas as fitted his needs for a philosophy of violence and action — although he significantly pays his special homage to Gustave Le Bon for introducing him to *The Psychology of the Crowd*. To Mussolini, all the world is a crowd, Italy his particular part of it, and Rome the stage from which to sway it.

If there is anywhere an embodiment of the pure act toward which Gentile has turned Italian idealism, it is Mussolini. His thinking is itself a form of violent leaping to a new field of acting. War called him, and he left the Socialism which in its revolutionary fervor had seemed for a time to mean action. War gave him a glimpse of the power of the patriotic 'Mythos' and the possibilities of hierarchical discipline. It confirmed him in a contempt for half-measure, 'cowards,' and all compromisers. D'Annunzio had, after the war, gradually to yield his place as the most operatic figure in Italy to the great veterans' leader, who, in the brief years between 1919 and 1923, made the most complete *volte-face* of any public man in modern times, from complete social democracy to complete autocracy, and an autocracy actually used to defend monarchy, clericalism, and capitalism from the very treatment that in 1919 he had advocated against them.

There is, of course, no attempt at an explanation of the causes of this shift, except to paint once more Italy's humiliation. The tide was flowing: Mussolini found its crest. Bolshevism he reproached at first with being impotent to create Revolution. Then he found in its insults to ex-soldiers and its allegiance to Moscow an excuse for launching sacred violence against the shell of the Liberal State. 'The popular party [Don Sturzo's liberal Catholic Democratic party], along with the others, was too much in a hurry to close the parenthesis of the war.' It did not suit Mussolini for so good a war, one which had brought him to national attention, to come to an end. The rest of the work is a description of battles, happily most of them bloodless.

He dismisses the parliamentarians, Giolitti, Bonomi, Facta, Nitti, and the rest as a lot of cowards and weaklings, who were selling Italy to the mob for its suffrages and betraying her sacred soil to the foreigner. About the slain Matteotti, whose fearless revelation of Fascist intimidation and control of the 1924 elections cost his life, he is almost venomous. Throughout it is Mussolini, the iron-jawed, who assumes responsibility for all, keeps all in motion and under discipline.

Certainly this is the most histrionic figure of the generation, set on an Italian stage eminently fit for posing. That Mussolini has will power and that he knows the right moment for a *coup de théâtre*, this apologia serves abundantly to prove — if more proof were needed. He reviews with firm pride each act of the Fascist régime, each tightening of the circle of powers vested in him — the abolition of freedom of criticism; the incorporation of Labor and the professions into Fascist syndicates; the regimentation of the youth of Italy to a worship of the State, 'the sacred Nation'; the institution of the podesta to control local government more completely. That there may be a clash between this pagan Roman State and the universal Church within it does not disturb Mussolini. He lives on clashes and enjoys suppressing them.

The head of the 'Corporative State,' regulating every association and economic activity within it, has apparently convinced even the conservative business elements and the members of the Senate that his claim to absolute control is to be taken seriously. One will not learn from this bit of superpropaganda the difficulties which have had to be overcome in disciplining the old violent Fascisti like Farinacci, but one will get an adequate picture of the way Mussolini thinks and acts. The judgment which individual readers will pass will reflect their own estimates of Italian capacity for a different type of government, and perhaps reflect also an underlying attitude if not a political philosophy. What a gift it would be to see ten or fifty years ahead into the judgment that events will write on this magnificent actor! Will he seem to that day a great man, a psychopath, or perhaps both?

W. Y. Elliott

Four Books of Travel

We have had a great many books about Paris as it was in bygone centuries. We have not had many about the persons in Paris to-day, some of whom are making history, some gossip, and all contributing to the atmosphere sought by the traveler. Such a book is **Sisley Huddleston's Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios.** And who knows more about Paris than the distinguished British journalist who has written, for an audience as wide as the English-speaking world, on almost every important event in Paris during the last thirty years? Not many individuals have come in contact with so many celebrities and near-celebrities. Not many have had such opportunities as Mr. Huddleston has had for watching the men and women of Paris group and regroup themselves in kaleidoscopic patterns.

Few who go to Paris come in contact with the individuals presented in these brilliant pages. And, given the opportunity to meet them otherwise, few could get for themselves the essence of these personalities as Mr. Huddleston has distilled it for us. So I shall urge many people who ask me what to read in preparation for going to the French capital to make the acquaintance of this distinguished guide, and follow him through a Paris which, otherwise,

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they could not know. And to be in Paris, where so much of history is in the making, without a 'programme' of the persons in the play is to miss a great deal of what that city should be to us. I cannot, without making a mere catalogue, enumerate the men and women his acquaintance with whom he shares with us in this ample volume and its fifty illustrations. They include pretty much 'all the world' as Paris has known it in a very full and momentous generation. I should say that this is not merely a book you may add to your collection of books on Paris, but a book not to be left out of that collection.

Far from Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios, we may travel with a great humanitarian, **Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell.** In **Labrador Looks at the Orient** we accompany him to Egypt and Palestine, to India and China and Japan. Here is another observer who sees what you and I could never see though we trailed his very footsteps; who sees what few persons could, and they only such as have lived a life completely dedicated to the service of humanity in places remote from what we are, rightly or wrongly, pleased to call the centres of civilization. Not only were many doors open to Sir Wilfred and Lady Grenfell which would probably be closed to you and me; not only were many personages whom we could not approach only too glad to be approached by him; but he, too, can interpret what he saw as few of us could interpret it for ourselves even if we were as privileged as he in the matter of open doors. We have traveled, vicariously, in the Orient with many guides — propagandist, pictorial, and other sorts. But I am sure that Grenfell, looking at the Orient and enabling us to look with him, offers many points of view which a multitude of readers will be delighted to share.

Spain beckons, each year, to a larger and larger number of travelers abroad; and there is a demand for travel information on Spain that seems to exceed the supply. **Mr. Robert M. McBride,** author of many travel books and publisher of many more, has issued a second printing of his book (first published in 1925) on **Spanish Towns and People.** For hasty tourists through Spain this book may be helpful; it is what might be called a 'car window' chronicle, and gives somewhat the impression of seeing the moving-picture reels of a friend. Mr. McBride found the cathedrals of Spain 'one of the country's lesser attractions.' He spent a night at Ávila without apparent consciousness of Saint Theresa. And he says he did n't go to the Escorial because someone he calls 'the discriminating Osborne' says 'the Escorial is as dreary as Versailles'!

Of a different cast from the usual book of travels is **Winged Sandals,** by **Lucien Price.** Here is a volume in which places, monuments, and relics are important only as they are vehicles of genius as it has descended to earth at various times and in various civilizations. Mr. Price makes a bold attempt to seize directly and concretely on the great heritage of culture which the common man is apt to view with diffidence, and to present this heritage to any reader who will hear him with sympathy. Mr. Price is a journalist employed by a daily newspaper, but he reveals himself as a man of wide and rich reading, broad knowledge, and fine enthusiasms. He has an impulsive sympathy with greatness wherever it appears in earthly history, and he writes with an expressiveness and eloquence which in themselves give beauty and dignity to his book. It is the more surprising to find him putting aside his mastery of vigorous and cultivated style to crack jokes which a down-at-heels vaudeville performer would disdain. He writes learnedly of Beethoven and Wagner, rhapsodizes in Greek at Pæstum, seems perfectly at home in Athens, yet asks us to believe that he was such a Babe in the Woods that he could n't count Italian money, but held it out in handfuls inviting the natives to help themselves!

But Mr. Price's purpose is evident. He has not set out to write the book of an experienced traveler. He has allied himself with the novice and the common tourist, that he may win their confidence as a spiritual guide and counselor, that he may the more readily persuade them to trust and welcome him when he seeks to share the fruits of his knowledge and understanding. He himself postponed his first voyage abroad until almost a generation of study had prepared the way. Then he visited not out-of-the-way corners in a search for novelty, but the centres of historic civilization, ever waiting to be freshly apprehended and interpreted. His own apprehension and understanding are offered in *Winged Sandals.* He has tried to give the great heritage of culture a local habitation and a name. It must depend on the individual reader whether the heritage remains airy nothing, or becomes concrete and real.

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

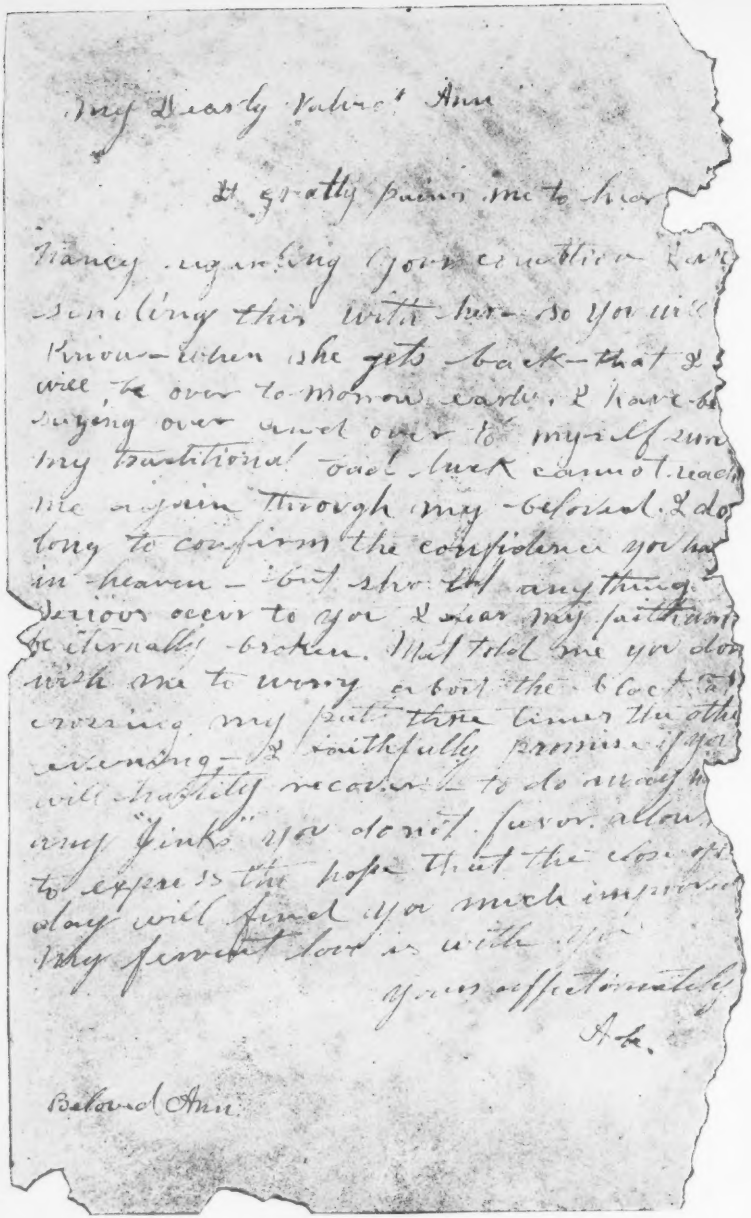
Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios, by Sisley Huddleston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1928. $5.00.

Labrador Looks at the Orient, by Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $5.00.

Spanish Towns and People, by Robert M. McBride. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1928. $3.00.

Winged Sandals, by Lucien Price. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) 1928. $3.50.

The books selected for review in the* Atlantic *are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn.



My Dearly Beloved Ann

It greatly pains me to hear Nancy regarding your condition & sympathizing this with her - so you will know when she gets back - that I will be over to-morrow early, & have determined over and over to myself sure my habitual bad luck cannot reach me again through my Beloved. I do long to confirm the confidence you have in heaven - but shou'd any thing serious occur to you & hear my faith not be eternally broken. Matilda told me you do with me to worry about the black cat crossing my path three times the other evening - & truthfully promise if you will thankfully receive it to do away with any "jinks" you do not forever allow to expire in the hope that the close of day will find you much improved & the fervent love is with you

Yours affectionately

A. Lincoln.

Beloved Ann

ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO ANN RUTLEDGE
NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS, 1835

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1929

LINCOLN THE LOVER*

THE COURTSHIP

BY WILMA FRANCES MINOR

BEFORE we can enter understandingly into the actual story of the courtship of Lincoln and Ann Rutledge, before we can read in the light of knowledge the letters that passed between them, preserved for us through successive generations and never before known to history, we should acquaint ourselves with the general course of Lincoln's life and his means of employment during the years 1832 and 1833. It is a record in itself containing much of struggle and vicissitude, drama and achievement.

I

Had navigation been established on the Sangamon River when he set up his store at New Salem, James Offutt might have become a very prosperous man. His store and mill, of which Lincoln had active charge, might have earned gratifying profits. But navigation by steamboat was no more than a hope in 1831. It was a hope in which the citizens of Springfield and, of course, New Salem were intensely interested. But it was a hope destined to go glimmering.

Offutt could not even abide the issue of the question. His New Salem project did not thrive. For a town so small, New Salem possessed a disproportionate number of merchants. The trade parceled out among them was meagre, and in less than a year Offutt abandoned his venture. James Rutledge took back the rented mill, and Offutt, in Lincoln's phrase, had 'winked out.'

With Offutt's failure, Lincoln was again without a job. He had lived in New Salem only through the course of a single winter, but this had been time enough for him to become the most popular man in the town. He decided to offer himself as a candidate for the state legislature. Already known as 'Honest Abe,' he possessed in that epithet a political asset not to be despised. His address to the voters of Sangamon County was two thousand words in length. It was not prepared without toil and difficulty, nor without the assistance of such good friends as Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster.

Lincoln's appeal, distributed in the form of a handbill, dealt at length with the navigation of the Sangamon, about which he took a strongly optimistic position. He explained the opportunities he had enjoyed, in his second flatboat

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voyage to New Orleans and in his work at the Rutledge mill, for observing the flow of water in the river, and asserted his belief in the possibility of developing the channel for practical navigation. His other pronouncements were of a general character, not markedly different from the somewhat noncommittal utterances wise candidates have in all times found it politic to make. His concluding paragraph contained these significant words: —

> Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men by rendering myself worthy of their esteem.

Soon after the appearance of Lincoln's handbills in March 1832, the steamer Talisman reached Beardstown on the Illinois River. The inhabitants of Sangamon County were wild with excitement. Some weeks before, a Captain Vincent Bogue of Springfield had announced that he would bring a steamer from Cincinnati to the Sangamon, and demonstrate conclusively the navigability of the stream. Expectation became intense, speeches and subscriptions were plentiful, and when the Talisman actually put in its appearance at Beardstown the county prepared for a carnival of congratulation. Lincoln was, of course, among those who met the boat at Beardstown, and he was chosen to pilot it on its course up the Sangamon. He brought the steamer successfully to its landing place near Springfield, toasts, bouquets of flowers, and festivities marking every stage of the voyage. At Springfield, falling water warned the proprietors that the return journey should not be postponed. At the proud rate of four miles a day, the steamer descended the stream again. Lincoln received forty dollars for his part in the exploit, and nothing could have been better calculated to promote his political fortunes than the acclaim accorded him as pilot.

Almost immediately another circumstance occurred to help his candidacy. A rider with a vehement message from Governor Reynolds brought to New Salem the news that Black Hawk, an Indian chief familiar to the people of Illinois as an enemy of settlers and friend of the British, had gone on the warpath. Lincoln at once volunteered for service, and found himself in company with John Calhoun, Billy Greene, and his friends the Clary's Grove boys. The captaincy of the company was determined by election, the men forming groups about the candidates of their choice. Lincoln was one candidate, William Kirkpatrick the other. This was a man who had once done Lincoln an ill turn, and he was not insensible to the opportunity of getting even. Lincoln was naturally pleased when the great majority of the men gathered about him. But his success would hardly have been possible without the allegiance of Jack Armstrong and the other roisterers of Clary's Grove, who were described by another member of the company as the 'hardest set of men' he had ever seen.

Lincoln's experiences as captain of his often disorderly troop need not be pursued in detail. Norman Hapgood has remarked, 'As Lincoln was not in any engagement of this disgraceful little Indian war, it has little to do with the story of his life.' Suffice it that, after the company disbanded, Lincoln was a second time mustered into service as a volunteer, this time as a private. The officer who enrolled him was Lieutenant Robert Anderson, who thirty years later, as Brigadier General, commanded Fort Sumter. After still a third term of service, Lincoln returned, in July, to New Salem. He

entered at once into active electioneering.

Votes depended more upon personal liking and prowess than upon political principles in the campaign in which Lincoln engaged in 1832. Lincoln himself was a devoted supporter of Clay, while most of his friends in Sangamon County were partisans of Jackson. Yet Lincoln found his preference little to his disadvantage, such was his personal popularity. He went about, like other candidates, making speeches wherever groups of people were gathered together, and again the Clary's Grove boys were his attendants and supporters. It might be said that they fought for their candidate both physically and politically, but the distinction would scarcely be necessary. Lincoln himself expressed his prowess in physical as well as mental terms. It is recorded that during his first speech at Pappsville a fight broke out, and Lincoln perceived that one of his friends was having the worst of it. He jumped wholeheartedly into the fracas, threw his friend's assailant 'ten or twelve feet,' and resumed his harangue. This feat was undoubtedly of as great use to him as any other argument he employed.

Despite his popularity and the circumstances that worked in his favor, Lincoln awoke on the morning of August 7, 1832, to learn that he had been defeated. In the county as a whole he had made a good showing, however, and in the precinct which included New Salem he received a vote so overwhelmingly in the majority as to be almost unanimous.

Lincoln was again at a loss; no means of maintaining himself in the world seemed to be within sight. It was at this juncture that he entered into partnership with William F. Berry. This was the dissolute son of the worthy Reverend John Berry. An idler and a source of grief to his father, he had bought out the interest of James Herndon in the store owned by the Herndon brothers. With Berry for a partner, Rowan Herndon wished to dispose of his share of the business, and Lincoln offered his note for three hundred dollars, thus becoming a merchant in his own right.

Not content with one store, Lincoln and Berry promptly acquired another. Reuben Radford incurred the dislike of the Clary's Grove boys to such an extent that he felt compelled to leave town. He sold his store to Billy Greene, who employed Lincoln to make an inventory of the goods. Lincoln and Berry in turn gave their note to Billy Greene for his goods, and not only did they acquire in this way Reuben Radford's store, but the small business of James Rutledge as well. Their total indebtedness amounted to about fifteen hundred dollars.

Berry was not a satisfactory partner, and Lincoln was not a satisfactory merchant. Whiskey demoralized one, books the other. It was not long before they sold the unprofitable business to the brothers Trent, accepting their note as payment. But the brothers Trent did not prove permanent residents of New Salem. Before their note fell due, they disappeared. To add to Lincoln's embarrassments, Berry died, and the accumulated debts fell heavily upon his shoulders. He bravely assumed the burden, although he was still sending money to pay his creditors after he had gone to Washington as Representative in Congress in 1847.

The following year, in 1833, two jobs fell to Lincoln which improved his circumstances in some degree. He was appointed postmaster of New Salem, despite the fact that he was a Whig and Jackson was in office. More important was another employment which he obtained. Sangamon County was being rapidly settled, and the duties of

the official surveyor were more than one man could comfortably perform. The surveyor at this time was John Calhoun, who had taken part with Lincoln in the Black Hawk War. Calhoun offered to make Lincoln his assistant, and Lincoln eagerly set about acquiring the necessary knowledge. He procured Flint and Gibson's treatise, and Mentor Graham gave him what help he could. Lincoln's feat of application in mastering within some six weeks all the books on surveying which he could secure was little short of prodigious. He labored day and night until his friends protested at his haggardness. Calhoun put him to work at once when Lincoln reported to him after his course of relentless self-training. Besides surveying privately owned tracts of land, Lincoln laid out public roads, and tradition has it that in his first essays he used a grapevine in place of a chain.

An entry in the unpublished memorandum which Sally Calhoun wrote at her father's suggestion in 1848 preserves his impression of Lincoln's feat: —

> Father says when Lincoln first began to study surveying under him he gave him instructions and loaned him some books and that after that (with a little help from Graham Mentor) in only 6 to 8 weeks Lincoln was able to take his lesson in actual demonstration. this proved to my Father that Lincoln was a very apt pupil and retained in his mind everything he studied; and this added to much else which my Father has discovered about his character, makes Father feel assured of a great future for the man, much better educated men listen with attention to Lincoln, whenever he speaks he seems to be much better educated than they.

Such was the course of Lincoln's life, and such were his efforts to advance in the world, in the significant years 1832 and 1833. He piloted the Talisman, stood for election, volunteered for service in the Black Hawk War, gave his notes for part ownership in three New Salem stores, fell heavily in debt, was appointed postmaster, and became John Calhoun's assistant in surveying. These main occupations were diversified by odd jobs when the business of Lincoln and Berry was at low ebb.

II

The romance of Lincoln and Ann Rutledge begins with the story of John McNeil. There are elements of melodrama in the record, and McNeil has frequently been called upon by biographers to furnish the figure of the villain. His true character, however, is not easy to discern behind the mists and traditions of the years.[1]

New Salem as a whole had not flourished as the early settlers had expected. James Rutledge himself felt the business depression; his mill on his hands again, after the failure of Offutt, he needed capital, and decided to sell his farm at Sand Ridge. He found a buyer in John McNeil, a young man who had come to New Salem in 1829 and prospered remarkably as a merchant and landowner. Not the least item in his good fortune appeared to be his engagement to Ann Rutledge.

McNeil already owned the Sand Ridge Farm of the Reverend John Cameron. The papers recording the transfer had been drawn by Lincoln himself, and in asking Lincoln's aid the buyer had admitted an important secret. His name was not McNeil, but McNamar. Uneasy, perhaps, at holding land under an alias, he had made his confession, offering the explanation that when his father had suffered severe financial losses he had left home and assumed another name so that he might

[1] The late Senator Beveridge, in his *Abraham Lincoln, 1809–1858*, takes an entirely favorable view of the character of McNeil. — AUTHOR

make his own fortune unhampered by previous ties. Lincoln had accordingly drawn the deed in the name of McNamar.

Lincoln was not at this time a lawyer, but even before coming to New Salem he had had access to books of law. The late Senator Beveridge tells us that he appeared from time to time in the court of the corpulent New Salem Justice of the Peace, Bowling Green, to plead a case, and he possessed a book of legal forms with the aid of which he wrote out deeds, mortgages, and other instruments for those who needed them, charging no fee.

The papers recording the sale of the Rutledge farm to McNamar were drawn in July 1832. A personal fact of such significance as the identity of one of the town's principal landowners and citizens could hardly escape the Argus-eyed scrutiny of the village. By this time the inhabitants of New Salem knew as a body the secret of McNamar's alias. The deception which had been practised on them gave rise to gossip and disapproval. It would have been unnatural if the village had not from time to time sheltered drifters making use of assumed names to cut a breach with a past which they did not wish to revive. McNamar had not seemed such a drifter; he had appeared upright and honest. But now it began to be whispered that he must have a record. Perhaps he had a wife in New York State, whence he had come. Perhaps he was wanted for some crime. At best he seemed to have taken his dubious course to relieve himself of the responsibility of caring for his parents while he made a fortune for himself. But there was a disposition not to accept his explanation as genuine, and he found himself looked at with suspicion.

In the fall of 1832, McNamar possessed a large amount of valuable property in land in the region of New Salem, his holdings including the farms of both James Rutledge and John Cameron. But his secret had become known, and he stood in some personal disfavor. He declared his intention of returning to New York for his parents, whom he said he would bring back to New Salem with him. At that time could take place his marriage to Ann. Accordingly he sold his half-interest in his store to his partner, Samuel Hill. Trade was a weak reed in New Salem, and not likely to stiffen. Land values, on the other hand, were steadily increasing, so that McNamar's situation when he left the village was by no means unfavorable financially. Whatever may have been his character, he managed his affairs with acumen.

With the departure of McNamar began a period of trial and strain for Ann Rutledge. It seems clear that she honestly loved or believed that she loved him. But the revelation that he had called himself by a name not his own was a shock to her which the suspicions of her friends and neighbors, probably garrulous and highly colored, did not diminish. Her love may well have undergone a change and reached a point at which it would naturally turn from the prosperous McNamar, contaminated, as his character seemed to be, by meanness and deceit, to the impecunious Lincoln, who even in these early years gave evidence of his capacity for tenderness, who won his way with men of all stations by his humor and his fairness, and who impressed his friends with portents of the greatness that was later to be his.

Biographers have hitherto lacked the materials for a full and understanding account of the story of Lincoln and Ann Rutledge. But they have agreed about the personal qualities of Ann, her beauty, her natural intelligence, her attractiveness. She was red-haired,

of moderate, well-proportioned figure, and in 1832, when McNamar left New Salem, she was in her twentieth year. Abundant testimony remains of her gentleness and the affection in which she was held by her friends and neighbors. She was the most popular and beautiful girl in New Salem, and before the decline of her father's fortunes she would have occupied somewhat the position of a desirable heiress. These facts may throw additional light on the conduct and character of McNamar, who first courted her, and then gave at least the strong impression of abandoning his claims.

Lincoln had, of course, met Ann Rutledge at his first entrance into New Salem. It was Ann who served the meals at the Rutledge Tavern, and, more than this, she was a pupil at the school of Mentor Graham, which Lincoln was in the habit of visiting. But not until the departure of McNamar was it possible for their acquaintance to ripen into knowledge, and knowledge into love.

There was nothing, however, to prevent Lincoln from having his own feelings from the beginning. He had had little time to give to the girls in his rugged life, and had sometimes given evidence of shyness with women; but on more than one occasion he had proved himself at least normally susceptible. It would have been unnatural if he had been slow to respond to Ann Rutledge, beautiful and popular as New Salem acknowledged her to be. In my Lincoln collection is a letter written by Sally Calhoun, dated from St. Joseph, Missouri, August 20, 1849. This letter gives interesting evidence upon the point. Historians, when they have accepted Lincoln's love of Ann at all, have confined it to the later years of his residence in New Salem. But Sarah Calhoun's letter shows us that, as far as his own impulses were concerned, Lincoln was less patient than history. Lincoln, Sally declares, told her father that when Offutt's flatboat stuck on the Rutledge mill dam on its way to New Orleans he himself 'right there got stuck much harder on Ann.' Calhoun spoke to his daughter also of the shock which Lincoln suffered when he learned of Ann's engagement to McNeil. Nevertheless, Lincoln and McNeil (to give him the name by which New Salem was used to thinking of him) were friends, and McNeil helped him, among other ways, in the drafting of his election handbill.

When McNeil left New Salem, he had given assurance that he would return quickly, with his parents, and at that time claim Ann. Actually it was three years before he made his way back to a New Salem which had not long to survive. Sickness, the death of his father, and the confusion of the family affairs, may well have made it impossible for him to return as soon as he expected. But in the meantime Ann waited patiently for word which did not come. Whatever correspondence may have passed between them flickered and died; its record is at best obscure, and the only certainty seems to be that it stopped. Tradition has pictured Ann as a girl calling regularly at the post office in expectation of a letter she never received. Since Lincoln had been appointed postmaster on May 7, 1833, tradition has also assigned his interest in Ann Rutledge to the circumstance that it was to him she applied for the expected letter. In any case, it was natural that their acquaintance should ripen into intimacy, and that, having discovered their love for each other, they should reach an understanding. It seems clear that Ann was troubled by her promise to McNeil, or McNamar, and that her family regarded a formal release from him as necessary or desirable before

Ann definitely pledged herself to Lincoln. But in the meantime events marched on with their own movement.

So much for the circumstances; let us turn from them to the actual records of the romance as they remain in the words of Lincoln and Ann themselves and in the words of their friends. These precious records which have descended to me — letters which passed between Lincoln and Ann, the diary of Matilda Cameron, a memorandum and letters by Sally Calhoun, and a little group of books owned and annotated by Lincoln — have never before been known or published. They make it possible for us to understand and follow in detail for the first time an episode which has baffled historians and tantalized lovers of the human Lincoln as perhaps scarcely another passage in his life has done.

First let us present Matilda ('Mat') Cameron, Ann's cousin and confidante, to whose irrepressible diary we are richly in debt for a first-hand and unstudied picture of New Salem life and of our two protagonists. Here is the first page of her manuscript; it establishes the fact that in the summer of 1833, if Lincoln and Ann were not openly engaged, they had at least reached an understanding which Ann had confided to her bosom friend.

My diary. Matilda Cameron. July 10 — 1833
NEW SALEM

Samuel Hill feched me this book for a present to keep my diary in. I am so happy coz now that Abe Lincoln and my deerest frend Ann are a ingaged cupel Sam has feched me to literary wonst and to meetin twist. at meetin we both sung out of the New Missouri Harmany Hym book.[1] our church got the first won last boat from Springfield. Sam and me sung won salmtune and in won of the anthems, and he sed my voice was good as Anns. I know better. gess he likes me to say that. Abe and Ann are awful in love he rites her leters. I am to keep them for Ann for Nance got hold of won and shoed Anns mother and she sed it wuz outlandish he outer tend more to bizness insted when John wuz gon. so I will keep everthing in my box James giv me last crismas. my first bow wuz James and *now Sam* Anns wuz first John and now Abe. she wuz 17 when she met John and I wuz 19 when I first met James. Abe told Ann he kep company with 2 girls in gentryville the place he ust to liv but he did not love them and Sam told me he just liked Ann coz she wuz to thin I way twist as much. Sam has religon like me and Ann but Abe sed he red a book wonst that got him to wondrin. I gess Ann will sune fech him into the fold. I like my book fin. Sam is coming to fech me to prayor-meetin to-nite. so good-by diary til we meet agen.

MAT

[1] A copy of the *Missouri Harmony* was preserved by the Rutledge family. — AUTHOR

Books played a part in this courtship, for Lincoln was ambitious, and Ann herself aspired to education. A brother was a student at Illinois College in Jacksonville, and Ann herself later planned to enter the Female Seminary there. An undated letter written by Ann to Lincoln which I have in my collection suggests the studies which they pursued together, and the earnestness with which they set themselves to acquire knowledge.

Tradition might lead us to expect Ann Rutledge to show already a greater degree of education than the letters in my collection reveal. But it would be unsafe to infer from her acknowledged intelligence, or from the instruction she is known to have received, any definite degree of mastery over the three R's. A search has been made for other specimens of her writing than those which are in my possession; but the report of collectors and scholars is that no other example is known to exist. It is enough that Ann was ambitious to learn, that she and Lincoln had this common bond.

MY BELOVED ABE

I am trying to do as you ask me to and praktise . . . you but I gess I am slow . . . if you git me the dictshinery . . . I no I can do both speeking and riting better. I am glad you sed that girls aint suposed to no like boys. but I *will* . . . sum-time I no. cos you need a wife who will be a help to you, not a drag-bak like sum ar. my hart runs over with hapynes when I think yore name. I do not beleave I can find time to rite you a leter every day. stil I no as you say it wood shurely improve my spelling and all that. Newton tole me to rite biger leters and that wood help and I think it doz. I am greatfull for the Spencers copy-book I copy frum that every time I can spair. I dreem of yore . . . words every nite and long for you by day. I mus git super now. all my hart is ever thine.

ANN.

The Newton mentioned by Ann is the schoolmaster, Newton Mentor Graham, who had already given Lincoln much friendly help in his study of grammar, his mastery of the treatise on surveying, and his attacks upon knowledge generally. It was during the New Salem years that Lincoln's attention became concentrated upon the study of law, and it was toward the close of the brief existence of the little town that he took his actual decision to make the law his profession. Before his arrival in New Salem he had already read the *Statutes of Indiana* and had had access occasionally to the books of lawyers such as Judge John Pitcher of Rockport, Indiana. He also knew thoroughly the *Revised Laws of Illinois*, of which he made use in the cases he presented before Bowling Green. While he was keeping store during his partnership with Berry, a fortunate accident befell him. A man migrating to the West asked Lincoln if he would buy an old barrel for which the traveler had no room in his wagon. Lincoln obliged him by paying half a dollar for the barrel; later, rummaging in it by chance, he discovered a set of Blackstone's *Commentaries*. To the study of this he gave himself with his usual intensity, later declaring, 'Never in my life was my mind so thoroughly absorbed.'

The purchase of the barrel has passed into history; but it has not been known to history that, besides the set of Blackstone's *Commentaries*, the barrel contained a little breastpin which Lincoln gave to Ann. The cheap metal coils of this pin remain to-day, preserved among the keepsakes which found their way into Mat Cameron's possession.

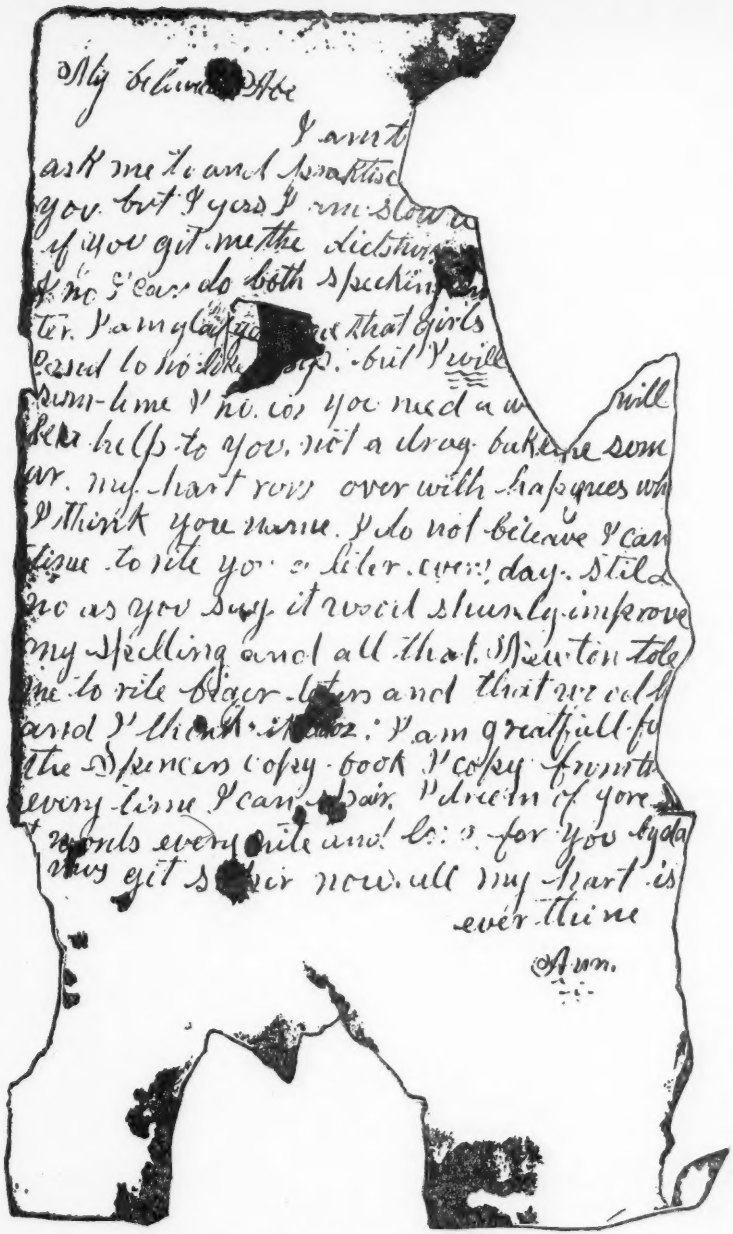
The bane of every courtship is gossip; Lincoln and Ann did not entirely escape the usual fate. In their case it was the amiable but not always responsible Jack Kelso, who, in one of his frequent moments of inebriation, brought about a brief crisis. In my collection is a letter in which we learn of the incident. It calls up an interesting picture of Lincoln's instructor in Burns and Shakespeare being held to strict account by his towering, ominous pupil.

Both Ann Rutledge and Mat Cameron had sisters named Nancy.

MY BELOVED ANN

Nancy has been telling me regarding the matter Jack was supposed to discuss down at Clarys — but when I severely questioned him he became filled with wrath in his denial. he is so defective in his conduct when he is drinking I was not sure. however no one in Salem would deem it unfavorable that you should keep company with me. I write this and send it by Nancy as the mail came — there is only five letters. if they keep the postage up to 25 cts for each letter poor people cannot avail themselves much therefore this job of mine will pay indifferently. however I am going over to Grahams as he is going to help me in my grammer. so am coming late to supper I am happy to ask you to accompany me later to literary they have planned for you to sing and I am to recite. I could write to you forever but Nance will not wait that long.

With great affection ABE.



My Beloved Abe

I am t
ask me to and practise
you. but I yes I am slow a
if you git me the dictionary
& no I can do both speckin
ter. I am glad
pased to no like
sum-time I no. co you need a
Sker helps to you. not a drag. but
ar. my heart row over with happyness wh
I think you name. I do not beleave I can
time to rite you a leter. every day. Still
no as you say it would shurely improve
my Spelling and all that. Sweeten told
me to rite Eager letters and that we could
and I think it does. I am gratfull fo
the Spencers copey book I copey from
every time I can spair. I dream of you
words every nite and love for you by da
may git Sweet now all my heart is
ever thine

Ann.

LETTER FROM ANN RUTLEDGE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

We have already seen that, to Mat Cameron, Lincoln appeared refractory on the subject of religion. The same deplorable trait crops out again in another entry of Mat's diary, in which we are allowed a glimpse but half a remove from life itself into the New Salem Sabbath.

Sunday Nite. Wel diary my Paw (I meen my *Father*) preched the sermon today. the boys Abe and Sam cum to fech us girls. Abe sed he ruther down by the mill in the woods. but we got him to meetin. then after diner we went to the woods. Abe layd doun on the groun and recited sum things he sed wuz esops fabuls and shackspeer. I like the fabuls better. Sam likes him to recite — O why shud the spiret of mortale be be proud? — it has 14 stanses. he leves out 2 stanses bout religon he ses has no berin on the case. he ses it tuk him 3 months to subdu that won. the boat being du Satiday cum in while we wuz by the mill and Dave turnham a frend of Abes from gentryville. he is the constibul from ther. cum doun and we all cum bak to the tavern and it wuz time to git super. then we all set up for awhile in the tavern. then Sam and Abe tuk me home, as he bords here now. good-nite diary nomore to-nite.

MAT

The fourteen stanzas of 'Immortality' — or, to call the poem by its first line, 'Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?' — are preserved entire, including the two omitted by Lincoln because they had 'no berin on the case,' in the lecture which William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, delivered in 1866 in the Old Sangamon County Court House. It was this lecture which gave the principal basis for the Ann Rutledge tradition as it has hitherto been accepted or denied by biographers. We may content ourselves here with four stanzas, which will fittingly suggest the melancholy temper of the elegy which Lincoln was fond of reciting.

IMMORTALITY

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud? —
Like a swift-fleeing meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and loved:
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blest, —
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

And thus the poem concludes: —

'T is the wink of an eye — 't is the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud: —
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

More cheerful are the pictures of New Salem life which Mat let fall in her diary. Unconscious of the needs of history, Mat found 'Monday' or 'Friday' a sufficient date for her purposes.

Monday

Marthy Calhone teched Ann sum new patern of kroshay and she is going to tech me. Ann is imbrodering her things to git maryed in. she doz lovly neddel work. I can weve as good as eny won. Ann wares shose to meetin now. Maw ses Ann is to upity but I like that in her. Sam ses he doz not nead to improv on Natur. my new slazy dres gits his eye it is very prity. it raned all day I hop it lets up by nite. I wory over sister Nance she has chils and fever real bad cum 2 week this Satiday. I tuk camomile and broak mine up. all for to-day diary.

MAT

Friday

Nance is better. Ann is going to help me in my spelling I do not have no chanst to go to school with all the borders enymore. I bin cardin all day. the rane has stopt so

I will go to see Sofie Prewitt to-nite. she is abel to set up now.

One day in the spring of 1833, Lincoln was startled by a column of smoke which rose up in the direction of the Tavern. He rushed in alarm to the place, and found that a lean-to attached to the main building had caught fire from the blaze which had been built to furnish lye ash for soft soap. The confused efforts of Mrs. Rutledge and her daughters were doing little to help the situation. Lincoln tore the lean-to from the Tavern wall by main strength, and dragged it to a safe distance. It was an act deserving of gratitude, and Lincoln made the most of the opportunity by asking the privilege of taking Ann to the river bank, where he had noticed violets growing.

Next day Ann wrote to her second self, Mat, a note into which escaped some of the joy, intimate as it was, that she could not contain.

MY BELOVED MAT

I just can not help teling you about yestidy after-noon when Abe and I walked doun to the river to gether vilets. they are not many left but we felt that a good exkuse. though we did find a few. he sed vilets smeled just like my hair. he handels my hair and kises it he sez I wuz borned of flours on acount of my red-hair and that I am danty and have such wonderful color. he taulks to me just like poetry. he gets me to sing hyms to him he joins in sumtimes and his singing is awfull, so off key. but he is so quant and diferent to any body I ever . . . I do not mind how he dose things like . . . I never new such love I am al . . . so now Mat do distr . . . but keep all I send over of his. if you can . . . pleas bring me the wild-goose quilt patern as . . . peace one . . . a lot of comfort to rite what you . . . to a true frend like you and he sez the more I rite the beter I will learn to spell proper. cum over to-nite if you can and I will show you somthing I made.

Your true frend ANN.

P. S. do-not forget what I told you!

III

The year 1834 found Lincoln still struggling ambitiously to advance, still coping as best he could with misfortunes and trials, and yet making his first sure advances toward success. It was the year in which he sold the store to the Trent brothers, and in which the resulting debt laid a heavy burden on his shoulders — 'the national debt,' as he was fond of calling it. It was the year in which he ran a second time for the state legislature, this time successfully.

In the meanwhile he continued his practice of surveying, and at the centre of his life was his love for Ann. Here is a note from my collection which he wrote to John Calhoun.

NEW SALEM
May 9, 1834

DEAR FRIEND JOHN

if you have in your possession or can tell me where you left the Certificate of Survey of Joshua Blackburn's Claim, there seems some controversy between him and Green concerning that North East quarter of Section 40 — you remember? if this is convenient for you — otherwise do not hesitate to refrain from bothering untill your return. the 'Bixbys' are leaving this week for some place in Kansas. I think the move a mistake. I believe a man should make his fight where he has friends, however who comes or who goes I am stationary at present seeing for myself a glowing future *through clouds of red — red hair!* how is that? I grow poetic with the years, but truly John apart from jesting I am the happiest and luckiest man in Salem! I am awaiting your return.

Yours forever —

A. LINCOLN

John Calhoun

Lincoln was aided in repaying his debts by many kindnesses. One instance, in particular, has been recorded in history. His creditors were for the most part lenient, but one of them, Peter Van Bergen, brought suit

against him when his note fell due and he was unable to pay. Lincoln would have lost his horse, saddle, and surveying instruments had not James Short, more familiarly known as Uncle Jimmy Short, a farmer at Sand Ridge, bought and restored this essential property to Lincoln. Years later Lincoln was able to return this kindness. As President, he heard that Uncle Jimmy was living in California, and that he had been greatly reduced in circumstances. Lincoln commissioned him an Indian agent.

To Lincoln's own kindness the testimony has been abundant, and there can be no doubt that this influenced the attitude of his creditors toward him. One instance of his humanity, inseparable, as always, from his quaint humor, is preserved for us by Sally Calhoun in her memorandum. As it happens, it concerns a dog, but it will be none the less welcome on this account.

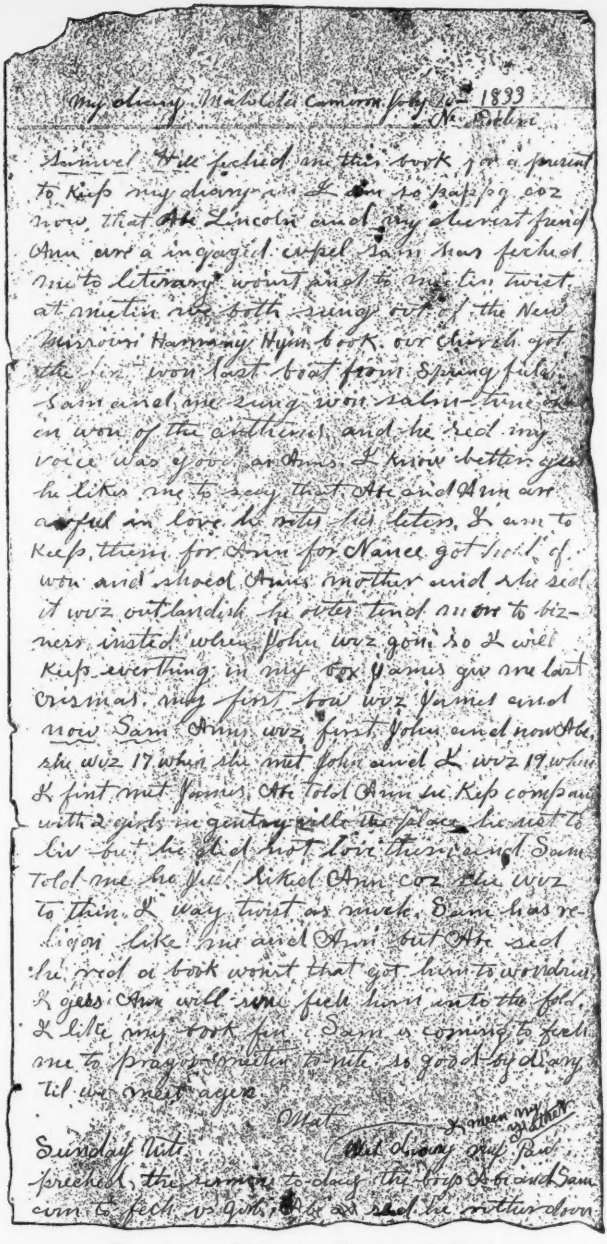
> he was allways kind to animals — one time a traveler left a poor sick dog behind in Salem — the dog had many ailments and no hair and sores etc. Jack Armstrong was going to shoot it but Lincoln stopping him said 'he looks just like I often feel so I guess I'll see what can be done between us.' so he took the dog and doctored him up. he named him 'Opportunity' and called him 'Opper' for short. Father cannot remember what became of the dog — only that he followed Lincoln everywhere for a long time.

The year 1834 saw a further decline in the fortunes of New Salem. The difficulties of business were augmented by a scourge of grasshoppers which descended like a cloud upon every green or growing thing. Both James Rutledge and John Cameron found the struggle too great. They moved from the town to what had been the Cameron farm, now owned by McNamar, at Sand Ridge, a few miles to the west. The older children in both families were compelled to 'work out,' and Ann was placed in the friendly home of Uncle Jimmy Short.

Lincoln spent much of the summer in active campaigning. His post as assistant surveyor was of the greatest help to him, as he met men of all stations in all parts of the county, and his figure became a familiar and beloved sight throughout the whole district. He found time to ride to Sand Ridge now and again, however, for visits with Ann. We can picture him jogging toward his delectable goal, his face abstracted in thought, his feet dangling almost in the dust on either side of his horse's belly.

Lincoln's popularity was such at this time that, although he was a Republican and accepted Clay as his political hero, the Democrats of the county offered to make him their candidate. Lincoln, as the late Senator Beveridge tells us, consulted John T. Stuart of Springfield, the leader of the Republicans, and on his advice accepted the proposal. This time he issued no printed appeal, but went about meeting as many people as he could and making his way by his humor, good nature, and willingness to perform a good turn wherever the opportunity occurred.

Lincoln was becoming well known in Springfield for his powers as a speaker as well as for his unmatched skill in stories and jokes. The Clary's Grove boys continued to spread his reputation and champion his cause, but Lincoln was rapidly forming friendships which were to be of service to him in his public life, soon to carry him far beyond the primitive, friendly stage of New Salem. Such a friend was John T. Stuart, who later became Lincoln's first law partner, and who was a first cousin of Mary Todd, whom Lincoln married.



My diary Matilda Cameron July 10th 1833
New Salem

Samuel Hill fetched me this book for a journal to keep my diary and I am so pleasing coz now that Ate Lincoln and my dearest friend Ann are a engaged couple Sam has fetched me to literary mount and to meeting twice at meeting we both sing out of the New Missouri Harmony Hym book our Church got the first wooden boat from Spring field Sam and me sing woon salm-tune ex on woon of the anthems and he said my voice was of love as Ann's I know better yes he likes me to say that Ate and Ann are awful in love he rites their letters I am to keep them for Ann for Nance got tired of woon and showed Anns mother and she said it wuz outlandish he rites to them woon to biz-ness insted when John wuz gone so I will keep everthing in my box James gave me last Crismas. why first how wuz James and now Sam Anns wuz first John and now Ate she wuz 17 when she met John and I wuz 17 when I first met James Ate told Ann to keep company with 2 girls in gentry while the place he met to live but he did not love them and Sam told me he just liked Ann coz she wuz to thin I may twist as much Sam has re-ligon like me and Ann but Ate said he read a book wount that got him to worship & gets Ann will now fetch him into the fold I like my book for Sam is coming to fetch me to prayer meeting to nite so good by diary til we meet agane

Mat

Sunday 14th

Mat Diary my dear Pa preached the sermon to day the boys Bob and Sam com to fech us girls Bob and Sam the mother down

PORTION OF MATILDA CAMERON'S DIARY
NEW SALEM, 1833

The failure of James Rutledge, and the news that Ann had been forced with her sisters to work out, Lincoln felt keenly and, loverlike, accepted as a reproach to himself. Reviewing his situation, he chafed at the resistance which his ambition and his confidence in his abilities seemed at every hand to meet. Yet aspects of hope were present; he felt that his campaign was this time destined to success. He had his post as surveyor, and his mind was grappling with the study of the law. Out of these mingled feelings of depression, disappointment, hope, and inward confidence, he wrote to Ann the noble letter which appears below, surely one of the most precious among the documents which have descended to me.

MY BELOVED ANN:

I am filled with regret over the defect of the conduct of a fate that has bourne down so heavily upon you and yours. I try to persuade myself that my unlucky star has not overshaddowed you. Molly Prewitt told me about you going to work for James Shorts family, you are too frail for that hard work. my *treasured one* I should now be standing between you and such trials. O! when will success crown my untiring efforts I sicken at my many failures especially as no more am I lazy in the discharge of my duties. forgive this long-faced letter, as I should now be upholding you in hope for the future, for I but to-day have been greatly assured of my election as member to the *Legislature*. So perhaps our dreams will come true. I am borrowing Jacks horse to ride over to see you this coming Saturday. cutting my foot prevents my walking. I will be at your pleasure to accompany you to the Sand Ridge taffy-pull. I will be glad to hear your good Father's sermon on the Sabbath. I feel unusually lifted with hope of relieving your present worry at an early date and likewise doing myself the best turn of my life. with you my beloved *all things are possible*. now James kindly promises to deliver into your *dear* little hands this letter. may the good Lord speed Saturday afternoon.

affectionately A. LINCOLN

At the close of the letter Lincoln has added these verses: —

> Oh Maid! thou art so beauteous
> That yon bright moon is rising, in all haste,
> To gaze on *thee*,

and these first lines of the selection in Kirkham's *Essay on Elocution* which, as we saw in a previous paper, he had endorsed 'To Ann': —

> If that high world which lies beyond
> Our own, surviving love endears;
> If there the cherished heart be found,
> The eye the same, except in tears;
> How welcome those untrodden spheres —

Lincoln has written the verses imperfectly, and at the point where they break off appears the word 'over.'

Receiving this letter, Ann replied by sending Lincoln a precious and intimate possession. But our account of her answer must be given in the succeeding article.

(*The final chapter in the Lincoln series will be 'The Tragedy'*)

THE HERDING DAY

BY ARCHER B. GILFILLAN

I

WHEN the preacher warned his congregation, 'Don't do as I do; do as I say do,' he was merely voicing in another form the sad human experience that there is a vast difference between theory and practice. Nowhere, perhaps, is this contrast more strongly revealed than in the difference between herding as it might be and herding as it is.

In theory, the herder rises with the dawn, cooks his simple but substantial breakfast, does his few housekeeping tasks, and is ready for the day's work. He gently pushes the sheep off the bed ground, — that is, the place where they have slept, — and they move slowly out on to the prairie, keeping well together, grazing steadily toward the place where they will water. The eager and intelligent dog goes this way and that as the herder motions him, working just enough to turn the sheep as desired, but not so fast as to cause them to bunch up. Finally the band arrives at the stream or water hole, drinks there, and lies down for an hour or so, while the herder, a short distance away on a hill, eats his lunch and reads a good story. Then the sheep, one after another, begin to graze again, working toward the wagon, filling themselves to bursting with the rich prairie grasses. Seeing that they are headed in the right direction, the herder walks slowly on before them and, arriving at the wagon, sets about preparing his evening meal. Behind him the sheep come steadily onward, and sometime after sunset graze on to the bed ground and lie down, chewing the cud of fullness and content. Such days do happen, but when one occurs the herder puts a red mark on the calendar and neglects to say his prayers.

What is much more likely to happen is this. Just as the herder, who has overslept, begins to eat his breakfast, the sheep leave the bed ground. Of course he could dog them back to the wagon, but they might leave immediately in the opposite direction. So he takes the other alternative — bolts his breakfast, puts up a hasty lunch, and starts in pursuit. The sheep have only a twenty-minute start, but that is all any bunch of sheep needs. They are almost a mile from the wagon when they are overhauled, with the aid of a long-distance run by the dog. But just as the dog reaches them he forgets which way he was motioned to turn them, and races up the wrong side, throwing them in the opposite direction from that which the herder intended. There is no help for it now, and the herder calls the dog back. The sheep, however, have not yet had their run out, and they start off zestfully in a new direction. They have to be checked again, for there is no point or profit in letting them run all over the country instead of settling down to graze as they ought to do. So the dog is sent again, and once more he checks them in their headlong flight. The sheep are disappointed, but still hopeful, and they step out in a new direction with an

enthusiasm worthy of a much better cause. By this time the herder is wild-eyed, and is rapidly becoming hoarse. Instead of sending the dog, he goes around them himself two or three times, tying them up in a knot and turning them back as they attempt to break this way and that. Finally it dawns on whatever the sheep use for a mind that it is unwise to attempt any more cross-country runs just at present, and so they do the next best thing and settle down to graze, which they might just as well have done in the first place.

The herder makes sure that they are settled, and then goes to the top of the nearest hill with the idea of taking his weight off his feet. Since it is nearly noon, and the sheep seem quiet, he unwraps his hastily prepared and unappetizing lunch and begins to eat. A brisk wind has sprung up, and suddenly over a low rise of ground comes a tumbleweed, or Russian thistle, rolling over and over and making good time. As it reaches the outskirts of the bunch the nearest sheep look up startled, mistake it for the dog, and promptly run toward the centre of the band. Each sheep communicates its fright to the next, and in fifteen seconds they are all in a compact mass. Then, obeying a common impulse, they start out again on their travels, in any direction except toward the wagon.

The herder sees them go, but he is eating his lunch and is tired from a morning of steady walking. He decides to wait till he has finished, but he pays dearly for this indulgence. For, by the time he has wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, the sheep have not only traveled quite a distance, but have split up. Some old sister has recollected that just over the hill is an abandoned field (always grown up to weeds), and she thinks she would like a weed diet for a change. About five hundred others think this is a pretty good idea and trail after her. The rest of the bunch prefer to keep on going in the direction in which they were headed, except three or four lame ones and a couple of old skinnies who elect to remain right where they are.

The herder wearily gets to his feet and starts after the farthest of his three bunches. Just at this critical juncture two horsemen come into sight, ride past in full view of the sheep, and go on toward the ranch. The herder knows to a moral certainty that when they get there they will tell the boss that 'the sheep were split in three bunches and scattered all over hell!' With rage in his heart, and consequently with faulty judgment, the herder sends his dog when still a great distance from the farthest bunch. The dog runs about half the distance, then stops and looks around, ostensibly for further orders, but really because he would rather stand and look back than run any farther ahead. The herder motions him forward, and he runs about half the remaining distance and looks back again. This time when the herder motions him on he drops to the ground and begins to lick one of his forefeet. He does n't really have a cactus in it, but he tries his best to make the herder believe he has. However, he has not quite enough confidence in this time-worn alibi to let the herder come right up to him, for as the latter approaches with blood in his eye the dog gets up and trots on ahead, keeping just out of reach, barking brightly from time to time, trying to centre the herder's attention on the iniquities of the sheep, though knowing all the time that the blasts of lurid language assailing him from the rear are directed solely and pointedly at him. Finally as dog and man, tandem fashion, at last approach the sheep, the dog seeks to redeem himself by a burst of speed and quickly

sends the offending sheep to join the others.

After two hours of leg work that would shame a cub reporter during a street-car strike, the herder finally manages to get his three bunches into one, and he heads them toward the distant wagon, keeping them under close and sullen guard. He arrives at the wagon at dark, with all his chores to do and supper to get before he can take any rest. Considering all the things that can and do happen to a herder in the course of his work, the wonder is not that some of them are supposed to go crazy, but that any of them stay sane.

II

Those of you who know the devastation that may be wrought in a hitherto peaceful and well-ordered household by the arrival of one little nine-pound stranger are asked to stretch your imagination and envisage the arrival of a thousand or fifteen hundred little strangers at one address within a period of twenty days. It sounds improbable, and yet this is what happens every spring on hundreds of sheep ranches throughout the West. It takes place about the time the green grass has become abundant enough to supply the ewes with milk. As might be expected, all other activity on the ranch ceases while lambing is going on. Extra help is hired, extra hours are added to the working day. The days themselves are almost at their longest, and the boss's temper at its shortest. It is at once the hardest and the most interesting part of the sheepman's year.

There are almost as many ways of conducting a lambing as there are sheepmen. Every method, however, is based on one bed-rock, all-important fact — namely, that for several days after its birth a ewe knows her lamb only by smell. She gradually comes to know its voice, but that takes time. Until she does know it, her lamb must not be kept with too many others, because to find her lamb the ewe has to smell every lamb till she comes to her own, and if she has to smell too many she becomes confused, and may not know her own lamb when she comes to it. Worse still, she may become discouraged and stop looking for it, which, naturally, is fatal to the lamb. For the first day or so, therefore, the ewe and her lamb must be members of a comparatively small bunch.

It is in providing for and manipulating these small bunches that the methods of sheepmen differ. Take, however, the simplest of all plans as an illustration. The drop bunch, composed of the ewes that are to lamb, is driven slowly, day by day, along the banks of a stream. The wagon follows, being set in a different spot each night. Every morning the lambs born during the night and their mothers are separated from the rest of the bunch and left behind. Every evening, likewise, the lambs born during the day are cut out and left where the drop bunch was held that day, so that the bunch goes 'clean' to the new bed ground. Each day's drop and each night's drop are left undisturbed for about twenty-four hours. Then a day's drop will be combined with a night's drop and left for another twenty-four hours, when they will be combined with another bunch of the same size and as nearly as possible the same age. A day or two later this combined group will be put with another similarly constituted; and so the building-up process goes on. Meanwhile the ewe is learning to find her lamb in an ever larger bunch, and is getting his voice firmly fixed in her mind. Once she is certain of that, she will find her lamb among two thousand. The building-up process goes on till there are four or five hundred lambs,

and then this bunch is given a special herder and another lamb bunch is started. However, when this second bunch has reached a hundred or two, it is added to the big lamb bunch, and this procedure is followed till all but the few inevitable 'drys' have lambed. These too are finally put with the rest, and lambing is over.

Having taken a look at the general outline of lambing, let us view it at closer quarters, first from the standpoint of the individual ewe. An hour or so before the lamb is born the ewe stops grazing and begins to think exclusively about her lamb. She walks about calling for it, and takes a great interest in other lambs, especially those that are newborn. The curious part of it is that she does n't know whether her lamb has been born or not. She tries to mother the lambs of other ewes, and when some jealous ewe shoulders her away she goes to some other ewe's lamb. But usually as soon as her own lamb is born uncertainty vanishes, and she devotes herself exclusively to him.

When a lamb is born, he is frequently a bright orange color. Is n't this, perhaps, nature's way of ensuring that the ewe will find him? It seems reasonable to suppose so, because this bright color fades to a rusty brown in the course of an hour or two, and by that time the lamb is either mothered-up or doomed.

As the ewe stands above her newborn lamb, she utters a sound that she has not used for a year, a low rumble in the throat, made without opening the mouth. This rumble is used only by a ewe talking to her lamb, or by a buck talking to a ewe, and therefore must denote deep affection. The lamb bleats, the ewe rumbles. Of course, if the lamb is at a distance, or is temporarily mislaid, as he is half the time, the ewe calls for him with a full open-mouthed bleat. Once in a while you will see a ewe in search of her lamb going through all the motions of bleating without uttering a sound. She has been calling her lamb for so long that she has entirely lost the use of her voice. Yet she is still making the attempt to call. After she finds her lamb and rests her vocal chords, her voice comes back.

During the first hour of the lamb's life the ewe pays him closer attention than she ever will again. She licks him, she answers his every bleat with a rumble, she anxiously superintends his first attempts to stand and his first meal. This hour is the most critical period of the lamb's whole life. If he gets to his feet and sucks, he has a good chance; if he does not, he is doomed, barring human aid. Following this time of intense anxiety on the ewe's part, her interest in the lamb steadily declines, until at weaning time it reaches zero. Paralleling this, the lamb's dependence on her decreases in exactly the same ratio. In his first hour of life he is absolutely dependent on her. For many days it is she who must keep track of him; he does not know her from any other ewe. Later he comes to assume half the responsibility for their finding one another. At weaning time the lamb no longer needs his mother, she no longer cares for him.

Up to this point we have been considering lambing as it is when everything goes well. That it does not always do so is a cause of much sorrow and profanity to the boss and the lambing crew. In fact, there are so many things that can and do go wrong that the nerves and tempers of all are tried to the utmost. The commonest trouble is that a ewe refuses to own her lamb. This may result from any of a variety of causes. If, for example, a ewe mothers another lamb before the birth of her own, she may become so attached to the first lamb that she will neglect her own entirely. Cases of this kind are by no means uncommon.

Fortunately the remedy is simple. The ewe and her own lamb are transferred to another bunch, and there she soon forgets about the other lamb and devotes herself to her own.

Then there is the ewe who, while owning her lamb, does not feel like giving up her social duties in order to take care of him — that is, she persists in following the bunch, and, as the lamb cannot keep up the pace at that early age, he is left behind. The remedy for this is to hobble the social gadder, thus making it impossible for her to move at other than a snail's pace, while leaving her free to graze. The lamb easily keeps up with her slow progress, and as soon as the ewe shows evidence of being willing to carry out her family duties she is set at liberty again.

Then there is the old ewe that has no milk. It is a remarkable provision of nature that a ewe in this condition rarely shows any affection for her lamb. She cannot raise him, and she has no interest in him. In this case there is nothing to do but let the ewe go and either kill the lamb or raise it by hand.

But sometimes it is possible to give one ewe's lamb to another ewe. Suppose a ewe who is a good mother and has plenty of milk gives birth to a dead lamb, and the same day a lamb is born to a ewe that has no milk. The practice is to skin the dead lamb and pull this skin over the live lamb, as you would pull on a sweater. This double-skinned lamb is then shut up with the dead lamb's mother. The ewe smells the topmost skin, and very often accepts the lamb as her own. The skin is left on, and by the time it is dried up and useless the ewe has become accustomed to the smell of the foster lamb, and raises him as hers. This does not always work, but where it does it means one lamb saved. Sometimes, in the case of a ewe very anxious for a lamb, it is enough to squirt some of her milk on the head of the lamb to be adopted.

I saw one case of deliberate lamb stealing. A ewe had lost her lamb shortly after it was born; it was from the first not destined to live — a spindling, puny thing. Nevertheless she walked all over the place calling for it. The next time I saw her she was mothering another lamb, whose own mother was also along. When I next saw her, and ever after that, she had the lamb to herself. The best mother had won.

III

'Ten thousand white ones and sixty black ones! Go round 'em, Shep!' This command was supposed to have been given to a certain sheep dog in Montana, and presumably he thereupon rounded up the sheep and counted them. But the poor dog is dead now; brain fever, no doubt. It is strange that when anyone tells a tale of some extraordinary animal, be it dog, horse, or cat, he usually adds as an afterthought, 'He's dead now, poor fellow.'

It is said that in some parts of the West there is a set price for a trained sheep dog — about forty dollars. Such a dog would be one taught to work entirely by motions, to go to the right or left, to stop and lie down, and to return to the herder. If a wind is blowing against the herder, it is impossible for him to make the dog hear at any great distance, but he can direct him by motions as far as the dog can see him. Of course it takes good dog material to make a first-class sheep dog, as well as a good man to train him. However, in our part of the country we use any kind of dog that will turn the sheep, and then do as they do in Kansas, where they do the best they can. Naturally collies predominate, for they seem to take to sheep and herding by instinct.

Instinct, however, will not tell any dog the various things he must not do. A pup always wants to work too fast. When he starts going around a bunch of sheep, he gets so excited and is having such a good time that he forgets to pay attention to the herder, and often goes completely around the bunch, sometimes two or three times. Of course this ties the sheep up in a knot, causes them unnecessary worry and alarm, and delays their grazing. Often, too, the pup will cut off a little bunch of sheep and drive them away from the main band. This makes serious trouble for the herder, who may have to walk half a mile after them, and naturally he makes trouble for the dog. Perhaps the commonest fault a pup has is cutting off a single sheep and trying to run it down, keeping between it and the rest of the bunch. This herding of one sheep instead of fifteen hundred is looked on by the herder with strong disfavor. Gradually, after being punished for one thing and another, the dog learns what he must and must not do and becomes the herder's indispensable ally.

Of course it is just as easy to ruin a dog in the training as it is to spoil a horse or a child. Though without any first-hand knowledge of the last-named process, it is my belief that all three rest on much the same principles. They all call for firmness, for kindness, for genuine affection, and above all for infinite patience.

One of the worst habits a dog can form is rabbit chasing. The bunch may be scattered out peacefully grazing, when the dog scents a rabbit somewhere up the wind. He goes to investigate; the rabbit jumps up, and the chase is on. The rabbit will always go uphill if he can, because, on account of his short front legs, he is a better hill climber than the dog. He may or may not go through the sheep; he has no prejudice against so doing. If he does go through them, followed of course by the dog, it means that they will bunch up, lose valuable grazing time, and perhaps start running. Besides this, the dog will tire himself out and get sore feet by habitual rabbit running, and then when the herder has to call on him for help he is often unable or unwilling to give it.

One dog is all a herder needs, but the dog seems to enjoy life more if he has a companion. He eats better, and he has an opportunity to play and romp. But if a herder has more than two dogs, he might as well go somewhere and get a job as pound master, where he will get paid for taking care of dogs. If he has three dogs, one or two of them will be misbehaving in some way all the time, and the herder will find that he is taking care of dogs instead of sheep. It is the application of the old saying, 'One boy's a boy, two boys half a boy, three boys no boy.' Then there is the serious problem of feeding them. A herder can always scrape up enough for one dog, but three dogs will eat twice as much as the herder himself.

A dog is the one thing of which sheep are afraid. They move merely enough to keep out of a herder's way, and they care nothing about a horse, in case the herder happens to be riding. Many a sheep's leg has been broken by a horse stepping on it. But a dog is a horse of another color. The sheep have the same respect for him that a small boy has for a policeman, and about the same liking. They can tell a strange dog as far as they can see him. They are always curious about a new dog, and when one is around you can see every sheep on the edge of the bunch sizing him up. They come as close to him as they dare, to investigate. But they move for him when he is on business.

There is, however, a great difference

in the way sheep react to different dogs after they know them. From a fast-working dog they run in terror, while for a slow dog, usually an old one, they move with corresponding leisure. The ideal dog is one that works slowly but steadily, looking back frequently for further directions from the herder.

There is no doubt that a dog, especially a young one, enjoys herding, for any dog likes to chase something that will run. There are, however, only two motives that will keep a dog working — namely, love of the work and liking for the herder. Fear of the herder will not influence him, because while he is working he is out of the herder's reach; and a dog that is abused will quit the herder altogether and go to the ranch.

While the dog is the herder's ever-present companion, there are two occasions on which he sticketh closer than a brother. If the herder is climbing a slippery bank and taking each step with extreme care, the dog invariably senses this as a good opportunity to demonstrate the affection that has been piling up within him. He gets in front of the herder, about on a level with the latter's face, and unless he is warned off he will put his paws on the herder's shoulders and roll him to the bottom. And if the herder happens to be crossing new and thin ice where an additional pound or two may cause him to break through and give him wet feet for the rest of the day, the faithful dog will stick close at his heels and no amount of low-voiced cursing can drive him away.

Considering the indispensable help that a dog renders a herder, it is not strange that between the two there exists an unusually close bond. Certainly it is a feeling that could not be comprehended by the proprietor of some three-and-a-half-pound mixture of long hair and bad temper masquerading under the name of dog; for the affection existing between a herder and his dog rests on the solid basis of mutual respect. Moreover, the dog is the herder's sole companion during most of the time, because the sheep cannot by any stretch of the imagination be termed good company. They are too intent on their own affairs. The dog, however, stays by his side during the day, and sleeps in the wagon at night; and when the herder is without his dog for a day or so he misses this companionship quite as much as he does the dog's aid.

One evening when I came to my wagon, I found on the table a note from a neighboring herder, asking me to come over to his wagon, about half a mile away. I went over immediately, and found that both of his dogs had died that afternoon from picking up poison baits put out for coyotes. The herder had not known the location of the poison. He was about half a mile from the wagon when the dogs were taken sick, and he started for the wagon immediately to do what he could for them. He carried the pup in his arms, and when he arrived he gave both dogs salt and water as an emetic, followed by warm lard as an antidote. But he could not save them. The young dog, having less resistance, died first. Then the herder had to go out after his sheep, as it was getting dark. The old dog, in spite of all the herder could do, started out with him. The herder was a middle-aged man, and hard-boiled at that, but his face was working as he told me how the old dog insisted on struggling after him through the deep snow, how he would fall down in convulsions, then rise and drag himself on again, until that final convulsion from which he did not rise. As the herder finished he went to the door of his wagon and

looked out at the falling snow. 'Well,' he said, 'the snow will cover them, and they will rest forever.' I knew what he felt, because two of my own dogs were sleeping that same sleep, fallen soldiers in the grim and unrelenting war against the killers of the sheep.

IV

When I began to herd, the boss said to me, 'Herding is what you make it.' In that brief statement he put the whole lure of herding. In other words, it leaves a man free to live his own life. It may seem strange at first sight to speak of freedom in connection with an occupation that ties the worker to his job seven days in the week and cuts him off more or less from his fellow man. But it so happens that the same conditions that enslave the herder's body are the very ones that free his mind. They prevent the herder's feet from taking him more than a mile or two in any one direction, but they leave his mind free to roam that other world which knows no bounds save those of time and space.

If a farm hand gives his boss an honest day's work, he is likely to be tired at night and fit only for bed. The same is doubtless true in numberless other lines of work. But such an ending to the day is an exception for the herder. Occasionally he may come back to the wagon in the evening so tired that he can scarcely drag one foot after the other, but this is distinctly the exception. Usually he will be as fresh at night as he was in the morning. He will have had ample opportunity to read during the day, and he can look forward to an uninterrupted evening of reading, writing, solitaire, or whatever he wishes.

Like most country dwellers, I subscribe to a number of magazines — fifteen at the present time. I also have a library of about five hundred volumes, to which I am constantly adding. So I am abundantly supplied with reading matter. For purely personal reasons, I am deeply interested in a certain figure in English literature — Samuel Pepys. I have borrowed from the university library and have bought many a volume concerning him and his times, and I expect to buy and borrow many more. If for any reason my interest in him should wane, there are a hundred other bypaths that beckon. The heritage is inexhaustible; it is only a question of choice.

There was formerly a community dedicated to the principles of plain living and high thinking. Almost any herder might have applied for charter membership there. As to the plainness of his living there can be scarcely any argument. It is true that when the boss or the sheep misbehave the thinking of the herder is apt to be decidedly low, not to say coarse. But no one can stand the rarefied atmosphere of Everest's peak, and even those who attempt its upper slopes are obliged to carry their oxygen with them. The herder has at least the privilege and opportunity of climbing as high as he is able.

The herder's life is a free one in still other ways. He is cut off from many of the benefits of civilization, but he is also free from many of its shackles. He can boast of freedom from the insistent telephone, from the mammoth and time-wasting daily papers, from the evening-destroying movies, and from the thousand and one petty distractions of city life that take a man's time and sap his strength without adding proportionately to his happiness, until he becomes the passive recipient of whatever impact the next moment may bring.

The West is proverbially freer than the East, its people a little more unconventional, a little more hospitable,

a little more open-hearted. They are a little more apt to say what they mean and to mean what they say. When a Westerner makes a remark, you do not have to go through a system of mental calisthenics to decide just what he means by it. The apparent meaning is likely to be the real one. All these traits are apt to be still further intensified in a frontier section of the West, and it is only in a frontier country that sheep can be run profitably in large bands. Land at two hundred and fifty dollars an acre may be all right for the raising of corn, but land at two dollars and fifty cents an acre is a better bet for the raising of sheep.

As to the great open spaces that you hear so much about, we have them — at least, if you mean by that a great open space between neighbors. During vacation a few years ago, while on a Lake boat I met a man from Buffalo, New York. I said to him: 'Every time you mention Buffalo, you make me homesick. That is the name of my home town — Buffalo, South Dakota.' 'How big is it?' he asked. 'A hundred and twenty-five.' 'A hundred and twenty-five thousand?' 'No, a hundred and twenty-five people.' He could n't quite grasp that. And yet Buffalo, South Dakota, is the largest town in a county sixty miles long by fifty wide; and of the other three towns only one approaches it in magnitude. Any old-fashioned family would have a bigger population than either of the two remaining towns.

Owing to the altitude, the air here is so clear that hills which are miles away stand out against the sky with knife-like clearness. People who come here from the East or from the lowlands of the West are invariably fooled as to distances. They have always associated clearness with nearness, and sometimes they learn the difference to their sorrow. An old-timer told me how, when he first came here, he tried out a new rifle on the slopes of Bear Butte and was much disappointed at not seeing the dust fly from it. He learned later that the butte was many miles away. They tell a story of a stranger who set out to walk to a certain butte before breakfast. He walked a mile or two, and then met a native who told him that the butte was still several miles away, so he decided to return. They went by a slightly different route, and came to a small stream, a mere trickle across the sand. As the native stopped to water his horse, he was amazed to see the stranger busily stripping off his clothes. 'What are you going to do?' he asked. 'I'm going to swim this river,' was the dogged response. 'Swim it!' ejaculated the native. 'Why, you can step across it!' 'Well, I don't know,' was the cautious answer; 'distances are deceiving in this country, and I'm not taking any chances.'

Six miles from the ranch buildings, and at the eastern edge of the range over which I herd, rise the white cliffs of the Slim Buttes, a high range of hills rising abruptly from the surrounding plain. Halfway to the top is a small bench, upon which is a spring capable of watering hundreds of cattle. This bench is the site of an old ranch called The Moonshine, a ranch that goes back to the old days of free grass and big outfits. As you stand on a hill above where the log ranch house lay, you find yourself in a natural amphitheatre. Behind you the rock-strewn earth rises almost sheer to the plateau, two hundred feet above you. To the north a great white limestone wall thrusts out into space, its rough sides forming many a niche for an eagle's nest, and its jagged top their favored resting place. To the south a grass-covered, pine-clad shoulder reaches out like another protecting arm, with a giant

pine crowning a knoll at its very tip, and below it a sheer upthrust of limestone wall is pierced by a roughly shaped window. Almost at your feet, nestling among the rough hummocks of the bench, is the Moonshine Lake, a bright jewel in a waterless landscape.

As your eyes go farther afield, you note that from the bench the land drops away another hundred feet or so to the plain beneath. Twenty miles to the northwest you see the large rolling outlines of the Cave Hills, while thirty miles west are the white-cliffed, pine-clad summits of the Short Pine Hills. Beyond them, a mere blue line, are the Long Pine Hills of Montana. As your eye follows the horizon south, it pauses at the Crow Buttes, where the Crow and Sioux Indians once fought a bloody battle, and at the twin peaks, Castle Rock and Square Top, rising in solitary state above many a flat and weary mile of gumbo. And just beyond them you see on the horizon what looks like a row of rounded blue hummocks. These are the Black Hills, one hundred miles from where you are standing.

One day last fall I procured a substitute herder and made a quick trip to Bellefourche, just north of the Hills. Our return journey was begun about dusk. The roads across the gumbo, forty miles wide, are always at this season as smooth as pavement. Until we reached the edge of the gumbo, houses were not infrequent, but from then on it was as if we were a comet rushing through a desolate void. The great car took the hills like a frightened rabbit, crashed across bridges and hurtled over the flats, forever chasing the spot of light that fled before it. Once in a while a pin prick of light would reveal the site of some lonely ranch house or sheep wagon. Then mile after mile of darkness, with only the steady droning roar of our engine to tie us to reality. Seventy-five miles of federal highway with never a town or a post office! The great open spaces.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

I

THE ministry of the Protestant churches offers to-day a more diversified opportunity than it ever has offered before. Roman Catholicism always has been careful to put to use among its clergy a wide variety of talents. Taking any devoted and promising youth discoverable within its circle, Roman Catholicism has not only trained him, but has eagerly watched the development in him of special gifts. A remarkable comprehensiveness has characterized the Roman clergy in finding place for many types of ability, so that mystics and administrators, preachers and statesmen, financial experts, scholars, and skilled confessors of souls have all found scope for their several specialties.

The Protestant ministry has been commonly associated with a more narrowly defined function. Two forms of service, pastoral visitation and

preaching, have occupied the centre of attention. To be sure, the clergyman in a Protestant parish has been supposed to exercise a wide variety of gifts, often extending the gamut from being janitor to being censor of public morals, and including among his many attempted functions money raising, religious education, expert recreational service, civic leadership, and organizational administration. Nevertheless, this diversity of endeavor has been centred in the minister's chief business: being a preacher and a pastor.

In particular, the Protestant minister has been expected to preach. Here the contrast with Roman Catholicism is marked and significant. Only a few priests of the Roman church are supposed primarily to be preachers. The centre of Roman worship is the sacrament of the Mass; the centre of Protestant worship is the sermon. This difference has historical explanations into the theory of which we need not enter, but into the practical consequences of which any youth considering the ministry runs headlong. The call to be a Protestant clergyman has always been primarily a call to preach.

A decisive change in this regard is observable to-day. For one thing, the universal tendency to specialization has inevitably invaded the churches. No one man can be a scholarly theologian, an effective preacher, an expert in religious education, a practical administrator, and a skilled confessor of souls. In spite of their historical bent, the Protestant churches are bound increasingly to select young men with a view to particular gifts and to train them in the exercise of their specialties.

Furthermore, the pressure of our centralized population is slowly but surely forcing us to fewer but larger churches, with more diversified functions and with staffs of clergymen representing more varied abilities. This is marked in cities where means of rapid communication have broken down old parish lines and outmoded small local congregations. What with subways, buses, and automobiles, it is frequently easier to go five miles to church than it used to be to go five blocks, and in consequence the inevitable tendency is to combine local congregations into ever more centralized churches, and then to staff these larger churches with a diversified ministry.

While this tendency may be marked in the cities, it is, if anything, more significant in rural districts, where already community churches can be seen, displacing or combining sectarian congregations, and so making possible, instead of a half-dozen poor preachers, one or two good ones, with additional ministers whose function lies in various forms of communal service and religious education.

To be sure, there is plenty of resistance to this movement, but time and tide are with it and it cannot be stopped. Dr. Carroll estimates that last year there was an increase in the number of church members of 573,723 and a decrease in the number of churches of 1470, which, if it is correct, is a hopeful sign. Within the next few years we may expect, I think, an acceleration of this tendency, with fewer and larger churches doing a much more diversified business, and with forms of ministry other than preaching taking an increasingly important place in the régime.

What part the radio will play in this programme no one can foresee, but it seems destined to perform a real function. Nothing can ultimately displace the living voice or make a sermon from a stranger at a distance an adequate surrogate for the address of a friend at home, but that an increasing amount of the church's preaching will be done over the air is certain, and already such preaching is being at least occasionally

12150

received, not simply by individuals in their families, but by congregations in their churches.

The upshot of all this is seen in our theological seminaries, where one commonly finds students, both men and women, preparing for the ministry of the churches with no idea of preaching. That is not their specialty. They are headed for religious education, child guidance, psychiatry applied to character building, recreational directorships, service for special groups such as students, pastoral oversight, religious journalism, teaching in the colleges, and various forms of organizational work from the financial superintendence of individual congregations to expert service in interdenominational coöperation.

It is true that in these fields the churches at present are not prepared to absorb and use the abilities that young men and women sometimes present to them. Nevertheless, the situation is developing and the prospect is hopeful. Many youths who feel neither the ability nor the wish to preach are going, as they supremely desire to go, into the service of their generation's spiritual life. They will be ministers of religion and servants of the church. The result will be a far richer and more varied leadership for the forces of organized faith, and a far more satisfying career for many young men and women who, not commercially minded, desire above all else to make a contribution to religion.

This does not mean that the preacher's function will either disappear or be essentially diminished. It does mean, however, that it will cease to monopolize the attention of the church and that, more and more, preachers will be picked for their special skill. Protestantism has relied too much on preaching and has indulged in too large a quantity of it. Many of our churches have had reality pretty well washed out of them by the constant deluge of hastily prepared talk. From the minister's point of view the resultant strain has often been intolerable and the consequences upon his own life disastrous. Nothing, I think, can stop the movement toward fewer preachers, delivering fewer sermons in larger churches, with the radio at the disposal of at least the pick of them.

This prospect ought to exert a powerful influence on many youths who are considering the ministry. Some who do not want to preach at all will be saved from the obsession that they must preach if they are to be ministers of organized religion. Others, who do wish to preach and to preach well, will be saved from the terrifying prospect of endless Sundays each with two scrappily thrown-together discourses appended to an immeasurable quantity of midweek religious talk.

Under this new régime which youths now entering the ministry should help to inaugurate, where fewer and better sermons are the rule, the preacher will once more come into his own. Indeed, the gist of the appeal to young men and women to-day on behalf of the ministry lies, here as elsewhere, not in asking them to serve the ecclesiastical *status quo*, but in summoning them to change it. No one has any business to go into the ministry who is satisfied with the churches as they are. We have too many complacent ministers now. We need more who are unwilling merely to sustain the routine of religious performance as the ordinary church has developed it, but who, for all that, believe in organized religion, in public worship, and in the possibilities of preaching.

II

A youth choosing the Christian ministry to-day, and planning primarily to be a preacher, should aim

first at recovering the accent of reality in the pulpit. The parson used to be what the name implies, the leading person in the community. Preëminent in education and information, backed by the authority of his vocation from God, he held a unique and dominant position. To-day the minister is not preëminent in either education or information, and his opinions on any subject are accorded no more respect than in themselves they are worth. People look for light to books and magazines, to lectures and the drama, and the pulpit obviously faces a competition never before experienced. This fact is sometimes taken by churchmen as a discomfiting symptom, and is commonly proclaimed by the church's enemies as a sure prelude to the minister's downfall.

As a matter of fact, it is the best thing that ever happened to preaching. It forces the wise preacher to quit his reliance on ecclesiastical authority, to cut out cant, bombast, hokum, or whatever else represents the cheap substitution of wordiness for genuineness, and to make of his sermons a forthright endeavor to deal in a real way with the real problems of real people.

To be sure, plenty of preaching shows small indication of such beneficent consequence, and that is a major reason why, in many cases, church attendance dwindles. That also is a happy augury. People will no longer go as a matter of form where reality is not to be found as a matter of fact, and, while the immediate effect is troublesome to the churches, the ultimate outcome will be salutary.

What the young man or woman headed for the pulpit should remember is that preaching can fulfill an indispensable function in the community. The preacher can tackle the real questions which the people are asking about right and wrong, God, the soul, and immortality. He can face honestly the problems which perplex them in their loves and hates, prejudices, troubles, successes, and failures, both individual and social; he can meet their inward needs as genuinely as the grocer feeds or the physician heals their bodies.

Thus to cut through the conventionalities of homiletical tradition, to break away from slavish subjection to formal textual exegesis, and to make of the sermon a contribution to the thinking of the people about their spiritual problems calls for more than a standardized mind. In appealing for this type of ministry, therefore, one would insist that we do not need more preachers, but better ones. A preacher, even in his youth, gifted with some clear convictions about the meaning of personal and social life at their best can approach in a straightforward fashion the questions which people are asking, the problems they are facing, the experiences that perplex them in private life or social situations. He can speak out his honest thought with no pretense that he knows more than he does know, meeting fairly the objections that may be raised and endeavoring always to help the people to think and live their own way through. He can with intelligent, tolerant, and constructive intent genuinely make the most of his best for the sake of others, and bring to bear on real life the light and power of religion as Christ has revealed its meaning. If he does this he will find an eager following. He may even become to many what one layman recently called his minister—'our animated conscience.'

III

The youth headed for the pulpit should also rightly appraise his immense opportunity as a director of

public worship. The Protestant minister, in particular, should take account of the limitations to which overemphasis on the sermon has subjected the evangelical churches. The Roman Catholic goes to church to worship, and the centre of that worship is a sacrament. Now, the value of a sacramental symbol as a centre of worship lies in part in its inclusiveness: all sorts of people, from the very ignorant to the very learned, can get something out of it. The philosopher and the longshoreman may kneel together at the Mass and each extract from the performance what each brings the capacity to see and feel. But, while philosophers and longshoremen may thus be included in the benefits of a symbolic act, they rarely can be seen together listening to a sermon. A sermon is selective; it appeals to a certain mental stratum; it automatically excludes from its range of interest other types of mind than the kind from which it comes. This is one reason why Protestant churches in America, centring their worship in a sermon, have so largely become class organizations — religious clubs appealing to a narrowly selected group of ideas and traditions.

So long as patriotism is expressed by saluting the flag, everybody can indulge in that symbolic act and each can find in it his own meaning. If, however, patriotism's expression should be thought of as listening to discourses on the Constitution, that would eliminate wide ranges of the nation's population, whoever was engaged as the expositor.

I do not mean that preaching can be or should be minimized, but alongside the sermon the present renaissance of beauty in worship should be recognized as one of the chief concerns of the ministry. There are three main avenues to fellowship with God: goodness, truth, and beauty. Protestantism has been strong on the first two. Goodness — the ethical stress of evangelical Christianity has been untiring, and, while at times belated in its forms and perversely directed in its tendencies, its zeal and determination can be counted on. Truth — the doctrinal interest of the Protestant churches has been tremendous, and, while often blinded by fanaticism and ignorance, the evangelical interest in religious truth is ineradicable. Beauty, however, has had no such place in the Protestant tradition. Yet for multitudes beauty is the major roadway to fellowship with God.

To recover this lost accent in our churches, to make religion not simply moral and intelligent, but beautiful, an affair of joy and festival as well as of goodness and truth, is crucially important, and the man in the pulpit can further this movement and direct it.

To many youths public worship has largely lost serious meaning, simply because the actual worship of the churches has been so abominably conducted. Our public prayers would often be blasphemous if they were not ridiculous instead, and the ugliness of much of our church architecture is carried out with appalling consistency in the corresponding ugliness in the conduct of the service. Public worship, however, can be and sometimes is exhilarating, exalting, cleansing, and ennobling. It does actual business in human souls. It causes people who have been looking down to look up. It reorients life, redirects energy, freshens ideals, restores equilibrium, and liberates spiritual resources.

A minister may well recall each Sunday the words of ex-President Eliot of Harvard, who, speaking of the days when Phillips Brooks led the worship in Harvard chapel, said, 'Prayer is the greatest achievement of the human soul.'

IV

Again, the preacher should magnify his opportunity for intellectual leadership. The present distaste of university communities for conventional religion, the common abstention of students from religious practices, the familiar professions of agnosticism to be heard on the campuses, and the still more common confessions of utter bewilderment, are often written up as disconcerting and dangerous symptoms of a wayward age. As a matter of fact, they constitute a great opportunity to the minister.

If he is alive to the situation he will quit his reliance on creedal authority, and, instead of standing outside the turmoil and confusion of this generation's endeavor to find an intelligible religion, he will get inside. There is little in the situation that can be called unprecedented. This generation, like others before it, but in accentuated fashion, is facing a new world-view. The cosmos in which we live, with its size, its evolutionary process, its law-abiding uniformity, both physical and psychological, its unity of structure, making incredible the old discriminations between natural and supernatural — such major matters, with many attendant factors, have outmoded our old formulations of religion and have forced us to revise and enlarge our conception of God.

Like all important matters, the consequent bewilderment can be taken hold of by one of two handles. It can be approached as a disaster or tackled as an opportunity. The intelligent and adventurous minister will certainly see in the religious questions being asked and the religious problems being faced by earnest minds to-day, not a catastrophe, but a chance for leadership and an open door to a more credible faith. This generation is not irreligious; it is intensely concerned with religion; but it will not, in its intelligent areas, be content with creedal conventionality. It cannot patiently harbor a modern world-view on one side and on the other a formulation of religion which contradicts it.

The present rebellion against religion is, therefore, in a deep sense a confession of concern for religion. The outstanding need is light and leadership. Give us more first-class brains in our pulpits — nothing can take the place of that!

Instead of using the well-dug channels of commercial life as river beds for their lives, let high-grade men set themselves, as many of them are initially minded to set themselves, to the task of honest and constructive thinking on religion. If one type of church will not have them, let them shake the dust of it from their feet and turn to another. There are free churches where no ecclesiastical overlordship spoils the autonomy of local congregations, and even in more highly articulated denominations there is much more liberty than is usually supposed. Certainly there is as much freedom as the average editorial writer, college professor, lawyer, or politician enjoys, and often much more. Freedom to express one's self in all these fields is commonly a matter of the individual himself, his strength of character, his courage, his ability of mind, his personal quality of wisdom and fair play. If some churches are closed to intelligent thought, the argument is not that they must be left as hopeless, but that they must be opened.

One way or another, the man who has something to say will be heard. And the crying need, which constitutes one of the most challenging calls to the ministry, is for first-rate minds to help clarify and reconstruct the thinking of the churches.

V

No youth should enter the ministry to-day without a clear intent to help harness religious dynamic for the solving of our social problems. The opportunity is very great. Say what evil one may about the churches, they are still the reservoirs of moral enthusiasm and serious ethical interest to a degree not true of any other institution. These enormous resources of spiritual power often lie dormant or, when aroused, are misdirected, but they are there. Few matters of such moment face American civilization as the unleashing of this power and its sensible and effective guidance to some good purpose.

While, therefore, many high-minded youths of the new generation should and will go in for the engineering side of philanthropy, economic reform, politics, and internationalism, others must deal with the question of spiritual dynamics. In the churches, with their faith, their ideals of the Kingdom of Righteousness, their millions of well-intentioned and morally earnest people, lie resources of power without the impulsion of which no great cause can be brought to victory in this country.

Here, again, the great need is leadership. The mass of our church members are neither bad-spirited nor willfully reactionary on social questions, but they are often uninstructed. They have done too little thinking on the major problems of our economic and international life; they have not seen clearly the relationship between these problems and the religious ideals which they profess; they have never had the social implications of Christianity made concretely real to them in terms of their attitudes toward militarism, war, racial prejudice, and economic injustice.

If they only knew it, preachers have it in their power to work so salutary a change in the whole social ethic of America that the consequences would run out to the ends of the earth. But no third-rate preachers can do this. The opportunity calls for high-grade men. The pulpit supremely needs teachers. And in no realm is patient, constructive, kindly, courageous teaching more needed than in the application of the Christian ethic to our social, economic, and international affairs.

Altogether, the pulpit is one of the most crucial points in the whole line of civilization's advance. That the churches are in a very unsatisfactory condition this paper has taken for granted. They cannot and they should not stay as they are. But, so far from taking that as an excuse for the white feather, a clear-eyed churchman must surely see it as a critical problem and a challenging opportunity. We cannot permanently evade the problem of the church. Some kind of church or other there is bound to be. If we allow the churches to be dominated by ignorance, bigotry, sectarianism, and a perverted ethic, our entire American society will suffer irreparable loss. Such churches will even put laws on our statute books denying freedom of scientific teaching, and in countless ways will hamper freedom, discourage idealism, drive spiritually-minded men into atheism, make religion a byword among the intelligent, and cripple the most hopeful movements of philanthropy and social advance.

To build at the centre of American life the right kind of churches, homes of the best spiritual life of our communities, and power houses for human service, is a task without the fulfillment of which American life can never develop its possibilities. And the man who must lead in this reconstruction of organized religion is the preacher.

THE OLD BAND

The Story of a Kansas Town

BY SUSAN D. ALFORD

'You ask me, dear father, if we intend to remain in Kansas, with all its dangers and hardships. I answer most emphatically "Yes!" Many families in these dark days are leaving, and you cannot imagine how it discourages those who remain, and how our enemies exult. I never felt a duty more plainly pointed out than that every lover of Freedom should remain at his post. *We will never leave until Kansas becomes a Free State.*'

These words I found in a letter, yellowed by time, that my mother had written from Lawrence, Kansas, to her father in Vermont. It recalled to my mind the years of my childhood in the 1850's and 1860's — the years in Kansas when it was the storm centre between proslavery and antislavery forces, a conflict between opposing factions which resulted in the Civil War. Since these dark years in the pioneer history of Kansas resulted in matters of nation-wide importance, it may be worth while to record, even with the unskilled pen of age, some of the memories of my childhood and of events related to me by my father.

I

It seems almost unbelievable to-day that, within the memory of those still living, human beings were bought and sold like cattle by kindly Christian people; moreover, in this land of freedom, that it was done with the full sanction and approval of our democratic government. It was decreed by an act of Congress in 1820 that this institution of slavery should not extend west of the State of Missouri. When, in direct violation of this promise, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill of the year 1854 opened Kansas territory to the blight of human slavery, we can hardly visualize the frenzied excitement in both the Northern and the Southern states. If Kansas became a slave state, what might not be the result in the territories to the west, even to the Pacific Ocean? Slave labor was becoming a burden, especially to the housewife of the Southern states, and, unless it could be perpetuated in the new territories, slave property might soon lose its value.

The inevitable contest between proslavery and antislavery forces began in Kansas. Lawrence stood as a barrier to the extension of slavery. The hated little town was so encompassed by a host of enemies that an Unseen Hand must have guided its destinies, or it would never have survived. Running through the dark background of gathering storm clouds like a thread of silver is woven the story of the Old Band.

It was the first musical organization in the territory of Kansas. Perhaps its worn band instruments were as useful as weapons of warfare in winning

Kansas for freedom. It furnished patriotic music in military camps, joyous strains for weddings, and solemn notes of comfort for the bereaved. It played its part in devout religious gatherings and also in stormy political meetings.

My father was a charter member of the band. He went to Kansas in one of the first parties sent out under the auspices of the Emigrant Aid Society. This organization was formed in Boston for the purpose of assisting free-state immigration into the new territories of the West. It obtained favorable rates on railroad and steamboat lines, built boarding houses and sawmills, schoolhouses and churches, for the use of the emigrants when they arrived at their destination. This generous assistance had much to do with the results in Kansas.

At the same time, Blue Lodges were forming in the Southern states, not for encouraging emigration, or the results might have been different, but for arming and equipping companies of men to prevent free-state settlers from entering Kansas and to drive out those who had already arrived there. With the Federal Government in sympathy with the extension of slavery, they were confident of success. Scenes of violence were a natural consequence.

There was a large crowd in the Boston railroad station when the Emigrant Aid party of free-state men started for Kansas in August 1854. My father, his brother, two cousins, and one other, who had played together in the village band of White River, Vermont, for some years, were in the outgoing Kansas party. They carried their band instruments in their hands. Whittier had written some verses for the occasion, which were distributed on large cards through the crowd. The five band instruments took up the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne.' The train pulled out while the voices in the depot and those of the Kansas party were still singing.

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS

We cross the prairie as of old
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's Southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells. . . .

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

We'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

As far west as St. Louis, where the railroad terminated and the steamboat journey began, Whittier's 'Kansas Emigrants' was called for. It was the song of the hour.

Its popularity, however, suddenly ceased when the Kansas party went on board the steamboat. There were tiresome days when the music of the band helped to relieve the monotony. Profane and abusive threats against the Yankees who were going to Kansas were often heard. But as the sweet strains of 'Annie Laurie,' 'Oft in the Stilly Night,' and kindred selections floated out over the turbid waters of the Missouri, all voices were hushed.

After the boat reached Kansas City, there were many delays in purchasing

teams and equipment. Every obstacle was placed in the way of the Kansas party, and exorbitant prices were demanded. Kansas City at this time had less than five hundred population. It was the rallying point for plainsmen, for adventurers drifting back from the California gold fields or from the Mexican War. All the lawless elements of the frontier were gathered there. The surrounding woods and thickets, which extended three miles to the Kansas River, made good hiding places for the border ruffians of the 1850's — a menace to friend and foe. The people of Missouri were about equally divided on the question of slavery, but although there were many high-class families along the Missouri border with the fine culture and traditions of the Old South, the proslavery element was the dominant one.

II

It was a beautiful day when the Emigrant Aid party left Kansas City. Their first view of the new territory which they hoped to call their home, 'fair as a garden of the Lord,' filled them with emotions that could only be expressed by music. Walking two by two beside their loaded teams, the band led them across the Kansas border with martial tread to the beat of patriotic airs, ending as they crossed the Shawnee Mission grounds with Whittier's 'Kansas Emigrants.' It was a peaceful-looking company, — even so were its Pilgrim forefathers, — but as terrible as an 'army with banners' in winning Kansas for a free state.

Dr. Robinson, the leader of the party, had already chosen its destination. When he went overland with Frémont's party, in 1849, to the gold fields of California, they had camped on Mount Oread. Looking off on the beautiful valleys of the Kaw and the Wakarusa, he had registered a vow that he would sometime bring out a colony from New England to this favored spot.

Three days after the party had made camp on Mount Oread, having been joined by arrivals from the Mid-West, a Town Company was organized. Sitting on rocks and logs, they made plans for a future town which they named Lawrence, in honor of Amos A. Lawrence of Boston, one of the most liberal supporters of the Emigrant Aid movement.

It had been a wild night of wind and storm. The campers had held on to their tents by main force to keep them from blowing away. But the morning sun shone down upon them through the rain-washed air, serene and bright — a symbol, perhaps, of the history of the future town. Never did the virgin landscape stretched out beneath them look so beautiful, I have been told, as on that morning of early September. A wide expanse of billowing grass and flowers, unmarred by human habitation, sparkled in the sunshine. They could not foresee that over the hills to the east, beyond the wooded streams, would soon come hordes of lawless men with hatred in their hearts. Even while the Town Company was making plans for schools, churches, and colleges in the future town, the Blue Lodges were plotting for its destruction.

The needs of the present, however, cut short all these plans for the future. Winter's cold would soon be upon them, and shelters must be provided. Very little lumber could get across the border, and there were no sawmills in the territory. So, with axe and saw, every man set to work to hew out his own habitation. There were trees to be felled, sawed into short lengths, and split into shakes, before houses could be built.

When my father's shake house, with

its leather hinges and wooden latches, was finished, it became a musical centre. Every pleasant evening there were concerts within and audiences without. The music consisted chiefly of hymns and Sunday School tunes, the crowd outside joining in the singing. In spite of labor-filled days, the charter members of the band had been constantly watching new arrivals for recruits, with such success that all parts were now taken and the band meeting for regular practice.

Even before the shake houses were finished, the community life had begun, in the hay tents furnished by the Emigrant Aid Company. They were made by nailing uprights together in the form of an inverted V. Cross pieces fastened them together, and grass was thatched to this support by wire. Commercial enterprises had their beginning in these hay tents. There was a boarding tent which was used on Sundays for church services, the congregation sitting on the boarders' trunks and bags, the pulpit an up-ended box. A reception to the new governor of the territory was held in this tent, a squash, smuggled over the border, furnishing pies for the occasion.

The shake house was a step in advance of the hay tent. Now that the filing papers on his homestead had been approved and a temporary shelter provided, my father felt that the time he had so eagerly anticipated had arrived, when he could go back to Vermont for his family.

One of my first memories is of waiting on a day of early spring for my father's return from Kansas. The dinner was in the warming oven. We had heard the whistle of his train; he might come at any moment. My father has said that it was the happiest moment of his life, after his months of absence, when he saw his children running out to meet him, with their mother not far behind. He hardly seemed like our father, for he had gone away with a smooth face and had come back bearded and bronzed by Kansas sun and wind.

How full of enthusiasm he was for the rich soil and the sunny climate of Kansas and for the fair acres of his homestead! How determined that this new homeland should not fall under the blight of human slavery! My mother was in full sympathy with this enthusiasm and determination. Even if she had not been, a good wife of that period never questioned her husband's decisions.

She did not weaken when she said good-bye to her father and mother, — whom she was never to see again, — to her brothers and sister, relatives and friends; but I know now, from these yellowed letters before me, what a rending it was to tear herself away from them. Vermont people at this time did not often travel. Even well-to-do people lived and died without going outside the community in which they were born. A trip to Boston was the event of a lifetime. Kansas seemed as far away then as the uttermost part of the earth does to-day.

All went well until the railway's end at St. Louis. The Missouri River was low, and our boat was continually running aground on sandbars and snags. It was, indeed, as often aground as afloat. Every night it was tied up to the river bank, for it was not safe to travel after dark. Days lengthened into weeks before the steamboat's journey was finished. The supply of milk and drinking water gave out, and my baby brother became seriously ill. There were loud-voiced Southern men on the boat who had been boasting of the bloody end that was coming to the poor white trash who were entering Kansas. When they saw the sick baby their voices grew gentle and sympathetic.

They stood aside with bared heads as the sad little procession, bearing the lifeless body of my baby brother, passed from the boat.

My poor mother had no time to give way to her sorrow. We had been exposed to the measles on the boat and had barely reached our destination when the disease developed. Our little shake house was very crowded, but she could not refuse when another mother from the boat, with a child sick with measles, came begging to be taken in. The chill winds of early spring searched out all the cracks and crevices of the sick room, and retarded recovery. Children's minds, however, do not retain scenes of sadness as they do those of joy. The row of white beds crowding our little shack, with my young mother anxiously bending over them, are a dim memory, but the first Fourth of July picnic, in which the band had an important part, stands out clearly in my mind as a red-letter day. The free-state pioneers eagerly welcomed this first festive occasion in Kansas. Even my invalid brother, who had not entirely recovered from the effects of measles, was allowed to attend.

III

It was a picturesque scene, as Mrs. Robinson described it. 'Ox wagons coming in from the country were decked with flowers and vines. There were many in the crowd whose dress and bearing showed that they were recently from the East. Brushing elbows with them were women in calico dresses and flat sunbonnets. Men with the sombrero and buckskin clothing of the plains were there, while scattered through the crowd were Indians in their gay blankets, who had come by special invitation.'

First on the programme was a speech of welcome from a dignified old Delaware chief. 'I am glad,' he said, 'that our white brothers do not come with a hatchet or sounds of war, but with the sweet fruits of peace and civilization. The Indian, too, loves freedom. The tree of liberty has been watered by many an Indian with his blood.'

There was also an address by Dr. Robinson, in which, for the first time, he outlined his policy. It was, in brief, to avoid all conflict with United States authority, but, on the other hand, to make a stubborn resistance to the lawless bands of ruffians who were endeavoring to drive the free-state men from the territory. The first would have been difficult without Robinson's cool judgment; the second even more so without 'General' Lane's skilled leadership of the citizens' militia, and the fiery courage which struck terror to his foes.

A critical test of Robinson's peace policy came late in this same year. Lawrence was threatened by a horde of border ruffians who had boasted that they would destroy the hated Yankee settlement. Urgent appeals were sent out to the militiamen of the surrounding country. It was bitterly cold. Relays of men, throwing up embankments, were taking turns by fifties, night and day, changing shifts frequently on account of the intense cold. The weather, however, proved to be a good friend. It was so severe that the undisciplined mob from the border, without tents or equipment, broke ranks and returned home without striking a blow.

It was in response to Robinson's call of desperate need from Lawrence that Thomas Barbour, in spite of the entreaties of his young wife, came in from his home on the Wakarusa to the assistance of the threatened town. As he was returning home, when danger was past, he was shot from the

roadside by a man high in authority in the ranks of the border ruffians.

This tragic incident, immortalized by Whittier in his 'Burial of Barbour,' roused the free-state men to a perfect frenzy. Robinson's peace policy was much less popular than Lane's militant methods. It was hard to restrain the free-state men from some act of violence that would have brought them into conflict with the United States troops. There had been previous outrages of this same kind, and many more were to follow, all intended to drive the free-state men from the territory, or into antagonism with the Federal Government.

In order to give vent to the popular indignation, and also to honor the memory of a brave man, Dr. Robinson decided to have a military funeral. People came in from the country by scores. There was a long procession winding over Mount Oread to the cemetery, preceded by the Old Band and the Barbour Guards. There were few dry eyes in the marching column as the sad notes of the 'Dead March' from 'Saul' mingled with the sobs of the young widow.

It was a hard, unpaid service that the militiamen rendered for the protection of Lawrence, especially for those from the country. Often for weeks at a time they were obliged to leave their families, and in summer their growing crops, to do guard duty in town. Many of these farmers in the East had been clerks, bookkeepers, or schoolteachers, and had left everything at the 'call of Kansas.' They were struggling, with pitifully small resources of money and experience, to develop their prairie farms, yet in the poorest homes one would often find the *Atlantic Monthly* or some late book.

When these men from the country were called into Lawrence for militia service, the rough, hard work of the farms fell upon the women and children. They had to feed and water the stock, and in summer hide it in hollow squares cut out in the cornfields. They were in constant fear, also, of marauding bands of ruffians, inflamed by liquor, who were traveling over the country, pillaging the farms and striking terror to the lonely homesteads.

When the militiamen from these farms realized the hardships their families were enduring in these neglected homes, when the weather was cold and wet, when they were weak from insufficient food, — often there was no flour in Lawrence for weeks at a time, — they would grow restless and discontented. Even the magic of Lane's wonderful personality could not always hold them. Then he would send out and gather in the Old Band for a rousing military drill, which would give fresh courage to the disheartened men. It was on one such occasion that Lane said to his militia company, 'Boys, we *must* whip these infernal scoundrels, but it is hard to do it on a diet of green corn, for that is all we have to eat.'

The food question was indeed a serious one. It was seldom that any supplies could be smuggled across the closely watched border, and we were often without flour. I remember what a luxury it was when a kind neighbor sent each of us children a flour biscuit. My father drove nail holes through a sheet of tin which he fastened to the side of the barn, and on this primitive contrivance he grated unripe ears of corn to use as a substitute for flour. My brother and I hunted eagerly in their season for patches of wild strawberries. We scoured the woods for wild plums, grapes, and papaws. Sometimes Mother made us a pie of wild sorrel, which we thought quite a treat. My father brought in prairie chickens and rabbits, sometimes a wild turkey. Occasionally some man would brave

the dangers of hostile Indians and bring back a load of buffalo meat from the Western plains. So we existed through that first year.

There was not only the anxiety for sufficient food, but also that caused by frequent alarms. Often my father would come in from his work and say, 'The flag is flying on Blue Mound. I shall have to leave you to-night.' A sentinel was kept constantly on Blue Mound, four miles southeast of Lawrence, to watch for the approach of the enemy and give warning. More than once a threatened invasion was turned back when it was found that the town was on guard. The border men had built rude forts on three sides of Lawrence, which furnished headquarters for these invading bands.

How lonely the house seemed after Father had taken his gun and gone away for the night of guard duty! Mother would dress us in our warmest clothing and place us on the bed with instructions to make haste through the window into a near-by cornfield if the house was attacked. Sometimes I would be aroused in the night by a distant shout, or the hoofbeats of a horse galloping on the highway, and would find my gentle little mother sitting awake and watchful by my bedside, often in the attitude of prayer.

In the long watches of these nights did she not have thoughts of the peaceful little house on a Vermont hillside? Did she not dream of the sweet spring water at the back door, and of the path through the fragrant orchard along which her children ran to Grandfather's house? The arms from which her baby had gone were empty. Her oldest boy was a hopeless invalid from the effect of a cold taken when he had the measles. Her own health was failing and her husband's life in constant danger. Often men were called to the door at nightfall and murdered on their own doorsteps, or shot from the side of the road as young Barbour had been. Why not leave it all, as many were doing, and return to Vermont? Such was the anxious question of parents, relatives, and friends. This yellowed letter before me is the answer my mother gave them: 'I never felt a duty more plainly pointed out than that every lover of Freedom should remain at his post. *We will never leave until Kansas becomes a Free State.*'

It was that 'darkest hour' in 1856 when this letter was written, and the 'dawn' was not yet visible. Never had the soft breezes and the warm sunshine been more eagerly welcomed than in the spring of that year. The winter had been one of bitterest cold, and in the loosely built houses, heated only with green wood, there had been much suffering. However, the intense cold had protected us from our enemies, but with the return of spring they were ready for new activities.

Sheriff Jones (of detested memory) had been busily working among the Blue Lodges through the winter. It was openly declared across the border that Lawrence *must* be destroyed, and the rebels (so called) imprisoned. Under one of the bogus laws enacted by the mobs that swarmed across the Kansas border on election days, it was made a criminal offense even to *speak* against the institution of slavery. Sheriff Jones did not find it difficult under the law to discover that our most prominent men were subject to arrest. Grown bolder, he led a mob of ruffians into Lawrence, and in the name of 'law and order' destroyed the Free State Hotel, Dr. Robinson's house, the newspaper plant, and other property.

Such outrages could not fail to arouse the whole country. Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth pulpit, Horace Greeley in the *New York Tribune*, and a young lawyer in Illinois named

Abraham Lincoln were among those who proclaimed in burning words the 'wrongs of Kansas.' The better class of Southern newspapers also denounced these outrages against the free-soilers. Instead of aiding their cause, they helped to defeat it.

My mother's letter was written only a few weeks after the burning of the Free State Hotel. It had been a social centre for the entire community. The services of the band were often called for to assist in some festivity there. The pioneers of Lawrence were young; few had reached middle life. Many of them had filled important places in social circles of the East. It takes the young with red blood in their veins to be pioneers. The ties of friendship, moreover, were closely knit by the hardships and dangers of the times.

It needed the brave spirit of my young mother in 1856 to give strength and courage to her husband. His sodland crops were almost a failure. He was weakened by ague chills — there was illness in almost every home. His heart was torn by anxiety for his dearly loved family, and his usual cheery smile was not often in evidence. There was one occasion, however, when Father seemed like his old gracious self. It was when the Old Band met at the farmhouse for its weekly practice. During the week they might be farmers, mechanics, or business men; the week's toll of loss and hardship might have been heavy; but on this one night they were only band boys. They called each other by their boyhood names, and their only anxiety was to play their musical scores with such correct time and expression as to meet with the approval of their leader, who was a trained Boston musician. If the weather permitted, they always gave an outdoor concert to an unseen audience before separating. The people of the farms for miles around would come to their doors. Forgotten would be the tough sod, the protracted drouth, forgotten the green wood, the hard water, the latest ague chill. Even the constant menace of the border ruffians would be forgotten while they listened to the music of the Old Band.

At one such band meeting in 1857 there was an especially hopeful spirit. They had been asked to furnish music at the reception of a new governor. It was said that he had come bearing an olive branch of peace in his hand. The administration at Washington had become alarmed for the effect of the Kansas situation on politics. The new governor came with the promise of equal justice and security of life and property. New hope sprang up, immigration increased, many fine families came over the border from Missouri, saying that they wanted to live in a 'white man's country.' It seemed that the days of warfare had ended. Alas, they had only just begun! The fire started on the Kansas prairie soon spread over the entire country.

IV

It was not until January of 1861 that Kansas obtained what it had been striving for — admission to the Union under a free-state constitution. When the Southern Senators arose in a body and left their seats in Congress, the first business taken up by those who remained was the admission of Kansas as a free state to the (dismembered) Union. Lawrence was now a highway of marching men. Over half the able-bodied men of the state had enlisted in the Union army. They had everything at stake on the result of the war. The Old Band was often called on to furnish music for the patriotic occasions. Their instruments were literally worn out in the public service.

Dr. Robinson, now governor, was

the first to recognize this fact. He headed a subscription paper with a generous sum, in an appeal for new silver instruments. Grateful for the generous response, the band organized a series of weekly open-air concerts. The first one with the new instruments was given from a stand near the river on August 20, 1863. It was the high-water mark in the history of the Old Band. Never had they played more harmoniously or with better expression. The streets were as light as day and filled with a happy crowd. They applauded each number and frequently called for an encore. Could any scene be more peaceful and secure! Yet there mingled with the crowd some of Quantrell's guerrilla spies, probably Quantrell himself.

At early daybreak the next morning Quantrell's guerrillas, three hundred strong, came upon the sleeping town. It was totally unprepared. There was no railroad or telegraph at this time. Every messenger sent to warn of Quantrell's approach met with disaster. By some blunder the guns of the militia were stored in blockhouses at the intersection of the streets. The town was without defense. Quantrell's orders were 'Kill every man and burn every house.' The guerrillas — magnificent horsemen — rode at breakneck speed through the streets, a revolver in each hand, shooting every man in sight.

A few had a trace of humanity. One young fellow sprang to the assistance of a frail lady whom a guerrilla had ordered to draw water for his horse. 'I would n't have come if I had known there was to be murder,' he told her. One would not burn a house because there was a sick lady in it, another because the flowers in the yard were so beautiful. Quantrell himself set a guard over a small hotel where he had stayed when living in Lawrence in disguise. The comely daughter of the proprietor had cared for him when he was ill, and the house was not molested. With but few exceptions, however, the guerrillas were like fiends in their brutalities. Three members of the Old Band were killed, one of them with unspeakable cruelty. My father, with quick wit, disappeared into a field of growing corn when almost face to face with the guerrillas.

Quantrell's orders to kill every man and burn every house were being literally carried out when a sentinel on Mount Oread gave warning of the approach of United States troops. As it was, over one hundred and fifty were killed out of a population of less than two thousand. The raid was only one expression of hatred for the Yankee town that had stood as a barrier to the extension of slavery.

A little over a year later there came the alarming report that General Price had broken through the cordon of troops on the Missouri border, and was marching toward Lawrence to finish its destruction. Every able-bodied man enrolled in the militia; doctors, lawyers, merchants, farmers, all sorts and conditions of men, marched with the militia to the border. With them went the Old Band. After two weeks of anxiety there came a terrifying report. There had been a battle, it was said; many of the militia were killed and Price's army was marching on Lawrence.

We hurried into town and found the streets filled with panic-stricken crowds — the streets along which were still standing skeletons of burned buildings, grim reminders of Quantrell's raid. As we came in, there sounded the tread of marching feet on the bridge north of town. Was it Price coming to finish the destruction of the defenseless town? Would the horrors of Quantrell's raid, of recent memory, be repeated? We saw

a gleam of silver midway of the bridge; a band struck up a rollicking tune popular in war time — 'When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Again.' Familiar faces began to appear. It was indeed our militia coming home again. There had been a battle, though the militia were not in it, and Price had fallen back into Missouri. Thus ended the period of war and bloodshed in the history of Lawrence. Henceforth the music of the Old Band was heard only on peaceful occasions.

It was a special satisfaction to them when they were called on in June of 1867 to assist in the exercises of the first commencement of Kansas University. This first building of the University, in which they were held, was made possible by the gifts of generous cities to stricken raid victims, and by the benefaction of Amos A. Lawrence of Boston to his name-child — '*provided* that Kansas become a free state.'

Ex-Governor Robinson and other members of the Town Company of 1854 were present at this first commencement. They had labored unceasingly for the founding of an institution of this kind. Even this infant University — a child of the Civil War — gave them great satisfaction. Its first class, indeed, was graduated on the very spot where the Town Company had met in 1854 and made the first plans for founding an institution for higher education. How welcome to us — its first students — were the opportunities for peaceful study, after the terrors of war's alarms and dream-haunted visions of murder and burning homes.

The scattered members of the Old Band were called together once more by Dr. Robinson to furnish music for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival in Lawrence of that New England party which started out from the Boston railroad station singing Whittier's 'Kansas Emigrants.' The members of the band were now past middle life, wrinkles and gray hair were much in evidence, but they could still play the old-time tunes with much of the old-time spirit. Whittier had hoped to be present for this occasion, but his health proved to be too feeble. In his letter of regret to my father are these words: 'No one of the sisterhood of States has such a record as Kansas. So full of peril and adventure, of fortitude, self-sacrifice, and heroic devotion to Freedom!' In the words of the motto on the Kansas state seal: AD ASTRA PER ASPERA.

FLIPPER

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM OUTERSON

I

LOOKING north from that point of land which is known in Scotland as the East Neuk of Fife, one sees a succession of low promontories terminating small bays whose shores are strewn with rugged and massive boulders piled so closely together that in a distance of ten miles there are scarcely five hundred yards of level sand. The ebbing tide reveals a multitude of dangerous reefs lying, at various angles to the shore, in a series which continues to St. Andrews and beyond. Here in former years was a graveyard of ships. Even to-day, with the Carr lightship lying off the Firth of Forth and the powerful lantern of the Bell Rock Lighthouse flashing twelve miles to the northward, the sailing vessel that is driven in this direction by an easterly gale finds herself in desperate straits. There is a lifeboat station on the East Neuk, and one at St. Andrews, ten miles distant, but when the North Sea, under the hammer of the tempest, charges down upon this coast, man's supremest efforts are of little avail.

Traveling along the winding path which crosses the edge of the moorland skirting the shore, one comes after a distance of three or four miles upon a battered and decayed harbor. The pier of this disconsolate haven runs straight out from the shore on a sunken ledge of rock. The breakwater on the north side, where the heaviest seas strike, runs parallel with the pier for forty yards, then curves round and stops in a line with the end of the pier, leaving a space of twenty feet for the passage of small craft, an entrance which is now used only by two or three fishing boats, the sole marine wealth of the village of Royburn. Running out from the shore in a line with the pier is an open channel thirty feet wide with a sandy bottom clear of rocks, which the boats use in their passage to and from the harbor. The breakwater, composed of massive stones in the outer courses and filled in with smaller pieces, was constructed in the belief that it would be strong enough to resist the weight of the sea in the strongest gales. One winter proved the error of the builders, for the immense stones were lifted bodily and hurled into the harbor during a north-easterly gale that blew for four days in succession.

In a rude shelter on the common land near this harbor three men loafed one rainy day in late March, listening with serious Scots faces to an impossible yarn being spun by an old sea dog curiously named Flipper. In his youth this man, returning from his first deep-sea voyage, had accosted an acquaintance and demanded a 'shake of his flipper.' Although most of the villagers had heard the expression before, since many of them had followed the sea, the name of Flipper had clung to him ever since. No doubt he could have made it vastly unpleasant for those who addressed him thus, being at that time a powerful man and an implacable fighter. But

he was absent so many months of the year on his voyages, and felt the joy of home-coming so keenly, that he made no serious effort to check the use of the nickname, preferring to suffer it during the few weeks of his infrequent stays in his native village. As time passed he became used to it, and accepted it as naturally as if he had received it at his christening.

As he stood in the middle of the sandy floor of the shelter telling his miraculous tale, his frame gave evidence of a muscular youth. A big man, gaunt and heavy-boned, with eagle nose, thick wiry eyebrows, and steel-blue eyes that even through the dimness of old age gleamed fiercely as he lashed his imagination forward. Not that the story he told contained any elements of ferocity. He always spoke thus, standing still a moment, then taking a short jerky step to either side, waving his hands, slapping his knee, and swearing for pure joy when a new lie entered his head. For pure artistry of falsehood, reckless and triumphant, his like had never been seen in all that countryside. Morose and pessimistic in his moments of imaginative leisure, despising women with all the force of his mind, caring little for anything or anybody, he went sourly on his way until the creative faculty possessed him. Then he changed absolutely. He chuckled with delight, his eyes sparkled and gleamed, his old legs capered about the floor, he waved his arms and wagged his bushy eyebrows up and down, until his whole appearance was transformed.

'Yes,' he was saying, 'I made a voyage in an old Norwegian bark in '75, from Cardiff to San Francisco wi' coal. She had been built to carry timber, an' her bows were as square as the side o' a hoose. The Captain was a Scotsman by the name o' MacBray, an' one o' the best men I ever sailed wi', except that he was a wee bit short in the temper. He couldna stand contradiction, an' I dinna blame him for that. A skipper should hev his own way aboard his own ship. She was an old tub, an' dirty — I never saw sich barnacles as there were on the Ulmena's bottom, as big as your heid. Well, we got doon off the River Plate an' lay there becalmed for days. Then the glass went doon clear oot o' sight, an' we made ready for a pampero. That was a gorgeous blow. My George, how that wind yelled in the riggin', like five thousand bagpipes close up against your ear. I was standin' in the waist on the lee side o' the main hatch when the squall struck her.' Here he paused, thrust out his right hand, palm upward, and smote into it with his left, then swore ecstatically and glared at his audience, who smoked soberly but expectantly.

'That wind,' he continued, 'lifted me right off the deck an' up, my George, till I thought I'd hit the main yard. But before I got that length it jist seemed to let go, an' I went doon like a stone ower the side. Then, thinks I, my sailin''s done, but I struck oot swimmin' for the surface, an' what d'ye think happened? My hand rapped against something. A rock, thinks I, but there couldna be a rock in the middle o' that sea. I jist grabbed hold o' it an' pulled my head above the water; then I saw it was a barnacle as big as a bucket. There were dozens o' them, so I climbed on to the rail an' dropped to the deck. The mate thought I was a ghost an' so did the men, but I never heeded them. I went below an' changed my clothes an' the skipper gied me a stiff glass o' grog. That made me feel a' right, an' I was none the worse o' the drookin'.

'But the queerest thing happened when we got doon off the Horn. One night the man on lookout reported

ice on the starboard bow. The skipper wouldna shorten sail because he wanted to take advantage o' the fair wind, so we jist kept on wi' all sail set. I turned in aboot two bells in the first watch, an' was jist droppin' off to sleep when I heard a most rampageous roar frae the fo'c'sle head. Then I heard the man on lookout jump clear ower the rail to the main deck, an' the watches turned oot pell-mell an' came racin' aft. Jist then I stuck my head oot the door to see what was wrong, an' my breath stopped in my throat. No more than fifty feet ahead o' us lay an iceberg as high as Arthur's Seat. My George, what a sight that was! The Skipper was howlin' like a maniac, but everybody was ower-excited to pay ony attention to him. Then she struck, head on, wi' every stitch on her. Thinks I, this is the last, all jokin' aside. But I was wrong. Something happened then that surprised me so much I didna speak a word for twenty days. All hands thought I was struck dumb.'

The faces of his audience relaxed, and a faint gleam shone for a moment in their eyes.

'What d'ye think?' queried Flipper. 'There must a been a groove or a canyon in that iceberg jist aboot the level o' the water, for the ship slid right up on to it on an even keel, then doon the other side, an' plunged into the water like a duck. An' sich a squeakin' an' rumblin' an' scratchin' you never heard in a' your born days. It's a wonder that didna take the sticks oot o' her, but she was a strong-built old barky an' she didna so much as spring a leak. I went into the waist after a while an' sounded her, me bein' the carpenter, but there wasna two inches o' water in her hold. Well, when we got to San Francisco she was dry-docked to have her bottom cleaned, an' I'm tellin' ye the God's truth, she was as clean as a new-minted penny. There wasna one barnacle on her, nothin' but a wee scratch here an' there to show that she had traveled ower an iceberg.'

The three fishermen sat silent for a minute; then Davie Macleod took the pipe out of his mouth and spat on the sandy floor.

'Ye were gey chummy wi' the skipper that trip, Flipper,' he commented.

'I was,' replied Flipper sourly. His animation was gone, and his interest had come to an end with the story.

'That time he gied ye the nip, he didna gie ye the whole bottle, did he?'

A sigh of laughter from the other two fishermen made itself barely audible. Flipper scowled. 'I told ye jist what happened. The iceberg looked as big as Arthur's Seat, but wi' a good big drink in me it would a been liker Ben Nevis.'

They all laughed at this, and Flipper joined in after his fashion. He was incapable of hearty laughter, but he opened his mouth in a terrifying grin and gave a few convulsive gasps.

II

That evening there was to be a sort of Spring Festival in a large empty barn which had been swept and arranged for the occasion. All the villagers were going — the mothers and daughters for an hour or two, as long as the men behaved themselves. A generous quantity of whiskey and beer had been bought, and the two Murrays, ably seconded by Howky Wallace, the village sot, and other choice spirits, soon made it evident that they intended to have a 'rip-snorting' time.

Davie Macleod and Flipper entered the barn together, and were hailed by the men gathered round a large keg supported on a kind of trestle.

Another keg lay handy, and a number of bottles reposed in baskets round about. Dancing was to be enjoyed till eleven or thereabouts, then supper would be served till midnight. There might be dancing after that, provided the bravest girls could find partners sober enough.

The evening started with vigor and enthusiasm. Tam Macgregor, a young blacksmith, struck up a lively tune on his concertina, and couples formed immediately for a schottische. They were good dancers, those open-air young men and women, enthusiastic and indefatigable. Into their scanty lives came few pleasures of any sort, and a dance was to them the highest enjoyment and the principal social ceremony. Flipper, standing among the men, but drinking warily according to his custom, watched the high-spirited motion on the floor. The barn shook rhythmically. He noticed with sour amusement the pistonlike popping up and down of the performers' heads, due to their style of dancing. A young woman who has worked in the fields all day might be expected to feel tired at night, yet these seemed to have risen fully restored from the lap of rest, so vigorous was their motion, so insatiable their hunger for dancing. Red-cheeked, robust, full-breasted, and straight-backed, they whirled and hopped about with a totally unconscious freedom of limb that was healthy if not always graceful. Flipper gazed upon them with sardonic contempt, then turned away and took another glass of whiskey, entering into a conversation with Howky Wallace, whose masterly libations had not had much effect on him so far. He expressed the opinion that they were going to have one of the heaviest gales within the memory of living men. 'Listen till it aboon the noise o' the dancin',' he exclaimed. 'There'll be a monstrous sea runnin' the noo, an' it'll be something horrific before mornin'. But it'll no bother us. Oor boats are a' high an' dry, an' the lave can look efter theirsels. Here's luck, Flipper.'

Flipper took another small drink and listened while Howky rambled on about a ship that had once been driven on the rocks and smashed to atoms. He was interested at first, but soon wandered off on his own reflections. As the door opened to permit the departure of a woman, he heard the deep roar of the gathering storm.

The dancers now sat down at the table a dozen or so at a time, and ate the supper which was served by quick-moving girls. Flipper noticed that all the quieter sort of women had departed; only the young, hard-working girls remained, most of whom were drinking beer. It was hot, dancing. He sat down among the last and ate a fair quantity. The young blacksmith, who had done himself well in both solid and liquid refreshments, returned to his corner and started to play a reel. Twelve o'clock was struck by Sandy Murray, who used for this purpose an empty bottle against an empty keg. Everybody shouted and had another drink, the concertina began its snorting melody, and couples stood up for the reel. Flipper drank a little whiskey neat.

'That's the way to take it, Flipper,' cried Sandy, trying to be witty. 'They say that whiskey kills everything in water, but I'm tellin' ye that water kills everything in whiskey. The elixir o' life!' he shouted, holding up a half-filled tumbler and waving it about. The men drank, and the girls were served with beer. Sandy started to vent his foolish shout again, but the sound died in his throat and he stiffened to attention as Flipper's powerful voice struck the hubbub of the room into silence.

'My George!' he cried. 'Talk aboot the Elixir o' Life! I made a voyage in '79 to the Kuanza River on the west coast of Africa. There was nothin' at the mouth o' the river but a trader's station wi' a cluster o' huts roond it, an' the district was rotten wi' fever. The captain took it, the mate took it, an' in a few days all hands had it more or less. That was a bad time. The niggers worked the cargo, o' course, but they knew nothin' about the steam winches — an' there we were, a' half-dead wi' the fever an' no cargo goin' oot or comin' in. One day the trader came aboard. He had jist got back to the station from a trip upriver, an' even wi' my head full o' fever I could see he was fair loaded up wi' something he wanted to tell. So I got him into my room, jist aboot dead as I was, an' says I, "What's goin' on upcountry?"

'He looked at me for a full minute before he said a word, then he leaned ower an' whispered in my ear, "I've jist come from a town where the people are a thousand years old."

'"All o' them?" says I. "No," says he. "Jist some o' them. They've got a rulin' class there that know how to make a real, genuwine Elixir o' Life."

'"Are they niggers?" says I.

'"No," says he. "They're the color o' yellow ivory. You've seen plenty o' it on this coast. They take a drop o' this elixir once a week, an' they never grow any older. Jist imagine what that secret would be worth in London an' Paris an' New York. I'm goin' after a bottle o' it the first chance I get."

'"I'll go wi' ye," says I. "Right," says he.

'As soon as the unloadin' was finished, I got leave from the skipper an' we started up the river, the trader an' me. Hot! I never felt sich heat before or since. The sweat poured oot o' us so fast we had to keep a nigger balin' the boat oot a' the time. But we got to the town at last, — Slatongo, I think it was called, — an' sure enough I found oot that some o' the people, the bosses o' the place, had learned the secret o' everlastin' life. They spoke every language under the sun, knew them all hundreds o' years ago, an' kept track o' the changes by readin' books from the ootside. I tried to coax one old chap that took a fancy to me to give me a bottle o' the Elixir, but he refused even to let me see it. My George! That put me in a fine state, travelin' a' the way up that stinkin' river an' not gettin' even a sight o' the stuff I'd come for.' He paused, leaning slightly forward, thrust his right hand out, palm up, and smote into it with his left. The girls, seated on the benches along the walls, listened without much interest. The men, standing about with glasses and beer mugs in their hands, were all tipsy and jovial and ready for any story or any joke. Howky Wallace, at last dead to the world, sat on an overturned basket, his arms lying heavily across an upright keg, his head resting upon them.

'I made up my mind,' continued Flipper slowly and impressively, 'to see that stuff an' get a bottle o' it or a jar, or whatever they kept it in, if I had to risk my life to do it. I got up one night when everybody was asleep, an' went barefoot into the room where the old chap slept. A candle was burnin' on a little table, an' beside it was a golden jar all carved an' wrought wi' beautiful figgers. "My George," thinks I, "this is the real stuff noo!" I tiptoed ower to the table, holdin' my breath, an' grabbed the jar. Then I made to turn away an' get back to my own room, but when I saw the glitter an' color o' the Elixir I couldna move a step — jist stood there lookin'

at it. Talk about beautiful colors!' He ceased talking, and into his eyes flashed the gleam of imaginative fury. His shaggy eyebrows went up and down, he glanced with sudden ferocity from face to face and hopped from side to side, now on one leg, now on the other.

'What do you think that stuff was like?' He seemed to await an answer, his eyes gleaming, his imagination gripped and thrilled by some gigantic lie that shrieked for utterance. Howky Wallace stirred in his sleep, raised his head for a moment, turned it, and laid it down on the other side.

'What do you think that stuff was like?' repeated Flipper. The men were waiting, almost sobered, trying to imagine something Gargantuan. Howky, unnoticed, jerked up his head and opened bloodshot eyes, and in the awed silence that followed Flipper's question his husky tenor voice raked the room with the single word: —

'Beer!'

It was a mere cry of thirst, but it smote upon the assembly with uncontrollable effect. Davie Macleod, gripping his jaws together to prevent laughter, succeeded only in venting a succession of groaning grunts. Sandy Murray exploded after a moment of repression into a loud and vacant 'Haw! Haw! Haw!' The girls, with their hands before their faces, were shaking in quieter mirth. The merriment, at first uncertain and repressed, gradually swelled into full chorus as the crowd, encouraged by increasing example, broke into inextinguishable laughter. The expression on Howky's face was excruciating. He had awakened from deep sleep and, goaded by frantic thirst, had asked for beer, and his request had been met by such a storm of laughter as he had never heard in all his life before. He blinked about him in a mixed state of thirst and bewilderment, and only after some moments encountered the burning gaze of Flipper. His thirst died away. He had never seen such insane fury in the eyes and face of any man as he saw then.

For some few minutes Flipper had been at the zenith of his glory. With a well-constructed yarn on the tip of his tongue and a conceived climax which even he felt to be a masterpiece, he had suddenly been balked of his triumph by the senseless interruption of a sot. Not only had his story been nipped at its most dramatic point, but he had been made the butt of the drunken laughter of fishermen, farm hands, and field women. He had been the centre of a ring of roaring mouths opened wide in scorn of himself. His fierce piratical heart raced convulsively in response to his first impulse to leap among them, smashing and battering those besotted, contorted visages, and hurl the blinking Howky out of the window. But he stood quite still, his only action a look malevolent and nakedly murderous directed against the slave of thirst.

Turning amid the expiring laughter, he strode sombrely to the door and swung it open. The hard shrill wail of the wind came to the ears of the inmates as he turned for a moment and glanced at their gleeful faces, then the storm and the night and himself were erased by the closing door.

III

The barn was one of a quadrangle of farm buildings with doors and windows on the inside, and only the roar of the storm came to this sheltered spot. The wind passed overhead, leaving the enclosure calm. In the sudden change from the lighted room to the pitch-blackness of a moonless, cloudy night, Flipper was conscious of

a strange sensation of loneliness. He could feel it encompassing him on all sides like the actual presence of the darkness, and stood still a few paces from the closed door, contemplating this novel emotion, but he soon recovered his normal scorn of everything and stepped out toward the gate of the quadrangle. Before he reached it there came to his ears from seaward, dominating yet subdued by the crashing roar of the wind, a single mournful note of sound, the boom of a minute gun fired by a ship in distress. He stopped with a jerk, his sympathy aroused by one of the few things that could touch him, threw off the weight of his recent humiliation, and strode back to the barn, where the entertainment went merrily on. Flinging open the door, he stood framed against the darkness, a gaunt, compelling figure with hard face and burning eyes. Music and motion stopped at the sight of him. He half turned, incorrigibly dramatic, and pointed through the open door in the direction of the shore.

'The minute gun!' he cried. 'There's a ship drivin' on the rocks.'

On the heel of his words came the single detonation from the sea, faint and imploring. A moment of tense immobility followed, when partly sobered men and startled women looked with consternation into one another's eyes. For the second time that night Howky Wallace changed the scene with monosyllabic utterance. 'Christ!' he cried.

The springs of action seemed to have been loosed by the calling of that name. They charged through the door and rushed toward the sea.

Flipper strode forth into the tempest ahead of the crowd, with no definite thought in his mind except to get down to the shore. The northeast wind, roaring up from the sea, buffeted him with almost personal vindictiveness. He lowered his head, buttoned his coat to the chin, and advanced steadily against it. The struggle pleased his mood of bitterness and eased the memory of his supreme humiliation. His blood warmed as his muscles moved in vigorous action, and a dull rage glowed within him, no longer directed against Howky Wallace, but impersonal and elemental. His habits of sarcasm and irony, of caustic contempt and disbelief, united to feed this slow flame of anger. He splashed along the muddy road recklessly, the solid wind hammering against him, battering the loose ends of his coat against his legs, and at times making it difficult to breathe, so great was its pressure.

He had come down to this, to be the butt of village clods and their females. He, who had once been able to put the fear of God into all but the very best of fighting men, was now a joke in the eyes of peasants. His vast experience, gained in forty years of wandering over all the seas in every manner of ship, was as nothing in the minds of these untraveled villagers. He had been mocked by boorish laughter.

Even as he remembered this he felt the impact of a thought that had never troubled him before. Was it not his own fault? Did he not know perfectly well that he was an impossible liar, buried beyond excavation beneath the ruined structures of his own imagination? Strange that he had never looked in this particular corner of his mind until to-night. If he would make a damn fool of himself, how could he expect people to respect him or avoid laughing at him? Was this really the first time they had felt contempt for him?

He halted and turned at right angles, made his way gropingly to the wall,

felt his way along it for some distance until he reached a projection that sheltered him from the wind, and stood close against it, at peace from the storm without, but wrecked within. An old man without honor. His own flesh and blood had despised and deserted him, and now he lived alone, with none to care for his comfort at home and men withholding respect abroad.

This mood of despondency, unparalleled in his experience, endured for no more than a minute or two. The need for bracing himself was imperative, and he dismissed all regrets, setting his mind on finding a means of regaining the respect and esteem of his fellow men. He pondered desperately on this problem. What could he do?

Perhaps it was the answer to his question flashing in a red tongue of flame from the white cauldron of the sea. A dull shock of sound beat through the storm, a voice of fear and hope. Flipper raised his head and stared at the frenzied expanse of foam inshore. His powerful, misguided brain and his hard, strong heart could have recognized most forms of woe without the slightest impulse to help. But he was a tried seaman of great experience, and throughout his life he had possessed one instinct which could move him to unselfish and heroic effort. That instinct had leaped to life at the sound of the minute gun. Like all sailors he hated and feared the cruelty of the sea and its treachery, and the knowledge that some poor devil was in its clutches aroused in him a genuine desire to save. Gripping the wall, he raised his eyes above the level of the top and waited for the next flash. It came straight in the teeth of the wind, not more than a mile away, and its dull reverberation followed mournfully.

'My George!' said Flipper into the night. 'She's lost. She'll be on the rocks before daylight.'

It was then three o'clock, less than two hours from daylight. His mind worked swiftly. If the St. Andrews or the Crail lifeboat could reach her before she struck, there was hope for the crew. If not — he tried to reach something that had been working in his subconscious mind but had not yet appeared on the surface, a shadow or a radiance due to some thought that was still below the threshold of his consciousness. If not — would it be possible to wipe away the scorn that clung to his name? He did not see what he could do, but he felt unreasonably hopeful. That shadow, or radiance, must come from a plan that had formed somewhere in his mind; he felt vaguely that here was his opportunity, what he had asked for. A sudden spurt of energy sent him up the road at speed. The wind behind him drove him along, and to prevent himself from stumbling he leaned heavily backward. Halfway between the shore and Field Lane he heard a dim murmur of voices, and a moment later ran into a crowd of men and girls struggling seaward.

'Hullo!' someone called. The voice sounded like Davie Macleod's.

'Hullo!' answered Flipper. 'She's nearly on the rocks. She'll be ashore before daylight.'

'Tam Macgregor's away to rouse up the postmaster and telegraph to Crail and St. Andrews for the lifeboats.' The words came queerly to Flipper through the roar of the storm. He could see a score or more of dim dark figures with pale patches for faces. They moved restlessly, swayed about, appearing and disappearing in dreamlike disorder. Some of them passed on toward the beach. Two remained with Flipper — Davie Macleod and Sandy Murray.

'There's another flash,' said one of the voices.

The report this time came a little sooner after the spurt of flame, and was a trifle more distinct. She was rapidly drifting nearer to the rocks.

'We may as weel wait for Macgregor,' shouted Davie. 'He'll be along soon.'

The others agreed in silence, and the three men stood in a dark, featureless group in the middle of the road, facing the storm, fascinated by the lurid flashes of the minute gun on the desperate ship. They did not hear the approach of Macgregor, and were unaware of his nearness until he ran into them.

'Hullo!' he cried. 'Whae's this?' Without waiting an answer he informed them that the Crail lifeboat was rescuing the crew of a brig driving ashore at the East Neuk. They hoped to take off the crew before she reached the rocks, otherwise their trip would be useless and they would have to depend on the rocket apparatus. They would send aid to the vessel off Royburn as soon as possible. The St. Andrews lifeboat was busy with a steamer that appeared to have broken her shaft in the heavy seas, and could not get away before daybreak at the very soonest.

'That'll be too late,' declared Flipper. 'This ship will be on the rocks before then. The rocket apparatus is the only hope noo. Could they no send that along?'

'They canna. They may want it at baith places,' replied Macgregor.

'Aye,' said Flipper. Without another word he turned from the group and set out for home, walking with assured step and resolute mien. The flashes of the minute gun had at last lighted up the shadow in his mind, had shown him that the ship would strike somewhere near the mouth of the channel, and he saw with perfect clearness what he had to do.

On reaching his cottage, he lighted a lamp and sat down, not because he felt tired, but for the purpose of arranging certain details in his mind. Glancing at the clock, he saw it was five after four. The dawn would be here in less than an hour. When he had formed his plan clearly he rose and began rummaging in a room which he used as a store, and brought forth a coil of fine Manila rope, a large ball of fine hempen cord, very strong, and a coil of heavy rope, all these the spoils of various voyages. The heavy rope he slung across his shoulders and carried to the beach, a laborious task against the wind. Just above the beach was a stone tower twelve feet high, which once upon a time had been used as a beacon. The end of the heavy rope he secured to a thick iron bar that rose from the centre of the tower. Returning to the cottage, he stripped naked and drew on a pair of strong, tight swimming trunks, then resumed his trousers, coat, and overcoat and set off toward the shore again with the ball of cord and the coil of fine rope. As he shut the door after putting out the lamp, he stood for a moment in grim contemplation of the task he had set himself and the effect it would probably have on the villagers.

'I'll show them, damn their souls!' he cursed into the thinning darkness. A fierce joy surged within him, and he strode vigorously down the road.

IV

When he reached the shore it was near five o'clock, and the sky was covered with flying scud, low down and dark gray. The doomed vessel almost as he arrived smashed down on the outmost reef with a crash of rending wood and iron. The next heavy sea

lifted her and carried her inshore fifty feet, dropping her fair across the mouth of the channel. She was a brig of about five hundred tons; her mainmast was snapped off just above the deck, but her foremast still stood. Her crew were clustered in the rigging, and Flipper thought he saw a woman crouching in the top, a man leaning over her in an attitude of protection — probably the skipper and his wife. Flipper ran off a hundred and fifty yards of the fine line as Davie Macleod, Sandy Murray, and others approached to see what he was doing.

'What are ye efter, Flipper?' shouted Davie.

Flipper made no answer, but put a clove hitch in the middle of the fine rope and made it fast to the free end of the heavy rope. He then secured the end of the cord to one end of the fine rope, and in the other end of the cord made a large loop, after which he threw off his clothes and stood revealed, a massive, powerful figure in spite of his age, with heavy muscles and tremendous bones. All the people on the shore gathered about him, wondering what act of derring-do he was about to attempt. Glancing toward the shattered brig, Flipper thought he observed a movement in the top. The skipper was looking through a pair of glasses and talking to the woman.

Flipper stepped through the loop in the twine, brought it over his head, and drew it taut round body and neck. His purpose was then apparent.

'My God, Flipper! There's nae possibility o' swimmin' oot yonder. The surf'll throw ye back on the beach like a chip.'

Flipper walked over to Davie. 'We'll see aboot that!' he roared. 'There's a heavy undertow, and there's no rocks between her and the pier.' He turned and walked briskly toward the pier, which was swept by heavy sprays and occasional solid water. Reaching the landward end, he went cautiously along it to the middle and paused, waiting for a quiet spell. The light was now broad, and his every movement could be seen both from the shore and from the brig. Davie stood motionless, aware of an immense admiration and pity for Flipper. The thing was hardly possible, he believed, but he had looked into Flipper's heart and read there what nobody else but Howky Wallace had seen — the shock of humiliation and the resolve to wipe it from the memory of Royburn.

Before starting for the pier, Flipper had formed his plan of action. He would dive from the end and trust to his own strength and the powerful undertow to get him to the brig. A cluster of anxious faces was turned toward him from the foretop and rigging of the brig. Would he ever reach them? Would he get to them before the mast snapped out of her under the hammering of the sea and flung them to death among the jagged reefs? They held on, and hoped that he would.

There came a few moments of comparative quiet on the pier, and Flipper went along it with a rush and dived off the end into the backwash of a receding breaker. This carried him past the end of the breakwater into the channel, with its sandy bottom. He dug into it with hooked fingers and swiftly moving arms, drawing himself seaward until he was unable to hold his breath any longer. He was just about to spring to the surface for air when the trough of a wave exposed his head and he drew breath. The following sea buried him twenty feet under, and he crawled forward another dozen yards before the need for breath again became imperative. Drawing his feet under him, he sprang upward from

the sand, his head appearing for an instant above the swirling foam to the eager eyes of the brig's crew. Striking out with all his force to prevent himself from being carried to the rocks on the crest of a wave, he dived again as soon as he got a breath, going from crest to trough and down under with almost the swiftness of a seal. Again he dragged himself across the surface of the sand, and again rose and dived. He did not heed the aching of his splendid muscles or the hammering of his mighty heart. He was then simply an instrument for moving through stormy water in a certain direction. His humiliation was gone, and would never trouble him again. The cry of dismay from the villagers as he started for the pier had wiped it out of existence. Consciousness left him for seconds at a time. He felt a blow here and a scratch there from stones and shells in the sand, and was desperately short of breath. He was once dashed against a reef at the edge of the channel, but without breaking any bones; and he was always aware that he must keep on the sandy bottom. He rose again to the surface for breath, in deeper water now, and saw the brig almost within reach. She was in sight for only a moment, but he carried the picture of her down to the sand with him — the captain supporting his wife in the top, the men hanging desperately in the rigging with terrible faces and staring eyes.

He began to feel immensely tired, with a drowsy weariness that was not wholly unpleasant. He began to wonder what he was doing, but he did not cease to drag himself over the sand, and the strong undertow helped him incalculably. Struggling at last to the surface, tortured for breath, he came up on the crest of a wave that simply laid him along the rail of the brig and withdrew. Rising to his feet with his last remaining strength, he locked both arms around the rigging and held on, breathing convulsively.

Every sea broke clear over the brig, and there was no safety near her rail. One of the men came down the rigging, followed at intervals by two others. The lowest man put his hand under Flipper's shoulder and tried to help him up the ratlines, but Flipper took the cord off his neck and handed it to the seaman with a tired wave of his hand toward the top. The man took the cord and handed it to the one above him, who passed it up. In the eyes of all the men was a look of immense respect and gratitude, but the woman kneeling in the top grasped the stays of the topmast rigging and gazed at him with tears running down her face.

His glance traveled back along the way he had come, and he wondered dully how he had done it. The people on the shore were waving their arms and hats and cheering him from their hearts, a cheer that might have done him good had he heard it. His last feeling was a vast pleasure that he had done what he set out to do, and this joy of accomplishment brought a rare smile to his face. Looking to windward as a minute rift appeared in the eastern sky, he was blinded by a beam of the newly risen sun. 'Hell!' he exclaimed, turning his head away. Two of the crew were now making their way down to help him up the rigging. A feeling of utter exhaustion bent his massive shoulders forward, and his head sank against a ratline. As the two men stooped down to put one hand each under his shoulders a monstrous sea, striking the weather side, leaped clear across the deck and carried Flipper away. The two men above him barely saved themselves. The woman in the top buried her face against her husband and moaned.

The crew hauled in the cord and got

the fine rope, then the heavy rope, the end of which they rove through a bosun's chair before making it fast to the mast. The light line was hitched to the bosun's chair as a drag rope, the captain's wife was placed in the chair, and the pressure of the wind drove her ashore while the men on the beach hauled in the slack of the drag-line. Within half an hour every man had been taken off in safety.

The captain came last, according to the etiquette of the sea. He took Davie Macleod's hand, the weariness of his face lighted by a glow of admiration. 'That was the greatest thing I ever saw,' he declared. 'There, God made a man.'

LIFE, ART, AND PEACE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

In the opinion of the theologians of the Middle Ages the conduct of life had been reduced to the status of an exact science. The end to be achieved — salvation of the soul — was definitely fixed, and the general principles to be followed were clearly understood. They accepted the laws of God in a fashion exactly parallel to that in which the contemporary scientist accepts the laws of Nature, and they no more doubted certain fundamental principles like the Forgiveness of Sins than one of these modern scientists doubts the principle of the Conservation of Energy. Hence they could proceed as he does to devise and to describe the means by which these principles could be taken advantage of in order to secure a desired end.

They sometimes spoke of these central dogmas as 'mysteries,' but they were mysterious only in the sense that electricity is mysterious, for though they might, like electricity, contain intimate secrets and spring from ultimate causes which no man could understand, yet one knew that they would operate in a certain way and that they could be counted upon to do so. No man knows whence the wind cometh or whither it bloweth, but that, said an American skeptic, makes very little difference, since we know exactly how it behaves when it gets here, and his rationalistic hard-headedness was not unlike the theological hard-headedness of certain learned doctors who rebuked the prying curiosity of those who proposed too many whys and wherefores when they should be taking practical advantage of the laws which God had instituted and revealed in order that a knowledge of their unchanging *modus operandi* might be used.

Grace could be piped, like oil, from its copious fountainhead; the current flowing out from God could be conducted from priest to priest on to the ultimate consumer, just as electricity is conducted through electrically connected wires; and holy water could be used to destroy evil spirits both as surely and, in one sense, as unmysteriously as carbolic acid kills germs. Woe to him, but to him only, who

was ignorant of the laws of God or who perversely refused to live in accordance with the rules of spiritual health!

Disease could be cured, and disease could also, in considerable measure, be prevented. There were desperate surgical operations performed, when the sinner far gone in sin made a deathbed confession and was saved for eternal life by having his spiritual cancers cut away; there were stern but healthful regimens imposed, when incipient damnation was arrested by a course of systematic penance; and there were, besides, rules for rational living by which health might be maintained. The conduct of life was a science, or perhaps it would be better to say that it was, for the layman at least, a technique. Theologians, like scientists, might investigate to extend the knowledge of the laws according to which the universe worked, but the ordinary man accepted what he was told and used their knowledge by employing their inventions and applying whatever he knew to the solution of his individual problem. There were great scientific monographs for the learned, no more understandable to the common man of the Middle Ages than the writings of Michelson or Clerk Maxwell are understandable to the common man of to-day, but there were also popular 'outlines' to instruct or amuse him and practical little handbooks enabling him to care for his soul, as a modern man regulates his own diet when he finds himself getting too fat, or keeps his radio set functioning at its highest efficiency.

In those days, then, men approached the problem of ordering their inward lives in the same practical spirit in which we approach that of ordering our material conditions. There were, in a word, rules to live by, and, theoretically at least, the conduct of life never involved questions any more fundamental than those concerned with the practical application of known principles to specific situations. On certain occasions one appealed to the Virgin, on others to Saint Christopher or Saint Anthony; one consulted a priest and, following his advice, one prayed or one fasted. Nor does, indeed, this view of the 'good life' necessarily disappear as long as a legalistic religion, like that which the disciples of Christ erected upon the Hebraic foundation, continues to exist, and one may find it very clearly expressed, for example, in a little allegory written by the poet Cowper, who may be taken as a representative of Protestantism in its most completely logical form.

God, says Cowper, is the hospitable master of a magnificent mansion which he has erected for the entertainment of guests. There is one road which leads directly to it, that road is plainly marked, and it is surely not the Master's fault if some travelers refuse to take it or if they stop to argue either that some other road will do just as well or that he ought to have made it accessible from various directions. To lead the good life, to make existence a success, one needs nothing except the wit to read the plain sign and the common sense to choose the road thus plainly marked.

But the ability to accept a plan of life so delightfully simple depends both upon a complete confidence in the dogmas of some given religion and upon the fact that the aim of existence is fixed for us by such a religion — that we know, in a word, why we are here and to what purpose we ought to devote our lives. As soon as one begins to doubt the validity of the laws of God considered as the fundamental principles of a science which happens to be called theology, or as soon as one begins to raise a question as to the

purpose of life, then the problem of conducting that life ceases to be merely a problem of technique and begins to involve certain ultimate questions concerning the end which we wish to reach or concerning what may properly be called success in life.

In practice such questions actually arise as soon as any given religion begins to become a formal instead of a living system of beliefs, as soon as a people, while continuing to agree as a matter of form that the purpose of life is preparation for eternity, begins nevertheless to seek purely temporal ends. And this means, of course, that the questions actually existed for a great many people even during those ages called ages of faith, and that they were of primary importance to most people in the time, let us say, of the poet Cowper, since most people, then as now, *acted* as though there were ends to be achieved in this life however much they might profess a formal belief in the Christian doctrine which teaches them that it is meaningless except as a preparation for eternity. Yet the questions become more and more acute and the efforts to solve them more and more conscious as people cease more and more even to pretend to believe that they live primarily 'to save their souls.' Even the formal assumption that the conduct of life is the subject of an established science from whose general principles practical rules for the successful regulation of everyday acts may be logically deduced becomes impossible, since we no longer agree that we know just in what the success we hope to obtain would consist.

Hence arise a multiplication of philosophies and the formulation of innumerable definitions of 'the good life' which range all the way from that implied in Nietzsche's 'Live dangerously' to that implied in various catchwords like the characteristically American nebulosity 'service,' and whose very multiplicity reveals how far mankind has drifted from the possibility of formulating any generally acceptable rationalization to impose upon those vital impulses which lead it to live, and how far it is, therefore, from the possibility of regarding life as a science. A few years ago, however, someone let fall the phrase, 'Life is an Art.' It was given a wide circulation in Havelock Ellis's essay, *The Dance of Life*, and among members of the intellectual class it sprang into an immediate popularity which revealed not only how much that class felt the need of defining some attitude from which the subject of the conduct of life could be approached, but also — since science and art are the two members of a conventional dualism — how completely it had abandoned any belief in the possibility that life could have any purpose fixed in the ultimate nature of things as the result of which its fruitful employment might be made the subject of a science.

Now the aims of art have never been clearly defined. The ends which individual works of art attempt to achieve are, in appearance at least, diverse, and the means which it employs seem almost infinitely variable. Hence it is that to say that life is an art and to use that term 'art' in contradistinction to science seems to provide a greater latitude in the choice of both its aims and its methods than could possibly be permitted by a moralist or a theologian who regarded it as a science, and it may very well be that this vagueness which, in spite of all the volumes which have been written on the subject of æsthetics, still surrounds the word 'art' may constitute the chief reason for the widespread use of the phrase by people unable to formulate for themselves any definition of the purpose of life as clear and as simple as that offered by either a

Roman Catholic theologian or a logical Protestant.

And yet, whatever its ultimate meaning may be, and whether or not it can be shown to have any precise signification, the popularity of this saying that 'Life is an Art' implies something which cannot but be important for the understanding of the modern temper, since only a modern could formulate the phrase. It is to the effort to seek out that meaning and to discover what are the limitations of life considered as material for the creation of a work of art that the present section of this essay will be devoted. What is art, and how may its principles be applied to the conduct of life?

II

In one sense the aim of the scientist and the aim of the artist are the same, since both are in pursuit of what they call truth; but the difference between them may be said to consist in this, that while for science there is only one Truth, for the artist there are many. The scientist, that is to say, is in search of truths which owe their name to the fact that they correspond to something in the world outside himself, while the artist is in search of those which need to be true only in the sense that they seem true to him and that they hold good within the artificial universe which is enclosed within the frame of the work of art he is creating.

The scientist must submit to the judgment of others not merely the conclusions which he reaches, but also the premises with which he began and the methods which he uses in developing his work from them, but the artist, within very wide limits at least, is allowed to choose whatever premises he likes, and, as a result, it is by no means necessary that all good artists should agree to anything like the same extent that all good scientists must agree. In recognition of this fact literary critics never tire of asserting as a fundamental principle of criticism that in discussing a work of art we must concern ourselves exclusively with the question, 'How far did the artist succeed in doing what he set out to do or in saying what he set out to say?' and never with the question of whether we consider his purpose useless or pernicious. To do so would be, they say, to introduce moral or other extraneous question into the realm of æsthetics, and from this we may conclude that, if life is an art, then an analogous principle must be accepted as the basis of all efforts to criticize it.

The first effect of a determination to regard life as an art instead of as a science would, then, seem necessarily to be to grant to the individual a much greater latitude than the theologian would allow him in choosing the purpose to which he wishes to devote his life, and would lead us to judge of his success, not by considering the end which he proposes, but merely by the extent to which he is successful in his effort to achieve that end. It would be to assume (as the modern man feels almost compelled to assume) that life has no purpose fixed by a power outside of life (as distinguished from such purpose as the individual may be able to choose or believe in for himself), and hence to assume also that there is no more any such thing as *the* good life than there is any such thing as *the* good work of art, although, of course, there may be various good lives just as there are various good works of art.

When considered from such a point of view the treatises on morality upon which the theologian lays so much stress would seem to bear about the same relation to the art of life as treatises on rhetoric bear to the art of letters, and to be scarcely more useful. Both are based upon the assumption

that the subject with which they deal is a science governed by certain fixed laws and aiming at fixed ends, and both assume also that the methods of one successful practitioner of either life or letters may be formulated for the imitation of those who aspire to a similar success. But the good writer does not usually learn much from such textbooks. He generally discovers that he is able by their aid to produce nothing but frigid rhetorical exercises and that he must create his own original style if he is to achieve any real success. This is the natural result of the fact that literature is an art instead of a science, that it depends, that is to say, too much upon the individual personality to be reducible to a teachable technique, and it serves to explain by analogy why moral treatises offer so little aid to the individual in search of a good life. The principles there laid down may possibly be those which a certain man followed in achieving a certain kind of success in a certain kind of life, but they may be as useless to another man as the rhetorical analysis of a classical writer's sentence structure is to another writer. Rhetoric takes no real account of the art in literature, and morality takes no account of the art in life.

Perhaps, however, the exact thought here meant can more easily be made clear by means of an example taken from the creative work of a man who did, at least at certain times, attempt to regard life as an art, and for that purpose a passage may be chosen from one of the novels of Henry James. Those who have read *The American* will remember that toward the end of that work the hero turns into a little church to meditate upon the wrongs which have been inflicted upon him, and that though at first he considers the possibility of revenge, of retaliating upon those who have injured him, yet after a little he repudiates the idea because, says James, he came to realize that 'revenge was not his game.'

Now the thing to be noticed here is the fact that this typical though early Jamesian hero did not conclude that revenge was 'wrong,' that an obligation to eschew it was imposed upon him from without, or that there was any science of life from whose principles the folly of revenge could be deduced, but only that such revenge 'was not his game.' He had, in other words, adopted a certain style of living and acting exactly as an artist adopts a certain style for the execution of a work of art, and he realized that an act of revenge was inappropriate to that style exactly as an artist might realize that a certain incident or observation or shape was not appropriate to the particular work in hand. He did not, be it further observed, say that revenge was not, or ought not to be, anybody's 'game,' for, by implication at least, he recognized the fact that other artists working in other styles might, on the other hand, find it the only appropriate thing — that Benvenuto Cellini, for example, would fail if he refused to take a revenge just as surely as the hero here under discussion would fail if he consented to do so, since revenge was as distinctly a part of Benvenuto's game as it was distinctly not a part of his.

To him life was, in other words, an art, and in art all styles are good provided that they are consistent and harmonious within themselves. There is the 'style' of Benvenuto Cellini and there is the 'style' of Saint Francis of Assisi, both of whom led successful lives because each of them lived in accordance with the law of his being. The science of morals endeavors to divide men into the good and the bad by determining whether or not their purposes and their deeds accord with certain fixed principles and rules established

outside themselves, but æsthetics can only pretend to judge them in accordance with their failure or success in developing themselves according to their self-chosen style. It cannot recognize the existence of good or bad men, but only of successful or unsuccessful artists. Life has its heroes and its villains, its soubrettes and its ingénues, and all rôles may be acted well.

Thus, though the popularity of the saying that life is an art is subsequent to the career of Henry James as a novelist, he had, nevertheless, so fallen into the habit of thinking of it as such that one may find in his work very convenient illustrations of the first and most immediate effects of such an attitude. The puritanism which he inherited and which determined so many of his most fundamental instincts was sufficient to guarantee him against the possibility of following this line of thought out to its logical nihilistic conclusion, and there were kinds of lives as well as of art which — happily perhaps — he had not sufficient catholicity of taste to appreciate, but, having outgrown the 'scientific morality' of his puritan ancestors, he was endeavoring to replace it with an æsthetic attitude which would give him that basis for making distinctions which is necessary not only for the novelist, but also for every man who makes an effort to live humanly in the natural universe.

He was, however, careful never to treat in his novels any except decorous people, people who, however emancipated they might think themselves from moral principles, did nevertheless always conduct themselves in such a way as to keep within the limits of a certain propriety. He never chose to describe any of those terrifying 'artists' who, like the great criminals, the great conquerors, or even like Benvenuto himself, live quite 'successfully' because quite consistently in accordance with the style which they have chosen, and he did not do so because he realized, consciously or unconsciously, that those moral instincts which were still strong within him would not permit him to give an æsthetic justification to any manner of life which violated too strongly the moral principles which survived in him in a form still capable of producing very intense repugnances.

James, then, considered that life is an art, but he never dared to test his theory outside the walls of a drawing-room, and though this timid compromise, this constant hesitation between a thoroughgoing æstheticism and an attenuated puritan morality, served the purpose of a novelist who confined his attention to a very quiet scene, it is difficult to see how the philosopher who proposes to consider existence as a whole from an æsthetic standpoint can avoid a far bolder application of æsthetic principles.

Considered as artistic creations, Hamlet and Othello are no greater and therefore no better than Macbeth or Iago. In the tragedy villain and hero are equal, and if the meaning of existence is an artistic meaning, then the same is true in life also. The life led by the great monster is as truly the good life as that led by the great saint. Man has the liberty of choosing what James called the 'game' he will play (that is, the style to be adopted in that work of art which is his life), and the liberty of choice cannot be limited anywhere by any except æsthetic considerations without introducing the idea of morality, which, if it is intellectually justifiable at one point, is intellectually justifiable at others. Life being an art and not a science, we may become either Cellini or Saint Francis, but if that is true we may also become Napoleon or the Marquis de Sade. Both of the latter played rôles in that

tragedy or comedy or farce called 'the history of the world,' both played well enough to be remembered as classical examples of how 'their game' might be successfully played, and hence both were greater artists than the thousands whom morality would judge far more favorably.

In the graphic arts shadows are no less important than high lights, and in the literary arts villains are no less important than heroes. We do not praise one and blame the other, we do not say that it is better to be a spot of sun than the shadow of a tree, and in the world where life is an art Good and Evil are only the names of high light and shadow. Nor is such thoroughgoing æstheticism anything at all new in the world, since it was indeed exactly the philosophy formulated by certain Gnostic sects whose creed was the result of the operation of the subtle intellect of the classical world upon the naïvely vital religion of the Christians, and to whom we may turn in order to find what are the ultimate logical conclusions to be drawn from the proposition that life is an art.

III

These Gnostics had set out upon the perilous enterprise called thinking with the avowed purpose of solving the problem of evil. They had accepted the proposition which all men, led by their wish, naturally accept, — the proposition, that is to say, that God is good, — and they felt the need to reconcile it with the evil and suffering which they saw everywhere around them. Since this evil was copious and omnipresent, it must, they thought, serve some useful purpose and be, that is to say, not really evil, but merely a different kind of good. They were not blessed with that naïveté which permitted the ordinary Christian to reconcile the omnipotent benevolence of God with the existence of a Devil, since they were logical enough to see that a God who permitted the existence of such an evil power would have to be either not all benevolent or not all powerful, but they did, nevertheless, devise an explanation quite worthy of the artistic subtlety of the Greek mind.

The Good, they said, is, like everything else, an Idea, and the various virtues — Benevolence, Justice, Purity, and what not — can exist only as Ideas perceived or entertained by the mind. But the mind, it must be remembered, cannot realize the existence of anything unless its opposite exists also. We should, for example, have no word for and therefore no Idea of Light if we did not know what Darkness is, and similarly the Idea of Purity could not exist without the Idea of Impurity, by means of which it is defined. In a world where everybody was always and equally just or kind, neither Justice nor Kindness would exist in the mind, and hence evils of all kind are permitted in order that their corresponding goods may exist. The cruel man, for instance, is not only tolerated but encouraged, because his cruelty serves no less than the kindness of another to make real the Idea of Kindness in that consciousness where alone the realest reality can exist.

This solution of the problem of evil was not only extremely subtle but based upon quite artistic principles, since it not only regarded human character from the standpoint of those who would require of a man only that he play his rôle, villainous or heroic, in a manner suitable to the part he had undertaken, but also viewed the whole universe as a species of drama into which God had introduced evil and suffering in exactly the same way in which a playwright introduces them into his play — for the purpose, that is

to say, of contrast. Seen from such an angle, God becomes an impressario-playwright and man an actor, or, to change the metaphor, the universe is a great painting in which those shadows called evil are no less important or admirable than those high lights called good.

But however consistent this point of view may be, it led the Gnostics to the consideration of certain paradoxical propositions which they, with resolute logic, hastened to embrace. If the evil man is no less necessary than the good, why should we withhold from him our admiration and approval any more than we withhold our applause from that artist (often the most distinguished of the company) who enacts the villain in the play? Abel was good, but so was Cain, and if, grown bold, we approach now the central mystery of our religion, what of Christ and of Judas? Without Judas there would have been no Crucifixion, and without the Crucifixion there would have been no Salvation. Jesus the Saviour had need of the traitor without whom he would have been powerless to save, and hence we owe our redemption no less to Judas than to him. Christ, to be sure, said that it would have been better for Judas had he never been born, and so be it. But it would surely not have been better for us. Let us, then, canonize Saint Judas, putting him whose soul was damned in order that we might be saved at least as high as that other Saviour whose happier fate it was to pass from the Cross to eternal glory. And so they did.

The logic is admirable. It is doubtless, however, hardly necessary to add that these intellectual paradoxes led to examples of conduct which might be easily justified by Gnostic theology, but which were not only highly scandalous in the eyes of less 'artistic' sects, but actually destructive of social order, which was replaced by anarchy. The Gnostics knew how to think very subtly indeed, and they furnished more than one *mauvais quart d'heure* to the orthodox Fathers, who responded to them at length, but they did not know how to live in a world where many things work better in social practice than logic does.

It is rather difficult to carry on trade with a man who may be planning to revivify your Idea of Justice by cheating you unmercifully, and rather difficult successfully to bring up a family when the father illustrates benevolence indirectly by beating the children or when the mother sets out to secure a clearer Idea of Purity by prostituting all of her daughters. And so it is that the Gnostics faded out of history by a process which seems never to have been chronicled, but which it is not difficult to imagine, leaving the world to those people who did not think life an art, who had supreme confidence in a 'science' of morality which was often fantastically arbitrary and completely indefensible from any intellectual standpoint, but which did, nevertheless, by virtue of the mere fact that it was generally accepted, give a stability to a society in which at least man-the-animal could live and perpetuate his species.

This brand of Gnosticism was not, then, a very practical philosophy of life, and yet it is to it or to something very much like it that one must turn if one would discover the full implication of the saying that life is an art, since one finds in Henry James, for example, only a timid and very restricted effort to apply the principle, and since the majority of those who have turned hopefully to the examination of the saying have done so merely because they saw in it the possibility of something which would replace discarded moral codes by a workable philosophy of

life, allowing a slightly greater latitude for the differing needs of the various individuals whose first need, now that authority has failed, must be to discover what, for them, would be either the good life or, at least, *a* good life.

Yet it is not to be supposed that no moderns have followed out to the end the implications of this æsthetic attitude. One might, for example, cite the case of Ernest Renan, whose profound knowledge of early Christian thought no doubt influenced his own thinking and who once delivered himself of the following opinion: 'The universe,' he said, 'is a spectacle which the Good God gives for his own amusement. Let us contribute to the purpose of the great stage-manager by making it as vivid and as varied as possible.' Surely this saying implies a full appreciation of all the latitudes which the determination to regard life as an art permits, and the injunction with which it concludes conceals under the mildness of irony a moral nihilism which obliterates every possible distinction between the 'best' and the 'worst' man that history has ever known. Yet Renan himself, like Henry James, was a mild man. Thanks to his early training, he retained to the end a sort of sentimental piety, and he was compelled to confess that his own life had been more blamelessly studious than he would advise his disciples to make theirs. He did not live by the philosophy which he professed, — indeed it is doubtful if any man *could* live by it, — and it is to one of his countrymen that one must turn if one would find a still more consistent example of the theory that life is an art.

Anatole France has not only professed to regard life from an exclusively æsthetic point of view, but came nearer than most of those who would believe that they believe with him to living it according to the principles which he proclaimed. In his works one may find a somewhat softened and idealized picture of his character and opinions, and in the two memoirs composed by his maliciously observant secretary, Jean-Jacques Brousson, one may find revealed aspects of both which France himself would hardly have cared to see set down. Brousson had a genius for remembering the most telltale gestures as well as the most self-revelatory remarks, and he records one utterance of his master which says more in fewer words than even Renan was able to say in his two accomplished sentences.

It seems the conversation had turned (as in France's company it nearly always did) to the subject of the cult of Aphrodite Pandemos. Some anecdotes were told concerning the practices of those whose tastes ran in the direction usually called 'against nature,' and some remarks were made concerning both the horror with which many regarded such practices and the ferocity with which the law of many lands punishes those who have been found guilty of them. But France, as usual, professed a very tolerant attitude. One must gratify whatever tastes one has and seek whatever happiness one may be able to find. 'Chacun,' he concluded with a shrug of his shoulders, 'fait son salut comme il peut.'

Chacun fait son salut comme il peut. No phrase of English translation can be quite so neat. 'Every man seeks his salvation as he may' is awkward, but it expresses in clumsy fashion the idea, and when taken in connection with the context it will give some idea both of the comprehensive liberty there granted and of that sweeping refusal to make moral distinctions which is implied in the masterfully malicious adroitness with which the single word *salut* is made to include any desire which a man may have from Augustine's thirst for God on down to the last perverse

whim which has taken possession of the *débauché* whose desires are, no doubt, just as imperious and as little to be questioned as are those of anyone else.

Nothing could illustrate a more complete achievement of that inclusive tolerance which has been one of the principal ends proposed to itself by the modern spirit, and nothing, perhaps, could be more reasonable. 'There are,' said Havelock Ellis in a very penetrating phrase, 'no hard facts except the facts of emotion.' We feel what we feel and we want what we want with a directness which permits of no possible skepticism. We may doubt the conclusions of our logic, the premises of our philosophy, and even the evidence of our eyes, but we cannot doubt these emotions and these desires, since they are for us the only ultimate realities in the sense that they are the only things with which we are in immediate contact. And if this be true, what folly it is either to refuse to be guided by the only things of which we have any real knowledge or to pretend to reprobate others who do the same. Life is not a science, but rather an art to be lived by each person in accordance with the rules of his own being. Nature has no ends consonant with or comprehensible to the desires of man which would make it possible for him to accord himself to her, and there is nothing outside of Nature except man himself. To one placed far enough away in space and time, to the One whom we may imagine to be so placed, the universe is a thrilling spectacle. Let us do what we can to make it as vivid and as varied as possible. *Chacun fait son salut comme il peut.*

And yet, logical as that may seem, it will not work. The individual man may profess to believe that he finds such a creed satisfactory and he may possibly live out a life by it, but no society organized upon such principles could possibly last. Nature would not tolerate a humanism so complete and would wipe out the animals who dared try to exist upon principles so completely antithetical to those necessary for animal survival. Perhaps man cannot believe anything except that, but he cannot believe it and live, although almost any false science of life will serve to give that regularity necessary to the maintenance of human society. Moral codes which were not only utterly unreasonable, but which included among their details prescriptions in themselves as inimical to survival as periodic human sacrifices upon a large scale, have given a stability which served to perpetuate human society, but æsthetic principles will not do, because, though the human mind may be made to work in accordance with them, external nature will not, and the ultimate dilemma may be stated thus: The proposition that life is a science is intellectually indefensible; the proposition that life is an art is pragmatically impossible.

IV

In the world which he describes the artist is God. Not only does he create the characters who move across his pages and control the various destinies accorded them, but he establishes as well the psychological laws according to which the souls of his creatures operate, and makes over even Nature herself when it is necessary to do so in order that his mimic world may seem what he wants it to be. According to the style which he has adopted, he may or he may not take care to make it seem that the universe with which he as an artist is concerned appears identical or nearly identical with that in which his readers live, but whether he seeks to produce an illusion of actuality or whether he leaves it clearly apparent

that he is describing things, not as they are, but merely as they might be, the fact remains that he is master of the scene to an extent impossible outside of art.

It has often been pointed out that the novel with a thesis is, in spite of the great popularity which the genre has achieved, completely worthless so far as its avowed purpose is concerned, since a thesis cannot be proved by means of examples which its defender is at liberty to invent, but deductions far more important than this may be drawn from the omnipotence of the artist so far as his work of art is concerned, and it is indeed just the fact that this omnipotence, necessary to the artist, is possible for him *as an artist* but impossible for him *as a man* which reduces the statement that life is an art to mere nonsense when the attempt is made to consider it as more than a pretty phrase. The artist creates the world in which his imagination functions, but the world in which he lives is created for him and he cannot make life the material of an art because he lacks that complete control over both outward events and their inward reverberations which would be necessary to enable him to do so. Many of the most beautiful and satisfactory universes imagined in art bear very little relation to any part of the actual universe, even though the characters who move through them have historical names, and it would be easy to show how impossible the artistic success which they achieve in their imaginary world would have been in the real one.

Consider, for example, the universe of Racine, characterized through its whole extent by a certain orderly sort of grandeur which just barely escapes the pomposity of the French court, and which accords so well with the neat couplets in which he chronicled both the deeds of the mortals who inhabited it and the reflections of the punctilious gods who judged them according to the principles laid down in some celestial Book of Etiquette. Racine's characters devote their lives to the pursuit of one fiction called Glory, and they are guided or restrained by another fiction called Honor. Neither of these fictions corresponds either to anything in the natural universe or, at least very exactly, to any imaginary thing which ever controlled the lives of any real people. Glory is something won in vague wars between the monarchs of shadowy kingdoms, in the course of which none of those inglorious slaughters and devastations which accompany all real wars take place, and Honor is some rhetorical something which has nothing whatever to do with that Christian conception with which it is nevertheless in many of the plays equated, or with that complex of conventions mingled with desires for safety and power which are sometimes given that name by people who read enough literature to wish to impose upon themselves a form belonging properly to art.

And yet in that universe in which the action of Racine's tragedies takes place these fictions are real, because he has the power to hypothesize for them the same sort of reality which feelings have for real men. He has created the laws of a psychology by virtue of which his characters act in a certain way. He has been able to annihilate facts which, like the horrors of war, might dim the glory of those heroes of his who so wantonly embark upon it; and he has even been able to make his powers extend to the gods themselves, who judge as he wants them to judge and interpose to set things right when he wishes them to do so. Thanks to these powers his world is neat and satisfactory and simple, and his characters

live good lives more successfully than any lived in this more complicated world of nature.

To achieve all this, to create a world in which we enter gladly and which we find indeed preferable in many respects to the one in which we live, Racine needed only to be self-consistent, to make his characters act always in accord with the laws of *his* psychology no matter how much they might violate those of real human character, and to make things turn out as they would in *his* universe no matter how different this might be from the way in which they would turn out in the world of nature. But the man who, enamored of Racine's world and convinced that life is an art, should determine to live like one of these characters would soon discover that he lacked the necessary power to transform our universe into that of Racine. His wars would not be bloodless, the other characters would not play up to his rôle as they should, and the gods would not intervene when necessary to redress those balances which Nature is never very careful to keep even. Indeed we may add that it was exactly this that the king who ruled in Racine's age, together with the various heroes, knights, and lovely ladies who composed his court, did try to do; or rather, of course, if we wish to be more literal, that Racine's world was the world toward which this court was striving, and that the difference between the greatness of Racine's tragedies and the littleness of French history is exactly the measure of the difference between the success that can be achieved in art and the failure which is inevitable in life. Bajazet is a satisfactory tragic hero; Louis XIV is not.

We classify works of art into different genres, calling them tragedies or comedies or farces according to the kind of self-contained perfection which they achieve, and in art, though in art alone, it is possible to achieve the requisite purity of style. Tragedy takes place in an imaginary world where everything — language and manners as well as events and emotions — is consonant with that idea of human dignity upon which tragedy depends. Comedy takes place in an entirely different world where the mind is always superior to the emotions and where, in a word, what we call the Comic Spirit holds exactly the same *exclusive* sway as the Tragic Spirit holds in tragedy; while farce takes place in still a third world, and each of the other genres has, in similar fashion, its own realm. One touch of comedy would destroy any tragedy (unless, of course, as in the case with Shakespeare, the comic scenes were kept insulated from instead of integrated with the others) and one touch of tragedy would destroy any comedy, because that inward harmony, that perfect accord of one part with another, which makes possible the satisfying perfection of a work of art, is dependent upon the fact that the whole is organized upon one logical and consistent scheme. But these separate, self-contained, and self-justifying worlds exist only in the imagination of man, who created them out of his own desire for harmony rather than as the result of any observation of the real world, which is not a tragic or a comic, but rather a natural world — one, that is to say, in which events take place in accordance with laws which have no relation to that human sense of fitness so agreeably exemplified in the worlds of his imagination.

Thus what in art we call tragedy and comedy and farce do not represent life as it was ever lived by any group of people, but only the various forms toward which various people or various societies have endeavored unsuccessfully to aspire. Louis XIV tried to

live as though he were the hero of one of Racine's tragedies, Sir Philip Sydney tried to live as though he were the hero of one of those half-pastoral, half-heroic prose romances of which he gave the world an example, Byron as though he were his own Childe Harold, and all the members of the society of King Charles the Second's day tried to live as though they were characters in one of Congreve's comedies. In each case one may easily divine what style these various people were seeking to achieve, just as one has no difficulty in recognizing the fact that the American self-made man tries to act as though life were an Alger book or the average Italian as though it were an opera; but in no single one of the cases could the rôle be sustained or the catastrophe be made suitable to the work of art upon which the life was modeled. Tragedy may exist in the pages of Racine and comedy may exist in the pages of Congreve, but neither can exist except upon premises invented by the author for the purpose of constructing a world far more regular and simple than the real one.

Turn first to a comedy like *Love for Love* or *The Way of the World*, and turn then to some history or memoir dealing with the actual society out of which these two works of art were born. There can, to begin with, be no question concerning the fact that the principal assumptions upon which Congreve proceeded in the writing of his plays are exactly the same as those upon which his contemporaries endeavored to proceed in the living of their lives. To the one as to the other the pursuit of love was the chief business of existence, and love, as the grave Bishop Burnet said in attempting to describe the particular nature of King Charles's gallant proclivities, 'had no seraphic part.' Life was a game; the idea of morality, sexual or other, was abolished; and the Ten Commandments of which Charles was said to take no account were discarded in favor of the ten thousand which he was said never to break. Wit, address, and savoir-faire came to be the qualities by which the success of a man was judged, and the meaning of any event was sought in the examples of these qualities which were revealed in the course of it, just as the meaning of an event would, by a puritan, be sought in the moral principles to be deduced therefrom or, by a sentimentalist, in the various tender feelings to which it gave rise.

Proceeding upon these assumptions, Congreve wrote what are perhaps the most perfect comedies which universal literature affords. Not only do they glitter with wit, but, and this is the thing which makes them supremely great, they present the image of a world which is balanced, harmonious, and perfect. His heroes achieve completely the style which they are seeking to achieve, they play the rôles which they have chosen with flawless skill, and they conduct the action to a conclusion perfectly in accord with that scheme of justice which is not, to be sure, the scheme of justice imagined by Shakespeare any more than it is that imagined by Saint Augustine, but which is, nevertheless, quite as consistent as either. Every character gets the reward or the punishment due to his wit and address or to his lack of both, and each, that is to say, lives in a universe which functions perfectly according to those ideas of what is right and proper naturally deducible from the premises of comedy.

If they be considered purely as works of art, it would be folly to say that these comedies are any less admirable than the tragedies of Shakespeare, since they achieve their purpose quite as completely; and if life is an art there is no reason why men may not

just as reasonably decide to live according to the model of Congreve as according to the model of Shakespeare. And yet, if one turns now to the histories or the memoirs which deal with the careers of those who did attempt so to live, one will not find there any corresponding perfection. None of Congreve's characters is dead, like Lord Rochester, at thirty, and none dies, like Villiers, 'in the worst inn's worst room.' Tragedy, melodrama, and that merely frowzy sort of actuality which cannot be likened to any art form, do not intrude upon his scene to spoil it completely, as they did upon the scene where Charles's courtiers were doing their best to play their comic rôles as artistically as possible.

Nor can it be said that the fault lay with these comedians. The Rochesters and the Sedleys and the Gramonts were endowed with a wit and an impudence hardly inferior to that of a Valentine or a Mirabell, and if they failed they did so because there was no milieu where they could play their rôles with real success. Congreve had created his world out of various fictions, and it was only in such a world that such characters could really live. Since wit was their sole attribute, he had imagined a world where wit alone would count, and he had abstracted from it whatever was capable of disturbing the particular sort of harmony which wit can create. Since they were to play with love as one plays a game, without seeking either sensual pleasure or exalted emotions, he gave to them neither hearts which could suffer nor bodies which could be soiled; and, thanks to their freedom from the possibility of either emotional complications or physical ills, they could flutter like immortal butterflies from intrigue to intrigue — pure intelligences forever fresh, and forever gay. But it is only in art and never in life that the world can be thus reconstructed. Nature gave to the Rochesters and the Sedleys corruptible bodies and even, in certain measure, suffering hearts without asking whether or not they would like to have them, and thus they lacked that omnipotence which alone would make it possible to consider life as an art.

Every good statue is marked by a certain air of repose; every fine picture exists in a state of stable equilibrium brought about by the balance of its masses; and every great work of literature conveys to the reader a certain sense that a peace of some sort reigns within the domain which it describes. No matter how tumultuous some of the events or how far the individual characters with which it is concerned may be from any repose, yet the whole *is* a whole rather than a collection of fragments, and does so balance tumult against tumult as to create an order out of disorder and give to the reader that sense of repose which enables him to recognize it as a work of art as distinguished either from any merely literal chronicle of life or from life itself. Some God, it says, is in some Heaven, even if he be only that creative and omnipotent imagination of the author who has brought order out of chaos and given meaning to the meaningless.

Hence it is that we speak of the Peace of Art and that we take refuge in it from the disorder of nature and of life. We turn to it because, even though it be tragic, it does nevertheless provide balm for the sufferings which it describes and images a world made after a pattern we can understand and accept. And no wonder then that we should like to believe that life itself could be made an art, that we might give to our own existences that roundness achieved by a character in a drama or that we might somehow impose upon the

events taking place around us an order like that assumed by the events which compose any work of art, be it tragedy or comedy or farce. But if it is indeed this kind of peace which we seek, then it is evident that to proceed upon principles deduced from the false analogy between life and art is to court a failure more calamitous even than that of the average man, since those who lived in that fashion — the Louis's, the Byrons, and the Rochesters — are the very ones who failed most conspicuously to achieve that peace which Saint Augustine on the other hand found in an entirely different manner when he submitted himself completely to the imaginary will of a nonexistent God. The peace of art is dependent upon order, but the theory that life is an art leads in practice to anarchy.

Art does, in fine, furnish a means by which life may be contemplated, but not a means by which it may be lived. We may survey the history of the world or the events of our past life as an artist surveys his materials. We may make dramas, tragic or farcical, of our memories, and we may to a certain extent arrange them into patterns,— noting a striking contrast here, a telling irony there, and a flame of passion somewhere else, — even if we cannot compose the whole into a picture as rounded and as perfect as that which constitutes a real work of art for the simple reason that the most imaginative historian can never quite equal the effects of a great novelist. But art ceases where action begins, and its principles cannot afford us that guide to conduct which is the thing which we, our wills paralyzed by our intellects, most need.

Already we have gone further in the direction in which it would lead us than we can safely go. Mind, which has flourished more and more vigorously as animal vitality declined, has reasoned away one by one all those fixed points with reference to which life could be organized, and, having first obliterated the faiths toward which man could appeal, has turned triumphantly to ask them for what purpose they can live in the world of bare nature or why they should want to do so. And at bottom æsthetics has no answer to these questions, though it may, on the contrary, serve to further that process as the result of which any answer becomes more and more nearly impossible, since it is in reality far more a negation than an affirmation. One can understand very easily the things which it denies, — that, for example, life has any inherent purpose or that moral laws, imposed upon man from without, exist, — but such denials have already been too effectively made by science and anthropology and logic to require any further reiteration or support. And if one turns to ask what affirmations it brings by way of compensation, one discovers that they are either so vague as to be useless or based upon analogies so obviously false that they collapse when submitted to logical examination. At the very best it affords no more than another solvent, another critical instrument by means of which the various sciences of life men used to live may be proved to be false. If we embrace it we may discover a new way of meditating and perhaps even a new way of despairing, but we know no better than we knew before what we ought to do.

HORTUS SICCUS

Tenuous, brittle, enigmatic things,
These dim spoils of a long-spent summer lie;
They have doffed their crowns, they have furled their painted wings,
They have laid their glory by.

Each has her little epitaph writ clear,
Like some long-dead and purbeck-coffined dame,
To mark her kinship and her life's last year,
And tell her Latin name.

Not to the earth that gave them life they fell,
There to be folded in their cradle-clay;
No wind bereft their stems of bud and bell,
No throbbing raindrops gray.

Here each must wear the mask that was her face,
Long since despoiled of all its pearl and rose;
And none may win in any hidden place
Oblivion's dark repose.

They are and are not. Even ghosts may pass
In moonlight through a garden changed and chill,
And see the shadows fret the silver grass,
But these lie blind and still.

Between the eternal leaves of some great book
The dreams of our dead summers may be set,
Lifeless and colorless, yet with a look
Of phantom beauty yet.

Then Fate must keep that company forlorn,
In prisoning pages neatly classified,
For she alone knows whence each dream was born,
And in what wise it died.

Dorothy Margaret Stuart

CAMELS AND CAMEL PULLERS

BY OWEN LATTIMORE

I

When camels come in from the long journey they are always much worn down, and are seldom fit to start again until they have been rested on good pasture for at least two months. There is only one period in which they can really recuperate. This is in June and July, when they shed their hair. It is always held by Mongols, and usually by Chinese, that when a camel has cast his hair — which he does so completely that he is bald all over for a time — he is weak and unfit for work. This is not quite true. No Delilah ever ruined a caravan owner by pulling all the hair out of his camels. It is true, however, that a camel is then obnoxious to chills, and must be treated carefully when hot at the end of a march. It is also true that a camel kept in work over the summer will not grow a good coat, and will be less fit for work in the winter; but caravans do travel in the summer when freights are unusually high.

The seasons when caravans are dispatched from Kuei-hua in the greatest number are in February, when there is time for them to reach the West before the grazing season, and in August, just after the grazing. A caravan sent out in August, when the camels are at their very best, can sometimes make the round trip before the next grazing season. They reach Ku Ch'eng-tze in the winter; the weaker camels are left to keep alive as best they can on the winter grazing, and the stronger camels, after being fortified for a few weeks by a grain diet, are sent back to Kuei-hua, a very high percentage of them carrying grain for feed. It is, however, much more common for a caravan to start in August, make the journey in anything from three to eight months, wait for the grazing season, and start back again the following August, so that the owner in Kuei-hua cannot settle his profits and losses for about a year and a half. The best venture of all is that starting in the spring, grazing the camels at the other end, and returning in the autumn of the same year.

On the summer pastures the camel men look for the warmest hollows as well as the richest grass, dose their camels with salt, and water them daily, instead of restricting the amount of water given, as is done on a journey. This makes them feel the heat more and shed their hair more quickly. After getting rid of the hair, they begin to put on flesh rapidly; their humps get fat and firm, and by the time the weather begins to turn, in August, there is a close thick new coat which grows closer and thicker and longer as the winter sets in. Only during this period do camels naturally get in first-class condition; indeed, they get so fat that before being taken on a journey they are often tied up and starved for a week or more, as a preliminary 'hardening.'

This happy eating for between two and three months will practically carry a camel through the rest of the year. Mongol-owned camels, which are lightly and irregularly worked, do not graze eagerly after the grass dries in the

autumn, and, though they feed for only two or three hours a day, remain in splendid condition. Indeed, December is the rutting season. The colder the weather, the more rampageous the bull camels become. They are then very dangerous, eating nothing at all, impatient to roam in search of a harem, and showing fight toward anyone, whether man or camel, who interferes with them. Only an experienced man can handle a bull camel in the rutting season, and that gently, for if struck he is likely to become savage, turning on the herder with teeth and hoofs, throwing him and kneeling or trampling on him. If a bull camel attacks a man it is hard to beat him off, as he is insensible to pain or fear. Bull camels are therefore rarely put to caravan work; if they are, at the approach of the rutting season they are starved and crushed with heavy loads to keep them in subjection.

The calves are carried for thirteen months, being dropped in the following January. A cow in calf is fit for work up to the very day she casts the calf. After that she becomes thin and weak if she suckles the calf, which remains with her about a year and a half. She calves only about once in three years.

The hard marches and poor feeding in the Khara Gobi, followed of necessity by a big drink at the first well, cause miscarriages among the cow camels in calf. Yet even so the camel will be delayed only a few moments before resuming the march, still carrying her full load. Kuei-hua men, indeed, unless they are near the end of a journey or at pasture between journeys, will rarely try to save even a normally born calf. With a calf at suck the camel would become too thin for work, but if the calf is abandoned at once she will remain as fit as ever. Only she must never be allowed to see the calf, or she will moan and pine for it. If she never sees it the poor brute thinks she has suffered only one more mischance of 'the business of the Gobi,' to use that phrase of the caravan men which stands for so much suffering callously seen or stoically borne.

It was during our crossing of the Gobi that all the camels were reviewed for sore hoof pads. The gravel surface of the Four Dry Stages had done more damage than any rocky going; for, being tired by the long marches and made lazy by the level trail, the camels would not lift their feet properly, as they do when they are among stones, but dragged them at every step, causing blood blisters and fevered pads. The treatment is to keep the camels at least one day without water. (Cold water is said to make horses lame, as well as inducing blisters in men and camels, and caravan men will rarely drink anything but hot tea, especially just before or after the march.) They are then set on the road long enough to start the circulation working well through their hoof pads. After this the sore pads are attacked with a small flat lancet. The blisters are not opened and drained from the surface, but the lancet is thrust in at the side of the pad to a depth of two or three inches, the object being not to deal with the immediate blister, for fear of making the pad tender, but to ease and cool the whole foot by bloodletting. Water blisters are let alone, only blood blisters being held serious. The result is blood all over the trail, as the camels stamp wildly, squirting blood each time. When a camel has a pad that hurts him he does not go tenderly on it, as any other animal would, but stamps impatiently on it every few steps, with disastrous effects if he has picked up a nail or a thorn. Sometimes the fore hoofs, never the hind, are bled from a vein in the joint just above the hoof.

Another type of doctoring I have witnessed — the famous operation, to

wit, of cobbling a camel's hoof. A tiny but deep hole had eaten into the pad after a badly healed blister, and grit, working into it, was setting up an irritation. The camel was made to squat in the loading position, in which the forelegs are doubled up with most of the weight of the fore part of the body over them. A rope was then lashed round the neck and one of the forelegs, making it quite impossible for the camel to get up or even struggle with its forelegs. The hind legs are also gathered well under the camel in the lying or squatting position; but another rope was made fast just above the near hind hoof, the one to be treated, and two men, hauling mightily and swearing not a little, got the leg stretched straight out behind — a thing which looked as if it would lame the beast, but possible with a universally jointed and almost indestructible brute like a camel. A good strong man kept a steady strain on the rope, holding the leg stretched out while the *hsien sheng* of the House of Chou, a toothless old devil with a face like a hymn-singing Roundhead and a profound command of worse language than ever came out of Flanders, did the cobbling, being well skilled in these matters. First he picked the hole clean with a sailmaker's needle such as is used for sewing tents and felts, and then he clouted the pad with a piece of hide stripped from a dead camel a day or two before (which was not against any tabu or law of the craft), sewing it with camel's-hair twine into the edges of the pad, where it is most callous. When the job was done all holds were cast off, and the camel stood up, a bit sore in the temper because, having had a miscarriage a few days before, she was in no mood for chiropody. By the time the stitching of the rawhide clout had worn through, her pad was healed.

A more northerly road, presenting an alternative to the Four Dry Stages, is said to pass through the chief country of the wild camels. I was told this by several caravan masters, and one young Mohammedan camel puller told me that he had seen one which was shot by a Turki caravan master. It was of a grayish color, of about the same height as an ordinary caravan camel, but slender in build and with very small humps.

Wild camels are also found nearer the Edsin Gol. I was told that a Mongol, the year before, had caught a very young one, but when I passed it had already escaped to the desert again. They say that on the Two Dry Stages the wild camels sometimes come out of the hills to look at the caravan herds at pasture, but that they seldom come at all near, and are shy and almost impossible to shoot. There are men who say that, even when caught extremely young, these wild camels can never be tamed; but a Hami man told me he had known an Edsin Gol Mongol who used one for riding, and that the wild camel is considered a very fast and a most distinguished mount for a Mongol who fancies himself. Reliable information about wild camels collected by modern travelers remains incomplete, but there seems to be a general agreement that they can be tamed for riding, though never for carrying loads; and everybody who has been told that they can be ridden has been told fantastic tales of the distances they can cover. It seems to be evident that it is a rare and startling thing even for a Mongol to catch and tame one.

The idle weeks of the 'herding camp,' as it is called, are the best for the men as well as for the camels. The men are given leave in turn to go to their homes; even in camp extra men are taken on to help with the herding, and the regular men do only one day's herding and one night on watch, followed by from five to seven days 'easy.' During this time

they are busy with the curious pastime of knitting. The trade in camel's wool or hair, as it is indifferently called, is new, and has been developed entirely by the encouragement of foreign merchants. Younghusband in 1887 observed that the trade was just beginning. A picul of camel's hair was then worth about taels 5 in Tientsin. It is now worth as much as taels 70 for a picul of 133 pounds. Before the foreign demand, the hair shed by camels used to be left to blow about the desert, sometimes rolling into huge balls. A camel sheds on the average about six pounds of hair, with another pound and a half or two pounds of coarser, less valuable hair from the mane and the bunches of hair above the knees, on the forelegs.

Knitting is a newer thing still. The caravan men say that they learned it from White Russian soldiers deported from Chinese Turkestan. Some hundreds of these men were sent down to the coast, divided into small parties traveling with different caravans, and their way of knitting and crocheting socks was eagerly learned by the camel men. All of the hair from the camel herd belongs, of course, prescriptively to the owner, but in fact he loses a great deal of this because it has become a perquisite of the men to use as much as they like for making socks for themselves. They never steal the hair to sell in town, but they make a lot of extra things on the quiet, which they sell. Long scarves knitted or crocheted by camel men were all the fashion among the richer Chinese at Kuei-hua when I was there. When we first started, many of the camels had not finished shedding, and it was an amazing thing to see men knitting on the march; if they ran out of yarn they would reach back to the first camel of the file they were leading, pluck a handful of hair from the neck, and roll it in their palms into the beginning of a length of yarn; a weight was attached to this and given a twist to start it spinning, and the man went on feeding wool into the thread until he had spun enough yarn to continue his knitting.

II

A mob of dogs accompanies each caravan, and I noticed an outstanding brute in the train of one expedition, which they told me was a stray. A dog is often lost from his own caravan, either because he has stopped too long by a dead camel to feed or because he is footsore. If he can fight his way among the dogs of the next caravan that passes, he is taken on the strength; if not, he starves. This fellow, though he had won to the feeding basket with his teeth, was not yet on friendly terms with the pack. He was only two or three years old, by the whiteness and sharpness of his teeth, stood as high as a Saint Bernard, and was black in color with white forefeet and a splash of white on his chest. The most usual coloring is black, with tan points and tan spots over the eyes. When I fed him from my hand, he at once moved over to my tent, and the caravan men, seeing that 'my heart loved him,' said I might keep him. That very night he savaged a man who came to my tent, and the man, snatching up the stave of a camel pack, laid open his foreleg to the bone with a blow that would have broken the leg of any weaker dog.

I called him Suji, after the name of the camp. I learned afterward that *suji* is the Mongol word for the pelvis of a sheep, and that the camp came by its name because the shape of the little hollow where the well lay was like the shape of the bone. There was something fitting in the name for my dog, too, since he had been given to me and the suji bone is a piece of honor

which the Mongols offer to their guests. To have called a dog after the name of the place where I got him was, however, thought very comical by the men of every caravan with which I fell in company along the road. Everything goes by convention among simple people, and they have a conventional list of dog names of their own. Tiger, Lion, Black Ox, Red Ox, and Bastard are among their favorites, while the bitches are most often called by flower names, like Chinese girls. Suji was always called Leng-t'ou by one of the caravans with which I traveled later. A *leng-t'ou* is the kind of obstinate man who, if you tell him that a piece of iron is hot, will at once touch it to see if it really is; or who, if told that it is time to go softly and peacefully, will at once fight. They called him this because he broke the first rule of all dogs, that where a dog feeds, there he is on guard. Suji would take food heartily from any man, but he would savage the same man if he came to my tent; and, though he pirated his food wherever food could be found, he returned always to guard my tent.

Caravan dogs enter the calling even younger than caravan men, for they are often born in camp. December and January pups are the best. When they are newly born the mother is allowed a place in the tent, but often the puppies are exposed for several hours in the snow, to kill off the weak ones. On the march, each puppy is carried in the breast of a man's coat, from which he is taken for his mother to give him a quick lunch during the short halts. When he gets a little stronger, he and the rest of his family are hung in a nose bag from a camel's load, and when they can run about they get their training from the other dogs of the pack.

The chief use of the dogs is to watch the camp at night. The place of the two men on watch is at the door of the tent, and the place of the dogs at the back, on the blind side. On the march they run always in advance. The man leading the first file of camels is the chief cook, whose voice they know because he has charge of their feeding, and as the caravan starts he calls them together with a long, lilting cry — *Lai, lai-lai-lai-lai-i-i!* They sometimes fight short battles when they meet the dogs of a caravan bound the other way, but more often each pack hangs together and goes warily by the other with hackles up. Even when two caravans are traveling in company it is a long time before the men can visit each others' tents without being attacked, for the dogs are slow to acknowledge anyone whose food they do not eat. Dogs belong nominally to the caravan owner, but because they help the men on night watch it is the men who cherish them and regard them as their own. If anything goes wrong with them it is the men who make trouble, and it is the men who steal good-looking puppies from other caravans.

'Small places for quarrelsome dogs,' the Chinese say, 'and big places for quarrelsome men.' This is because the Chinese villager, with no knowledge of any world bigger than his few fields, or any civilization beyond the village temple, the village pawnshop, and the village teashop, is easily taken aback and put upon by yamen runners, underling officials, or any stranger who can bluster and swagger. His dog, used to few people and kept to guard the house, is more valiant than he. This is not the way in cities, where men must of necessity hold their own against all kinds of roguery and learn to evade every sort of imposition; the dog in a Chinese city becomes a cur, wanted by no one and kicked by everyone, whose principal business with men is the avoidance of their wrath.

The very best kinds of caravan dogs

are said to come from the small Chinese border villages near Kalgan; big in bone, used to very hot summers and rigorous winters, and savage to the heart. Those mountains are never free from petty banditry, and the dogs, because they are the best defense of the villagers, are carefully tended and fed, so that they stand out from the general race of Mongol dogs to which they belong. Men who have been down toward Kalgan are proud if they can boast a dog stolen from one of these villages — for even the best of dogs is rarely bought or sold.

Above even these fine brutes, apart from all competition, is rated the strain of Ta Sheng K'uei. Because a herd of ponies belonging to Ta Sheng K'uei had gone by a day or two before Suji fought his way into the caravan from which I took him, and because of his build and size and style, all the caravan men I met put him down for a Ta Sheng K'uei dog. Now the firm of Ta Sheng K'uei has been established in Kuei-hua for more than two hundred years; it has a history that would stand well beside that of the Hudson's Bay Company, and its dogs have a unique breeding.

The firm never worked for others at the mere carrying of freight; it traded on its own, buying produce in Mongolia and carrying it back to Kuei-hua on its own camels. It had posts at all the important places, like Urga, Uliassutai, and Kobdo; it controlled ranches and bought live stock as well as raw produce, and its interests were so wide that it directed the affairs of Mongol princes and was the business agent of great lamaseries. Its caravan leaders were the picked men of their craft, its camels and dogs and ponies the best on the road, its agents the best business men, with the highest prestige. Only when the Chinese rule in Outer Mongolia was replaced by Russian influence was the weakness of its position made apparent. Its credits were secured on tribal lands and princely revenues, and many rich Mongols were deeply in its debt. When, under Soviet tutelage, the Mongols followed up their revolt from Chinese rule with a policy of hostility to Chinese traders, all these debts and obligations were canceled. The result was disastrous to the Chinese, and Ta Sheng K'uei at the present time, like all the firms in the group of great houses once dominating the Mongolian trade, has only a remnant of its former wealth.

In the old days, before there was a telegraph in Mongolia, the dogs of Ta Sheng K'uei were trained to carry messages. Each dog had a home station; he would be taken out with a caravan, but as soon as released he would run back to his home. In this way Ta Sheng K'uei kept in touch with the buying and selling markets as no other firm could do. Traveling from one district to another, the caravans sent back word of prices and supplies, tied to a dog's collar. The dog would run amazing distances, without stopping except to drink a little water or eat the flesh of a dead camel. When he reached his home station, the message would be relayed on to the head office at Kuei-hua. To keep up such a service Ta Sheng K'uei had to breed dogs in far greater numbers and of better strength and intelligence than any other firm or caravan company, and to cover the extra expense it adopted a practice that must be unique in the history of trade. It kept a special 'dog account' in its books, to which was credited 10 per cent of the profit on every deal in which the dogs were engaged, and the money was spent in maintaining the number and improving the quality. When the telegraph made the service obsolete, the old strain was preserved in its caravan dogs.

Ta Sheng K'uei is also said to have had a regular mounted courier service

in the buying season, apart from the more erratic use of the dogs. The couriers rode ponies carefully trained into lean, hard condition — since a pony taken, as the Mongols take him, straight from the herd, with a big 'grass belly' on him and no grain in it, is good only for one long stage. Each man had two ponies, which he rode turn about, the led pony carrying a little dried bread for the man, a little grain for the ponies, and a little water when necessary. The man rode until he could no longer keep awake, then hobbled his ponies and slept for a few hours. The traveling gait was a trot. For comfort and show the Chinese, even more than the Mongol, Kazak, and Turki, prefers an ambler, but when it comes to endurance and steady going he admits that the trotting pony holds up better.

Now it takes about two months for a caravan from Kuei-hua, going stage by stage, as the Chinese say, — that is, without long halts, — to reach Uliassutai, so the distance may be anywhere between six and nine hundred miles. As I heard the yarn, the courier, with only two mounts to change about, made it in six days. I think I should call this a legend. It is hardly kind, after sitting as a guest by the tent fire in the 'ungirt hour,' when men tell stories, to go back and note them down in one's diary as liars; but a legend this is, without doubt. I think it likely that over long desert stretches men rode something in this way; but once into the pasture lands of Outer Mongolia, the message would be more swiftly carried on by Mongols on relays of fresh ponies. However that may be, the Mongol pony, who is at his best on a long ride, can do gallant things. Were I an emperor, of the kind they used to have, I should summon the English Arab Horse Society to hold one of its endurance trials over the same course, with Mongol ponies in the running.

III

Immediately the men wake, before dawn, when the camels must be started off to pasture, it is the duty of the first cook to make tea. Brick tea, unlike any other China tea, ought to be stewed to get all the juices out of it. The Chinese say that the virtues of this tea are that it is 'warming,' and that therefore it can be drunk in harmony with meat. It is made of mid-Yangtze leaf, and the inferior kinds include tea dust, twigs, and the refuse of the warehouses pressed into bricks at Hankow. The Southern teas, more delicate in aroma, are 'cooling' and upset Chinese stomachs if taken before meat, causing diarrhœa. The barbarian foreigner never seems to have heard of this, much less to have noticed it for himself. In the morning, then, the camel pullers drink a few bowls of tea. Then they take a few more bowls, mixing in their parched cereals, which are the *tsamba* of Tibetan travelers, though the grains used vary according to the region; after which they send down a few more bowls of clear tea.

About noon the second cook comes on duty and prepares the one really distending meal of the day, that made with white flour. At this meal each camel puller eats the equivalent of at least a pound of dry flour. The colder the weather, the faster they eat, bringing out a profuse sweat as their stomachs strain at the task. Thereafter they make more tea for themselves, one canister after another. At last the caravan master, seated on his felt at the head of the tent, knocks out his pipe and says in a chatty way, 'Let us drink tea.' This, by convention, is the order to break camp. All the men take up the long howling cry, 'Dri-i-i-ink te-e-e-e-e-ea!' The hsien sheng has already been out to turn the camel herd toward camp; each man rushes out,

collects his own camels, and leads them to their places, where they kneel between the loads. The weaker camels are then given their ration of dried peas in a nose bag, while the men, as fast as they can work, sling on the loads. They get so hot at this that even in the coldest weather they often strip to the waist; for with each half load a man has to swing about a hundred and seventy pounds on to his knee and steady it there against the side of the camel, while he slips a peg through the loops that hold it to the other half load on the off side, where his partner is working.

Caravan men will grouse and quarrel over all the little things that go wrong, but it seems to be a point of honor with them to take lightly the loss of a camel. Were they to show how gravely the loss affected them, some vague power would jealously do a hurt to all their camels. It brings bad luck to talk about that kind of bad luck.

Part of our herd on one occasion stampeded for a few hundred yards, in the silly way that camels do. Scrambling across a dry watercourse, one of them either stumbled or was jostled off its feet and came down, breaking a leg. It was one of our two very best camels, a cow. I went with my camel man to look at her. The near foreleg had been broken so badly just below the shoulder that the bone stuck out of the flesh. There was nothing to be done. The man laughed, turning his back. 'She was good value for no money,' he said; 'the bandits gave her to me and I have worked her for six or seven years.'

Mongolia-going caravan men never slaughter a camel dying of injury or starvation. They seem to think that taking the life of the animal prevents it from being saved by a possible miracle. To kill it might make its troubled soul follow the other camels of the caravan, bringing them ill luck. The Chinese are capable of a callousness toward suffering that seems terrible to many Westerners. The truth is that they have the deep aversion of the East from the deliberate taking of life, which has become perverted until they would rather see an animal under torture than take the burden of its soul on themselves. Unless excited, they even prefer to use roundabout words for 'dying' and 'killing.' 'Our camels suffer for us all their lives,' a man said to me. 'Is it not enough? If we did a violent thing at the end, would not the guilt be on our bodies?'

Now almost all camel pullers are wild, if they are not bad. It is a favorite saying in their own mouths that there are no good camel pullers. They will fight at a look or a word, and they make it a matter of pride to do no service, even for a tip, for any 'passenger' traveling with the caravans. They say they are servants to camels, not to men. They cheat and harry any man who is not strong enough to stand up for himself, but they will do no outright stealing except of food. Men who have had a turn at the bandit life are not uncommon among them, but they are all forthright rogues. Indeed, I always found that the worse a man's character, the better I got on with him. The most lawless men liked the idea of a young foreigner with no experience traveling alone among them. They took me in at once as a fellow adventurer, and a man could not have had better friends.

All of these men had a tan as dark as old wood, and wrinkles about the eyes from peering through wind and dust, the glare of the sun, the dark nights, and the smoke of fires in the tent. Yet some of them had the dull faces of men bound all their lives to plod in front of a string of camels, while others, the sort of men to become, after their hard apprenticeship, masters of caravans and owners of camels, had strong, resolute, enterprising faces, and sometimes

heroically modeled skulls. Among no other class of men have I seen so many heads of such magnificent contour. For one thing, their life of exposure wears down the flesh of head and face, showing up the bony formation, and the effect is heightened by the way they shave their heads. Some shave the whole head, others only the forehead, leaving either one long queue or, more often, two pigtails at the back.

The queue is supposed to have been a mark of the Manchu conquest, and has at different times been proscribed under the Republic. When the 'Christian Army' occupied the Northwest it started a campaign against queues. Many of the caravan men had been captured and had their pigtails cut off by the official 'executioner,' who patrolled the streets of Kuei-hua with an armed guard. They always grew them again. The peculiar fashion of wearing, not the formal queue, but two short pigtails reaching to the shoulder, — a fashion which prevails from Kalgan through the Northwest and has survived so much persecution, — seems to me to have nothing to do with the Manchus. It may be much older, a relic of some different racial inheritance.

IV

The men who lead camels through the *Hou-shan*, the Country Behind the Mountains, never call themselves anything but *la lo-t'o-ti*, which is to say, 'camel pullers.' They speak of much of the routine of their lives in terms not of men, but of camels. '*Chin-t'ien ta-ta-ti la* (To-day we pull big and big),' they say, when there is a long march ahead. They are first of all men of a common experience, for they are bound together by the training of a great and hard school. Often they come of families that have been for generations in the caravan trade. Always, even if their families are well-to-do, they serve an exacting apprenticeship. Because no man can make money out of caravans unless he understands camels, they learn to know their camels on the march and in camp, herding and drinking and resting, by day and by night, full-humped and quarrelsome, or worn-out and staggering after scores of days on the road. They learn to know how a camel is standing up under his burden by loading and unloading thirty-six camels a day in all weathers. A camel is the most foolish of all the beasts that do tasks for men, and, because there is no good doctoring known for him when he is sick, they must learn how to keep him well; how to find the best grazing, how much water to allow when he is road-weary, and how little when he is fat and likely to sweat. They learn where to park the camels, lying huddled in close rows so that they get all the shelter possible through midwinter nights when the wind is driving the snow, how to bleed blistered hoof pads, how to clean festered pack sores and pad them to take off the weight of the load.

When they have mastered their trade they can tell a camel with good solid flesh on him from one that has been fattened up to get him sold, just by plucking out a few hairs and looking at the roots. They know how to coax a few more marches out of beasts that have worked beyond their strength, when there is no grazing and the ration of feed is running out; when to make the pace fast and when slow, and when a short march in the morning and another at night are better than one long stage.

While they master all these things, they have also to become versed in the personal mysteries of their craft and the jealously guarded privileges of the camel puller, with all the laws of the road, the tent, and the camp. Each thing in their knowledge must be got

by experience, because the strictest of all the unwritten laws is that no man may expect help or advice from another. What he cannot learn by doing himself, he must find out by watching others. There is no mercy.

Each man is in charge of a file of camels called a *lien*. The full number of a lien is eighteen camels; nor can any man be asked to look after more. If he does not speak of his work as pulling camels, the phrase he uses is *ting lien-tze;* and *ting* means more or less to hold down, or stop, or be equal to, as we speak of holding down a job. Every camel has his own place in the file, and on the march is always in that place, carrying the same load; unless, after consideration, a change is made, for some camels when they are tired go better at the tail of the file than up in front. Two lien make a *pa*, and in camp these two lien lie either side by side or end-on. The two men, working on either side of the camels as they lie in a row between their packs, help each other to off-load and on-load. Except for this partnership, they have nothing to do with each other, for in camp when one of them is on duty herding camels or standing watch the other must by custom be off duty.

The Chinese of all trades are fond of their jargon, their *hang-hua*, or talk of the craft. Camel pullers never talk of the exact number of camels a man owns. It is always a lien and a half, or two pa, or the nearest equivalent. Nor do they speak of 'losing' a camel when it dies or is abandoned on the march; it is always 'thrown away.' In the same way they have their own phrases for the journeys they make. The outward road to Mongolia or Chinese Turkestan is always 'up,' while the homeward journey is 'down.' On the road up a man must walk the whole distance (unless he rides a camel of his own), no matter how footsore or sick he may be, even if he is leading several unladen camels. The only test of sickness is the inability to eat. If a man cannot eat, he is put on a camel and tied there if necessary, until either he can eat or he dies. On the other hand, when the caravan is going down, the employer is bound to let each man ride a camel, even if the camels are heavily loaded or weak from exposure and hunger.

Once a veteran said the last word: 'I put all my money into land in the newly opened Country Behind the Hills, and my nephew farms it for me. My old woman is there, so two years ago, when they had the troubles on the Great Road and my legs hurt, I thought I would finish with it all — defile its mother! I thought I would sleep on a warm kang and gossip with the neighbors and maybe smoke a little opium, and not work hard any more. But I am not far from the road in my place, and after a while in the day and the night when I heard the bells of the lien-tze go by, *ting-lang, tang-lang,* there was a pain in my heart — *hsin-li nan-kuo.* So I said, "Dogs defile it! I will go back on the Gobi one more time and pull camels."'

These were the men who made me free of their tents and their talk, and whom I remember with a peculiar and intimate warmth. They are men of all nations, who feel the fascination of a life unequally divided between months of hardship and short days of riot and spending; but in the end it is the hardship that holds them. The Chinese, taking them as they come, are not like this. They frankly detest hard work. A large belly among them is an honorable thing, because it means that the owner of it does not swink for his living. I never met a Chinese outside of the caravans who was what we should call sentimental about his work. Camel pullers alone have a different spirit, a queer spirit.

SOCRATES UP TO DATE

A Dialogue Regarding Time

BY IRVIN H. MYERS

SOCRATES. What time is it, Crito?

CRITO. Seven twenty-three.

S. Somewhat later than I had thought. But, Crito, just what does 'Seven twenty-three' mean?

C. Why, it means seven hours and twenty-three minutes after noon.

S. Please do not think me fastidious; but just what are hours and minutes?

C. They are units of time, of course. A second is the smallest unit of time; sixty of these seconds make a minute, and sixty minutes make an hour. But you know this as well as I.

S. Very true; but what is this that you call 'time'?

C. Well, it is hard to say just what it is, but I have a sensation of events having transpired in the past, of events taking place now, — our conversation, for instance, — and of events we anticipate will occur in the future.

S. May we be sure that time is an actuality, a positive thing?

C. Why, certainly. Nothing could be more apparent. It is as real as our existence. If time were obliterated, our existence would go with it. We recall many things which took place in the past, we know what is going on now, and we live in hope and anticipation of the future, not only referring to our earthly existence, but to a future life after death.

S. So it seems, but I am wondering. We speak of time as being past, future, and present. We say the future precedes the present and the past follows it — or is it the other way, the past precedes the present? If we conceive of time as something passing by us and bringing along with it our experiences, then the future must be ahead and therefore precede the present. But if we think of ourselves as passing along through time, we should pass the past first, the present next, and the future last. No; that cannot be, for the past would not be past until we had experienced the event it relates to, and this experience would always have to be in the present; and it is certain we could never pass the future. It would seem to be more convenient in thought to think of time passing by us, which would place the future at the head though somewhere behind us, so to speak, thereby making the event to which the time relates successively future as it is coming, present as it is being experienced, and past after experienced. What do you consider the present to be?

C. Socrates, you are laying a foundation with which to trip me, as usual; but, with all your reason and analysis, we surely must depend on our consciousness in such matters. Our conversation is of the present; you and I are talking together *now;* in short, now is the present.

S. That we may understand each other: Your utterance of the last word 'present' — would it be proper to say

that that event is now one of the past?

C. Strictly speaking, of course, that utterance is a past event, as is the last word that is leaving my lips at each instant; but I conceive of the present in a more general practical sense.

S. If we would be scientific we must be exact, or 'strict,' as you say. If you depend on a 'general' conception, where will you draw the line?

C. That, of course, presents a difficulty. Where would you draw the line?

S. When we attempt to note in consciousness where the future leaves off and the past begins, we are lost in confusion. We seem unable to come to any certain conclusion as to how long the present endures; closely analyzed, it seems to be a dividing line only, and one that has no breadth; the instant we experience anything it is of the past; is that not true?

C. It seems that way. Proceed.

S. Crito, would you say that the future, filled with events that have not occurred as yet, has a positive existence now? Or that an event that took place, say, a thousand years ago has as such a positive existence now?

C. No; I suppose not.

S. If the future and the past are positive, absolute facts or entities, then the present is squeezed out of existence. But without a present we can have no existence, since we certainly live neither in the past nor in the future. But, as you said, there must be a present. Therefore all is present. What say you?

C. Socrates, my head is in a whirl, and I cannot answer you logically; but surely there is a future, a present, a past.

S. Let us pursue another course and compare results. What do we know about time? You said we are conscious of it. Do you mean that we intellectually feel its existence? If so, our feelings are very unreliable, as I will show you. Suppose throughout the *same* hour Phædo is engaged in something exceedingly interesting to him, such as a game of chess, and Lysis is waiting anxiously for some delayed event. If they have no other means of marking time than their respective feelings, would the hour be long or short to Phædo?

C. Undoubtedly it would be short.

S. Would it be long or short to Lysis?

C. Long.

S. It would be long to one and short to the other? How could that be?

C. Well, of course, the actual time would be the same; the difference you have brought out would be a difference merely in the feelings and sensations of the two under the different conditions of mind. I will have to concede that our sensations regarding time are not always reliable.

S. Then, from the standpoint of sensation, either there is no such thing as time as an absolute entity independent of human existence, or it varies with different individuals, an acceptance of which latter proposition makes it a nonentity.

C. I cannot accept or refute your conclusions on the spur of the moment; but go on — your analysis is interesting.

S. What do we mean by 'the same hour'? What is an hour? You have just said it is a unit of time. How can we measure or conceive of it, since the senses are so unreliable? You will answer that it is the time required for the minute hand of a clock to make one revolution of the dial. But if with my finger I move the minute hand once around the dial, does that make an hour?

C. Of course not; no one would claim such a thing.

S. The speed of the movement of the minute hand must be uniform and consistent with some standard to which

all clocks conform. What we call time, then, according to this line of reasoning, appears to be merely a phenomenon of motion, or involves some relationship to it. We measure it in terms of motion and extension; that is, a material object, the minute hand, has moved at a given uniform rate of speed a given distance. This method of measurement and that of feeling are the only ones we know of. Motion is not time any more than time is motion; neither is extension (space) time, nor time extension. And how can it be a combination of two essentially different things, motion and extension? If we say, then, that time as we commonly think of it has no existence as an entity independent of human experience, because motion and extension are not combinable to create a third distinct thing, have we not arrived at our first conclusion, that there is no time, except that all is present?

C. Have it your own way as matter of logic. I hold to my first conclusion as to time.

S. Though taking different courses or paths of research, you will admit that we end at the same point?

C. Yes, logically.

S. Your difficulty is that, so firmly founded is the thought in us that time is a distinct entity, and that it has three parts, past, present, and future, which are separable from each other, it is impossible to accept the logically derived conclusions. Acceptance of this conclusion, however, does not in the slightest degree require a change in the condition of things or a belief in such a change.

C. Pardon my interruption, but if your conclusion is true, doing away with time as you propose to do would establish in man a fountain of perennial youth, since no one would ever grow old. If there be no time, all being present, how are we to account for old age, or do you deny the existence of such a condition as old age?

S. I do not deny the condition at all. Old age is readily accounted for and in a way consistent with my proposition, if you stop to think what it is. Old age is a phenomenon of *change* — just that and nothing else. When we observe wrinkles in a person's face, we say, 'Old age.' If a person of twenty from some unnatural cause has gray hair, a wrinkled face, and a halting step, judging appearance only, we say, 'Old age.' If a garment becomes faded, we say, 'Old age.' But looking at a recently mounted diamond in a jeweler's show case, though it may have been worn by the Queen of Sheba, would you think, 'Old age'? Did you ever hear of an *old* diamond, or a second-hand one, being offered for sale? No; it would be new because it would reveal no evidence of change.

C. I had never thought of it in that light. Nevertheless, the diamond — or any diamond, for that matter — would be old.

S. Let me try to make my proposition clearer by elaborating on the thought of a series or order. We have been taught to arrange the letters of our alphabet in a series beginning with *A* and ending with *Z*. Repeating the alphabet, it is a fact that when we have said *Z* we have already said *A*. Which is the older, *A* or *Z*? The letter *A* was repeated before the letter *Z*, but it is on that account no older than *Z*. The letter *A* simply appeared *in the order of conscious repetition* of the letters in advance of *Z*. Now to apply the illustration: Under normal conditions a smooth face, dark hair, and elastic step appear in advance of a wrinkled face, gray hair, and unsteady step in the same individual. We do not know why, but they do. Buying our fabrics at the store, the brightly colored state of the fabric appeared first, and its

faded condition afterward; but to the manufacturer who saw the fabric before it was dyed, what was the equivalent of the faded state appeared first, and to him the brightly colored state followed, thus making the bright colors an indication of age, at least to that extent. Were it natural to be born gray-haired and wrinkled, and later at the close of one's earthly career to acquire a smooth skin and dark hair, then what we now deem evidence of youth would be evidence of old age, and vice versa. Here it becomes quite plain that time or age is only a matter of the *direction* of the process of *change*.

Language throws considerable light on the proposition. Observe the use of the word 'long' in such expressions as 'ere long,' 'before long,' 'not long,' 'a long while,' and so forth. The word 'long' primarily means a matter of distance — that is, *extension*. Again, note such expressions as 'time passes swiftly' or 'slowly,' 'time flies' or 'drags,' and so forth. These are all terms of *motion*. Can you describe any feature of time concretely in other than terms of extension or motion?

C. Well, we say, 'He had a hard time,' or 'We had a good time' — but these expressions do not relate to time itself, but rather to a prolonged event or occasion. No, I can think of no other form of expression descriptive of time; but are these not mere figures of speech?

S. Consider the subject practically, then. Traveling from Chicago to New York via Detroit, if there were no delay whatever at Detroit, you would find by the time-tables and clocks used by the citizens of Windsor that you had been an hour and some minutes getting to Windsor, though the train had been moving at a very high rate of speed and the distance is but a few miles. Comparing your watch with Windsor clocks, you would find it an hour slow. Remaining east of Detroit all the rest of your life, that hour would always be lost and you would always be an hour older than you would have been had you remained in Chicago, because your birthday would always come an hour sooner. The basic reason for this anomalous situation is the physical fact that your body had been moving faster than the earth had revolved, and to make up the difference your time indicator (watch) has to be advanced to the extent of one revolution of the minute hand for each fifteen degrees of longitude traversed.

If you were aboard ship on the Pacific Ocean, passing east near the equator, and touched at a port on the Fiji Islands, and were to go to the Samoan Islands by airplane in three hours, leaving on Saturday at noon, on alighting you would find by the calendars and clocks of the latter islands that it was Sunday, three o'clock P.M. The reason for this is that, in passing around the earth from west to east, a *day* of time instead of an hour is lost, because the traveler makes one more revolution than the earth does. It is not necessary that the particular traveler should have circumnavigated the globe, but there has to be a place fixed where this discrepancy of time between what the clock indicates and the physical fact of the earth's revolution can be corrected.

C. True enough as far as you go, and these facts give plausibility to your argument, but the actual fact of time remains constant. Explain to me how a week or a month could be lost.

S. Weeks and months represent merely numerical propositions, a sum of days or a fraction of a year. By circumnavigating the earth seven times traveling east, you would have lost a week, and thirty or thirty-one times would lose you a month. Suppose there existed a planet similar to our earth

and equally habitable by human beings, and that, traveling in an orbit just inside the earth's, it circumscribed the sun in half the time the earth does, but revolved on its axis twice as fast, so that it revolved 365 times during that time, and that its axis was similarly inclined to the plane of its orbit, thereby producing the corresponding seasons of the year. With such a condition existing, suppose on January 1, 1928, our time, I embarked on this other planet, and I found its inhabitants keeping time as we do, the clock's hour hand making two revolutions with each revolution of the planet on its axis, producing a day and a night. If I kept my watch going just as it did on earth and it kept perfect time, and I marked a calendar according to the movement of my watch, then on July 1, 1928, I should be at the same point on the orbit as when I made the change, and it would be midwinter again on this other planet, its spring, summer, autumn, and the first month of winter having passed over my head. The inhabitants surrounding me would be six months older than I according to their reckoning of time, for with them it would be January 1, 1929. Suppose I adopted their time, then when this planet had traversed the orbit again it would be January 1, 1930, their time; and if I had some instant means of communicating with my friends on earth, which would then be at the same point on the orbit, my communication would be dated January 1, 1930, and their answer January 1, 1929. Would this not be the case?

C. Socrates, you make me dizzy with your suppositions, but I suppose such would be the case.

S. Bear with me for one other supposition. Suppose this other planet to which I had transferred revolved but once on its axis during the year, and I was living on the side facing the sun. Then during its two traversings of the orbit, at the end of which it would meet earth at the point where I had left it, no time would have passed at all for me if I had calculated time in accordance with daylight; and on returning to earth it would be to me January 1, 1928, would it not?

C. Yes, I suppose so. But if a difference of one year could be discerned precisely by the appearance of the face as the perennial rings in the growth of a tree can be numbered, you would in fact and in appearance be exactly one year older.

S. Crito, I see you are incorrigible and a slave to the conventions of thought under which you live, and will not take the impersonal objective attitude in such discussions. If, as you say, one's age could be discerned to exactness by the appearance of the face, it would be a matter of the *change* in the appearance, just as I said at the outset. And this change, O Crito, would be the result of the molecular or chemical changes or transformations going on in the structure and functionings of the body. If those changes were twice as fast on this other planet while it was revolving 365 times in its year, thus being in keeping with its physical motion and changes, I should in the first instance, in conformity with your test, have been a year older than a friend born the same day I was, but who remained on earth. And if there were no molecular changes in my body in the case where it was daylight during the two encirclings of the sun, I should be a year younger than my friend. If these molecular changes of the body took place twice as fast on earth as they do, then, other things being equal, we should be old and decrepit at forty instead of eighty years of age.

Thus it becomes apparent, to me at least, that time considered in hours, days, weeks, months, years, is found to

be wholly based on the mechanical fact of the rotation of the earth upon its axis and around the sun. Or, if considered in that inexact indefinite way as we do in contemplation of the age of things and persons based on appearance, time is wholly an effect of molecular (chemical) motion or activity, its degree, extent, or speed in any particular case being measured by the deterioration or disintegration (aging) that has taken place as compared with a newly produced object.

Time, then, is a nonentity so far as the external objective impersonal world and universe is concerned; a thousand years is as a day, or a day as a thousand years; considered in the light of sense testimony, time is purely subjective or relative. Therefore, O Crito, there is no such thing as time. We live in the eternal now.

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE

BY JOHN MASON BROWN

I

THE New York playgoer, in general, does not have to leave Manhattan to enjoy the best of the world's theatre. Instead, it comes to him, along with a hundred thousand commodities, from the four corners of the earth, and he has only to take a taxi or a subway to annihilate geography and make the latest play of London, Paris, Berlin, or Budapest his own. Though there may be a German stove in the corner instead of a gilded radiator, though the leading lady may be called Jacqueline or Hedda instead of Mary or Jane, and the characters may be quaffing schnapps instead of gin, or dancing the fandango instead of the Charleston, all the 'ja wohls,' 'mon Dieus,' and 'nichevos' in the world cannot prevent him from entering into the spirit of the play or production, if it has any, and identifying himself with it. In other words, even the most foreign of foreign plays or companies is hardly ever an absolute alien that refuses to be naturalized in terms of emotions which the New Yorker can share and understand. Beneath all externals of dialogue, costuming, or *mise en scène*, he knows there are certain fundamental verities in characterization or plotting which conquer the sympathies or interest of theatregoers the world over; it is for these that he looks, and by these that all national frontiers are destroyed and the theatre established as a universal art.

There is one kind of theatre, however, that is beyond the reach of local taxis, that could never quite survive transplanting, and that must be seen in its native setting to be understood — in short, that strangely chaotic, hysterical, naïve, and crudely vital theatre which has invaded and conquered the playhouses of Moscow and Leningrad during the first eleven years of Soviet rule in Russia. Here is a very special kind of theatre that knows no parallel in the world to-day. It is, of course, the theatre of the Revolution, belonging to the proletarians, nurtured by the proteculls, and indigenous to the emotions

and the moment in Moscow. In these respects, as in many others, it is unique even among its many distinguished Russian predecessors. The Moscow Art Theatre, in which bourgeois realism rose to unequaled heights of perfection; the Musical Studio, with its tingling stylizations of *Lysistrata* and *Carmencita;* the Habima, in which the religious ecstasy of a Hebrew company gave a strange and stirring quality to its performances; and Balieff, with the rippling gayety of his *Chauve-Souris* that was so reminiscent of the old régime, have crossed the Atlantic and been understood. But the vivid propagandist theatre of the Revolution needs the shadows of the Kremlin and the flaming banners of Moscow's Comintern, or Leningrad's bleeding memories of October, before its voice can roar with the thunder of complete authority.

The productions of the new theatre of Communist Russia, which are recorded in the State Bakhrushin Theatre Museum and which are actually to be seen in Moscow at Meyerhold's Theatre, the Theatre of the Revolution, the Satiric Theatre, the playhouses in the parks, the workingmen's clubs, and which have even forced their way in a modified form on to the stages of the Moscow Art Theatre, the Musical Studio, and Tairov's Kamerny Theatre, are phenomena, isolated in aim and method from all other productions the contemporary theatre offers. All of them bear in some degree the stamp of Vsevolod Meyerhold's personality, for he is the 'Citizens' Artist' who plays in the revolutionary theatre the rôle Stanislavsky played in the realistic theatre. As a daring and violent innovator, and a tireless agitator, he has led his compatriots in dedicating the revolutionary theatre to the masses in those dirty, milling streets of Red Russia. It is so much a part of them, and they are so much a part of it, that it is almost impossible to tell where the drama of the streets leaves off and the drama of the playhouses begins.

It is the drama of the streets, however, and particularly of the streets of Moscow, which is an essential background to the shrill turbulence of the Soviet theatres. It is Moscow, mouldering, Asiatic, and mud-splashed, with its glittering star-spangled onion domes, the blues and reds and faded yellows of its old buildings, and the dull gray masses or fresh white horizontal planes of the recent structures of the machine age, that is the scenery which is always present in the minds of the men and women who meet in the playhouses to look at the bare brick walls of the stages which scowl at them from behind the zigzag outlines of Constructivist settings. It is Moscow, awakened from a slumbering past, half conscious of an uncomfortable present, and dreamily idealizing a difficult future, that is the heart and head of all that is happening throughout the vast stretches of the U. S. S. R. — a city quivering with a mysterious and exciting vitality that somehow surges upward through all its dreary ugliness, stern, relentless, and triumphant.

II

For melodramatic contrasts Moscow is without an equal. The most flagrant of these is, of course, the ever-present paradox of a crumbling, malodorous Oriental capital, at least two hundred years behind the rest of the world when judged by all the usual tokens of enlightenment, boldly striking out to realize a Marxian utopia by methods no other nation would dare to try even if it wanted to. Other contrasts are to be found at every step — in the Royal Riding School, now used as a public garage; in the famous inscription, 'Religion is an opiate for the people,' which looks down on the little Iberian chapel,

ignored by the peasants, who continue to prostrate themselves before its ancient icon; and even in the coronation square of the Kremlin itself, which now resounds to the lusty choruses of passing squads of a Citizens' Army. These are but a few physical symbols, and minor ones at that, of the silent conflict the new Moscow is daily waging with its past. Even a revolution has not been able to readjust the solid stones of architecture to the needs of a new and totally different government. Accordingly, the Revolution seems still to be fought in the streets, waged now with a melancholy irony instead of shrapnel, between the old buildings and the new purposes they serve and the new people they house.

That it is a new people is affirmed by every minute spent in the streets, the stores, the hotels, restaurants, trams, and stations — a new people in command, as new to Moscow as they are to the rest of the world. It is when this drab proletarian army is seen, and then alone, that the propagandist theatre which feeds it becomes explicable. Surely Moscow affords no greater shock to the foreigner than his initial impact with its citizenry. For the first time the wholesale social change, and the sacrifices, following in the wake of the Revolution, of all those minor manifestations of comfort and luxury which we take for granted without ever stopping to consider how much they contribute to the dignity of everyday life, are made brutally clear. These men and women, though assembled from all corners of the Union, present, when first seen, fewer contrasts than the people of any other metropolis. In fact, in a city that is alive with every shading of variety, they alone are robbed of it. The color of individuality seems to have faded from them. The men, with their gray blouses and black boots and trousers, and the women, with their shawls and shapeless calicoes, fuse into a mighty, unified host of workers, almost as strictly uniformed as soldiers, and apparently as forced as they are to submerge their personalities beneath the clothing that is common to them all. It is only after several days of being one of them, when the eye is adjusted and the mind relaxed and the heart quickened to an imminent sense of something terrible and great in the air, that the foreigner is able to see the individuals hidden in the mobs.

They are the army of the downtrodden, now in command. To-day Moscow is their city, Russia their country, and the world their dream. They swarm over the city's full length, penetrate the chandeliered dining rooms of the best hotels, sit in the imperial boxes at the theatre, inhabit the houses of the fallen bourgeoisie, and spend their vacations in the rest camps made from the estates of the old nobility. If they are not equally rich, they are all equally poor. Their sad past has given most of them the patience and the courage to put up with the discomforts brought on by the Revolution, and enabled them to consider the present only an unavoidable period of transition and experiment. More backward than the laborers of any other country, held down through long centuries of serfdom and illiteracy, accustomed to few conveniences and no comforts, these new people have been able to bring but few of the requisites of living to their new liberty. They are a simple, grim, robust, and slightly bewildered horde, whose men are without vanity and whose women are without coquetry. They crowd the markets, the Soviet stores, and every inch of ancient Moscow, and their strong, bronzed peasant bodies gleam naked in the summer's sun on the bathing beaches by the brown water of the city's canals. The elegancies and

refinements which the former ruling classes demanded and enjoyed have slipped into oblivion. With the triumph of this particular proletariat style and beauty in a thousand minor forms, individual taste and all the by-products of sophistication have, temporarily at least, been blotted out.

For the most part, however, these new people seem happy and contented. Having once realized that the Revolution did not mean the end of all work, they are slowly waking to the new privileges within their reach. They have gone back to their daily jobs with a new sense of the importance of their labors. They haggle in the markets, wait patiently for the clerks in stores and banks alike to do their sums on the wooden balls of Chinese counting boards, and push forward good-naturedly in their crowded but efficient street cars. Their jawbones rotate with an almost American tempo as they chew sunflower seeds and spit out the shells wherever they happen to be. They can be seen clustering in front of the innumerable little booths on the sidewalks, or standing knee-deep in the forest of uncut grass which fringes the streets. Often they bounce over the cobblestones of the tortuous thoroughfares in their springless wagons — dead drunk, with their eyes glazed and their legs seeming to walk on air as they dangle over the sides. The luckier and more impetuous ones loll back on the filthy seats of droshkies that have not been cleaned since the war, their legs sprawled over the potato sacks they are carrying, or their arms clutched tightly around big-horn gramophones of a prehistoric vintage. Sometimes brutally unpleasant sights lurk around the corners. For Russians do not seem to want to hide their poverty or keep their diseases indoors in the manner of other people. They fight their way into the streets to die, and may at times be seen falling face downward in the slimy puddles, to shake convulsively with hemorrhages. Then, too, as they feel no shame because of poverty, their streets are cluttered with the festering beggars of the East. Occasionally, fierce, wild-eyed groups of those orphaned children of the Revolution, who take advantage of the summer's sun to roam about the country, are to be met with in Moscow, living in any improvised shelter that the sticks and stones of the streets may provide.

But on the whole the citizens of Moscow seem kindly, good-natured, and orderly, and are controlled by fewer policemen than the people of any other city of its size. The woeful overcrowding of their living quarters, which the sudden increase of Moscow's population has demanded, is not the terrible hardship it would be to a people less accustomed to being overcrowded. Though as many as eight families may be quartered in a single flat, cooking on little coal-oil stoves in a common hallway, and carrying their foodstuffs back to their rooms after each meal for fear of theft, the people know that they are living where they could not have lived before, and hope that, as soon as the sorely harassed government can afford it, new buildings will be built to take care of them. Even if they are suffering, they feel their suffering is in a good cause. For, when all is said and done, is not Karl Marx in his heaven and all right with the world? And, in any event, their government has not deprived them of vodka, and they can seek a welcome forgetfulness in the rationed quota they are allowed each day.

What their life lacks in those incidentals that are imperative to our happiness is apparently small cause of complaint to them. They do not miss what they have never had, nor are they far enough along in education or prosperity to have been fully tested

by their dearth of comforts. Even their lack of liberty under the iron dictatorship of the new régime must seem to the toilers of Moscow an advance on what is in the background of their experience. It is, at any rate, a government that proudly proclaims it is of and for the working classes, and shows its good intentions in a thousand ways. Its rigid supervision, which to the world at large may seem only another form of Fascist coercion, cannot surprise a people who have been brought up on the old secret service, and to whom *lettres de cachet*, mysterious executions, and Siberia have been familiar as far back as they can remember. This government speaks as the people's organ, faces cruelly difficult times, and has the perpetual alibi of continuing what is virtually a period of martial law until it is strong enough to encourage or tolerate an opposition.

III

The real victims of the new régime have, of course, been wiped out by death or exile or forced into a voiceless retirement. Those who remain and crowd the streets of Moscow cannot have suffered by the adoption of Communism. Having for so long been property themselves, they were peculiarly susceptible to the idea of eradicating everything for which it stood. Even its perquisites have come to symbolize for them all the vices of the bourgeoisie and capitalism. This new citizenry, ignored and despised by the old government, has suddenly found itself courted by the new one, and taught to believe, in theory at least, that it is itself the government. And it is in that other side of the picture, the side which deals not with the people but with what is being done to them, that the second explanation of the revolutionary theatre lies.

No authorities could have been quicker to utilize every means at their command to win support and keep their constituents enflamed than the Soviets. They have watched and edited the public press with a jealous, all-seeing eye. They have sent out special exhibition trains to teach the peasants, opened a Museum of the Revolution in every major city, and a Red Corner or a Lenin Room in almost every public building. Under them has been sponsored and organized a network of clubs and unions, which are an informal and invaluable means of instructing the people as well as feeling their pulse. Inspired by what amounts to genius, they have left the worst relics of Tsarism — the ugliest statues and the most hideously furnished palaces — intact as a visual plea against the bad taste of kings. In many of Moscow's largest squares they have set up radios to bark out the news of the day to illiterates in the voice and phrases of the government. They have suppressed all forms of opposition, and watched the frontiers for dangerous literature which might mislead their people. Nor have they forgotten the youth of the country, because they are wise enough to see that the real test of Sovietism will come with the next generation and prosperity. Accordingly they have organized the children as militantly as Mussolini has in Italy, and taken every precaution to train them in the new order. By fostering a particularly telling form of the poster art, and instigating innumerable pageants to celebrate the triumphs of October, they have, in short, fed the people on every conceivable form of propaganda ever since the fall of Kerensky's provisional government. It was inevitable that a government which is in advance of every other government in its scientific mastery of the art of propaganda should sooner or later realize the importance of the motion pictures and the stage as instruments of propaganda. That the Soviet Union

perceived their extraordinary value from the beginning is both a credit to its perspicacity and an explanation of what the last eleven years have meant to the Russian theatre.

Faced, first of all, with the tantamount problem of winning the public, then of unifying and controlling it, and finally of keeping it stirred to a constant pitch of dedication and excitement, the government has found the theatre a meeting place ideally suited to its needs. Here was a forum where all the usual rigmarole of a political meeting — the facts, statistics, and appeals to the reason of a backward people — could be dispensed with, a rostrum from which the authorities could reach out with the utmost directness and touch the emotions of their voters.

The government knew, as all theatre people know, that an audience does not meet to exercise its logic, to heckle or interrupt. It assembles not to tell but to be told, not to debate but to hear a story. The more unsophisticated it is as an audience, the more it wants its thinking done for it, and the more it craves its villains painted in bold, broad, unmistakable strokes. It is not concerned with whether the cards are stacked or not. In fact, when they are stacked against a common enemy, — whether Punch in the *guignols* of the Parisian boulevards or the 'Huns' in an American war play, — the audience enjoys itself all the more, because it then feels that its secret emotions of cruelty and hatred not only can be released, but are being publicly condoned and justified. If an audience is at all times at the mercy of its theatre, asking only to be amused or moved or interested, it is in any time of public upheaval particularly easy prey. When the bands are playing, the flags waving, and common foes are introduced upon the stage, and playwrights and managers turn the theatres into but ill-disguised recruiting stations, then an audience is receptivity itself.

In Russia there has been, and is, so much drama being acted outside of the playhouses, and drama in which the public plays a prominent and heroic part, that the audience is half conquered from the theatre point of view even before it enters the auditorium. Particularly in Moscow and Leningrad, where the spirit of revolt fermented into decisive action, audiences bring an emotion to the plays they are given which is already strong enough to put flesh and blood upon the skeleton of any drama they may be asked to see. Their theatre is not a world apart, where they can forget themselves. They have not as yet been granted any productions devised purely for the recreation of tired revolutionists. During the eleven years of the Soviet régime they have been asked to remember themselves and hate their enemies, to be aware of this present which is theirs and prepared for the future to which it may lead. Such, in fact, is their momentary fervor that the merest mention of Lenin's name by a captured American soldier in such a play as *The Armored Car* can arouse an audience to a pitch of enthusiasm that a big scene, built up to by a whole act of steady preparation, could not equal in the theatres of other countries. Hence it is that the foreigner, unless he has some personal inkling of what these last eleven years have meant to the workers of Russia, and has actually seen them in the grip of their new ideas and fresh surroundings, is often both puzzled and unmoved by what is obviously most affecting in their productions. The emotions of the Soviets are fired not half so much by the technique of their dramatists as by the preparation of their politics. For theirs is a uniquely local and topical theatre, which belongs to and exists for the new people

of the new Russia. Without them it would fall on deaf ears, for they are its only consideration. As a result, it is the details of their daily life, the events of proletarian history which they have shaped, the wickedness of those who have oppressed them or who are now opposing them, that are the incessant subjects of their plays.

IV

The Soviet Government, and the more radical theatre agitators, have not stopped here. Nor have their instructions ended with the strains of the *Internationale* or with splashing the old régime with mud. They have had positive theories to spread and new ideals to preach. And these are linked up heart and soul with the focusing of the new order and the character of the new theatre. Holding the individual in but slight esteem, and trying to persuade him that the 'mass soul' should be substituted for religions which hope to save the individual soul, the authorities have devoted their stages to spreading the doctrines of the 'superpersonal' and the idea of 'collective man.' Even Meyerhold, the greatest of the modern Russian theatrical insurgents, is quoted by Herr Fülöp-Miller as saying that the purpose of the stage is to organize the mass collectively, and that the principles of the propagandist theatre are 'in entire conformity with those of Marxism, because they try to emphasize the elements which make prominent what is common to all men, the *unindividual*.' With such an ideal, it is not strange that phrases like 'little rickety ego,' 'worthless soul junk,' and 'cracking the old nuts of psychological riddles' should be freely used against the realistic theatre to which we, and the world at large, are accustomed. Nor is it odd that, in the place of our dramas which revolve around the particularized love of one Jack for his Jill, and which are acted in one drawing-room or kitchen, a new type of play should evolve, set in a new manner.

Certainly it is not odd when the social background of this propagandist theatre is remembered. And it seems almost inescapable when that background is coupled with the managerial problems faced by the insurgent directors. Theirs has been a task which not only involved persuasion, but which also had to find means of persuasion that would appeal to their new public. Their public was, to a large extent, as new to the theatre as it was unaccustomed to holding the reins of power. Since the Soviet authorities were inciting the people to a deep detestation of everything for which the bourgeoisie had stood, all the bourgeois interiors that had been an integral part of the old realistic theatres were denied them. The old methods could only arouse either a sentimental or a jealous curiosity concerning the comforts of the old régime. Moreover, on those who had not lived in bourgeois interiors, the labor of reproducing them meticulously in the theatre would have been wasted, as their details would have lost their claims to recognition and hence to realism. This new public had the same right that the old public had exercised, of seeing their plays set in a setting which had its roots in their everyday experience.

Accordingly, as a final burning of all bridges that might possibly connect the present with the past, and as a bold glorification of the machines of the industrial age which was at hand, the so-called Constructivist settings of the revolutionary theatre came into being. They had, as things most generally do have that are the product of necessity, both logic and meaning behind them. The Constructivists waged a rebellious war on beauty, as the Western theatre

understands it, and dedicated themselves to the gaunt ribs and bare platforms of functionalism. On their stages at any rate, as they could not possibly hope to do with the old buildings of Moscow and Leningrad, the Soviets were able to raise structures which caught the spirit of the present and the mood of labor. Instead of aiming to use the stage as a camera by which elaborate interiors could be photographed and 'the fourth wall' removed for the delectation of this public that knew nothing about the other three walls, the radical designers sought the laths and beams and whirring wheels of the machinery which was the ideal of the new proletarian State. Looking westward to New York, as the supreme achievement of mechanization, they found in the red steel ribs of its unfinished skyscrapers a basis for the physical aspect of their workingmen's theatre. Paint and canvas and all the pretty knickknacks of realism were relegated to the dustbin, and the decorative was left 'to the secessionists and the Vienna and Munich restaurants.' The cry of the industrial present, which was to prove to the workingman the dignity of being one of many, working at machines for the good of all, was for the sternly practical. The ornamental was despised for its past, and hated as the flowering of a decadent and acquisitive idleness. In its place, the crude, sweaty tools and outlines of the factories were reared upon the propagandist stages, symbolizing the present, and encouraging backward Russia to take its place among the industrial nations of the earth.

With their levels and platforms, elevators and whirling circles within circles, and their vehement avoidance of reality, these new settings — whether they were Constructivist in the most literal meaning of the word, or whether they were influenced only by its spirit — quite naturally revolutionized all the arts of the theatre they served. The old conception of the representational theatre was banished as a relic of the past, or permitted to continue, as in the case of the Moscow Art Theatre, out of reverence and love, in an eddy apart from, and generally untouched by, the mad current of reform. In its place a new ideal was introduced, the ideal of the 'theatre theatrical.' By that Meyerhold and his disciples meant simply a theatre which was proud to confess at all times and in all ways that it was a theatre, which never devoted itself to being a slavish imitation of life, and which withheld no secrets from its audiences. When the Russian radicals broke with realism and put their theories into practice, instead of turning to the wagon, sinking, or revolving stages of the Germans, or any of the other contraptions devised to create illusion, they cleared their stages of machines, because the new Constructivist settings were in themselves machines which had the additional merit of functioning in full view of the spectators. Nor did the revolutionists, when their theatre was performing such a definite social service, seek the abstract forms of beauty sought by the Expressionists of post-war Europe and America. Though the new directors shared with the Expressionists the conviction that realism had had its day, they had a different substitute in mind, intended for a different audience. As proletarians these *régisseurs* wanted to share their back stages collectively with their proletarian audiences.

Accordingly, Meyerhold and his followers came to regard the front curtain of their theatres as a symbol of the old-fashioned 'peep show' theatre, and allowed their audiences to take their seats facing a stage already set in the image of their own factory life. Nor did they allow the curtain to be lowered between the acts, or make any such concessions

to a habit of the past that was foreign to their present purpose. If there were changes of scene to make, the directors sent their sceneshifters on in overalls to rearrange the setting and show that workingmen were assisting in the performance. And, as directors of a propagandist theatre that worshiped all that was practical, they left the brick walls of the back stage bare and undecorated behind their settings as a final tribute to functionalism. Believing as they did, and do, in the glorification of the practical, they were proud to grant the naked bricks of the back stage a dignity which the realistic theatre had consistently denied them.

On such a stage and in such a theatre, it was inevitable that the actor should have to make violent readjustments. Certainly a theatre dedicated to the 'unindividual' must have cost the old-time performers untold difficulties, to say nothing of humiliations. In the theatre the world over, the actor, whether he is encouraged to believe it or not, considers his task the supreme expression of his individuality. His justification is a more than logical one, because he, of all artists, has only himself and his own body to use as his medium of expression. In the Soviet theatre he was asked to forget almost everything he knew and lived by and try to become merely a member of the masses, acting very often in overalls. His ears, not to mention his pride, must have been considerably stunned by such a phrase as that of Meyerhold's in which the actor was told that he was no longer a star, acting for his own aggrandizement, but 'an instrument for social manifestoes.' Furthermore, he was informed that to survive he must feel himself a vital part of the new society and the new stage. If he was accustomed to the easy-chairs and ash trays of the old methods, Constructivism must have come as an unwelcome innovation. Its perilous levels not only violated all the old rules of 'centre stage' and controlling a scene, but demanded an entirely new style of acting. Often he was told that to catch the new rhythms he must forget himself and become an acrobat among acrobats. He, too, must serve the machines and perfect himself in the dynamic movements that are known in Russia as 'biomechanics.' The cultivation of his body was what he owed to society, and the subjugation of his individuality was what he owed to the stage. He could no longer indulge even in the pleasant details of veraciously observed character acting, in which Russian actors had always excelled with particular distinction. For the dizzy structure behind him, he must find a new, broad, unreal, exaggerated, posteresque enlargement adapted to it. He must excel at 'grotesques,' caricature, horseplay, and violent, stirring movement, and, as a member of the masses, devote himself to serving them.

V

As a theatre without a precedent, its form has been restricted by none of those inhibitions which are commonly known as conventions. Its playwrights, as well as its directors, have felt free, in blazing a trail, to choose any materials or combinations of materials so long as they have their proper effect upon a proletarian audience. The playwrights, like the actors, found their profession reoriented. Everything they remembered in the dramatic practice of their own or other literatures they were asked to forget. Speaking to a new audience, they had to aim at an untried and different denominator of the intellect as well as of the emotion. Their chambermaids and butlers, and all the hoary devices they had relied on to oil the genteel drama of the past, were proscribed. In a world where everyone was of one class, where titles were done

away with and officials hailed waiters as comrades, there was no longer any justification for presenting on the stage menials who had nothing better to do than to talk conveniently about their master's business. That favorite pastime of 'bourgeois' playwrights, of using a microscope to study the sufferings of small and great souls, was also listed as the supercargo of the past. 'Soul junk' and 'rickety ego' hurt the dramatists' inherited subject matter as much as it wounded the actors' pride, because, with the glorification of the 'unindividual,' the playwrights were suddenly forced to forget particularized characters for bluntly outlined types. All their painfully learned tricks of creating illusion, their 'cover scenes,' delayed climaxes, and the rest, were swept aside with one decisive gesture by the lightning tempo and physical differences of the new methods. What must have been most difficult of all, however, was that these propagandist playwrights found they could no longer flirt with the theories of futility which had been the mainstay of Russian dramatists for several generations. In the place of the 'Russian soul,' the unhappy Annas and Fedyas whose despairing inertia had sent them slowly to a suicide's grave, they were asked to put the 'mass soul' of victorious workers and sing the joys of collective man. Their audiences were not any more concerned with refinements inside the theatre than outside, and did not want their problems or their emotions obscured by any of the ambushes so sacred to gentility. They wanted them raw and tingling, outspoken and obvious.

Outside of the playhouses, the workingman found that his old religion and all of its glamorous superstitions were being discouraged. He was being told that the faith in which he had been reared was his enemy, an opiate for his mind and a foe to the government of which he was a part. He had even seen several of his most holy cathedrals closed as houses of God and reopened as people's museums. He could observe, too, in the hundreds of churches the government did not close, the empty frames from which sacred icons that contained stones or metals of any value had been taken by the authorities as a means of saving Soviet Russia in the darkest hours of its public credit. Though he knew his government stood in theory for religious toleration, he was given to understand that an age of reason was at hand. He was encouraged — as an act of reason — to worship the machines, which would bring him immediate well-being, rather than the holy images, which could offer him no practical benefits. But whether the churches or the machines were to be an outlet for his ecstasy and superstition had but little to do with the fact that he was both superstitious and ecstatic by temperament. No legislative act could rob him of that part of his being he had known as his 'soul.' No one was more aware of this than the authorities, or more aware that a people trained to being onlookers at processions of a visual splendor the modern world has rarely equaled could not suddenly be deprived of their ceremonies and their ritual and remain contented. With uncanny wisdom, the authorities did not try to change the spirit of the worker's heart, but to divert it into a new outlet. They opened the doors to the playhouses at the lowest possible cost that a generous official subsidy would permit, and allowed the workingman to carry into the theatre something of the fervor he had brought to his churches. They designed the new productions to satisfy this among other needs, and in Karl Marx and Lenin they provided him with the real gods of the moment of emancipation, even though by doing so they seemed to contradict their

theory of the 'unindividual.' In short, in an age that was turbulently alive to the excitements of liberty, they gave the people a theatre that was, in its last analysis, only a High Mass sung to the spirit of revolution.

To satisfy this new need, the playwrights sought constantly to keep the fervor of victory alive and achieve an ecstasy worthy of a paradise that was being realized on earth for the first time. They forgot style and all the usual embellishments of language, and took the heart of the common people as their target. In words as simple and unornamented as Lenin's own, they reached out for the new public before them, employing catchwords of the moment to excellent advantage, and drumming in their points by effective repetition. The themes of their plays became journalistic and topical. They wrote government editorials in the form of headlines and told them with the relentless visualization of the tabloids. Where they were afraid a point might pass unnoticed, they set up a silver screen above their stages and ran ringing shibboleths upon it to accompany the action. The present was, quite naturally, their province, the present of the proletariat, as *The Wheels Are Turning*, *Mandate*, *Soufflé*, and any number of their dramas prove. They were, however, also allowed to make excursions into the past, but they looked backward only to fortify and justify the present. If they revived a classic, such as in *The Inspector General*, in their most revolutionary theatres, they felt at liberty to alter its text and meaning to suit their aims. To them history was, and is, a mine rich in the ores of Tsarist villainies or glorious with the misfortunes of early revolutionists, as is indicated by *1881*, *The Decembrists*, and *The Plot of the Empress* (the last Tsarina, of course, and Rasputin).

When not concerned with history, or Soviet uprisings, or the wonders of Communism, or the need of sports, the playwrights have been permitted to graze elsewhere to find illustrations of the downtrodden whom Soviet Russia may save. American and English capitalists were villains ready-made to fit their needs, and they were introduced upon the stage as drooling fools whose hearts were as black as the records of their past, as *D. E.* (*The Destruction of Europe*) and *Roar China* testify. Even in the old Imperial Opera House in Moscow, now owned and operated by the State, the voice of the Soviet raises itself above the clamor of the orchestra, and a new opera, like *The Red Poppy*, shows a Russian crew come to the defense of some oppressed coolies and ends with the waving of the red flag. And often, too, when the playwrights invite the proletarians to wander from their local problems, they show them the proletarians of other countries shaking off the shackles of capitalistic bondage. The hope of a world uprising of the masses is kept steadily before them, because the radical directors have realized with Lenin that 'one must have something to dream of.'

Outside of the regular propagandist theatres, such as Meyerhold's or the Theatre of the Revolution, the work of flag waving and propagandizing goes on with the same insistency. Though Tairov and Stanislavsky may hold back from its most violent forms of expression, its methods spill over into a thousand different outlets. Especially in the workingmen's clubs and unions, which operate even in farthest Siberia, the theatre is the servant of the new State. In the Blue Blouse performances of the clubs it takes the pleasant form of amateur vaudeville, and includes sports numbers, timely songs, playlets, humorous speeches, and unavoidable jingles at the expense of Chamberlain — who, by the way, is not only a favorite

joke of the Russians, but is also the symbol of European capitalism, shot at in the shooting galleries and burned in effigy in the streets. Or propaganda lifts its head in the thin disguise of *Living Newspapers*, those pointed charades that the government has found so effective in relaying to illiterate groups its own version of the day's news.

VI

It is slight wonder, therefore, that this propagandist theatre should be linked inseparably with the present in Russia, and particularly with all that Moscow stands for as its capital. By its own intention it is not an artist's theatre, and admits no art that exists by and of itself. Its directors have willfully snatched the theatre out of the hazy limbo of the impractical and the purely entertaining, and forced it into the harness of public service. They have made a 'house organ' of it, and as such it can no more make a serious claim to being art, in our sense of the word or in its usual æsthetic implication, than can a government pamphlet on horse breeding. It is to the theatre, as we understand it, what a Chautauqua is to Shakespeare, what sky writing is to poetry, or what a poster is to a painting. Like the poster, it does not pretend that its beauty is its reason for being. Speaking to the majority, it proscribes all the subtleties that might appeal to the minority. Accordingly it puts a ban on genius and a premium on ingenuity. It is the paradise of the opportunist, of the man who is one step ahead of the streets to-day and two steps behind the theatre of next month. It has no time to think of posterity, and hardly enough time to keep up with the present. It is the loud speaker of the masses, and is therefore bound to be more conscious of its public than any New York manager has ever been of his box office. It produces what the government wants the people to want in such a way that they are forced to want it.

Crude, infantile, noisy, obstreperous, cheap, confused, and formless as it is, it has, however, a thrilling quality of life that has made it magnificently successful in being what it set out to be — a propagandist theatre. Already rumors are abroad in Moscow that the proletarians are weary of propaganda and tired of having to consider the waving of a red flag the highest emotional climax a drama can reach. The fact that they were not tired of its shouting and any number of its rasping puerilities nine years ago shows how shrewd this propagandist theatre has been in its attack, and how much it was needed both by the government and by the people. It indicates, too, how skillful the radical producers have been in changing their needles each time so as not to wear out the same old record they have been forced to play over and over again.

Even to its leaders, however, this theatre has not seemed a final form. They know just how precariously topical it is, and how close it is to the need that has mothered it. But to them, imbued as they are with strident and irrepressible social theories, this new theatre does not seem the prostitution of a great art that it does to us. They are proud of their success in prostituting an art which they have made their own. Certainly, when one measures them by their intentions, or judges them by some of the liberating experiments in technique they have stumbled on to, one must admit that they have reason to be proud. Because, both as a herald and as an echo to the sufferings and hopes of a sorely tried and yet ecstatic Russia, this propagandist theatre has performed a superb function as the first step toward the true people's theatre which will some day take its place.

'CUNJUR'

Part Two

BY PERNET PATTERSON

I

As the days wore on, Lila grew to dread all contact with Aunt Runa. The old woman's black moods had so lengthened that they now almost merged into one continuous state of ominous gloom. From deep silences she would thrust incisive, tripping questions at the girl. Bedtime, with its tongue lashings and dark warnings, had become a fearsome nightly trial. A fresh lie must always be ready. She was afraid, of course; but, somehow, she forgot the fear of the night in the next day's sun — and Charlie.

Runa herself came to ignore the man. In spite of his frequent sarcastic inferences, despite his repeated sly interference with her work, she contained herself in silence. Only on the recurrent days when he came to the table out of humor would she notice him. Then she would stare imperturbably at his peevish face. Occasionally she would smile, as if satisfied. More than once Charlie caught her sphinxlike gaze. His beady eyes would counter hers boldly for a moment, then flicker down the table.

Charlie took quite casually his growing prestige with the negroes. Even before going to 'college' he had been able to sway uneducated negroes darker than himself. The blacker they were, the easier to handle — particularly women. Runa was the first black one to flout him. The thought of that old nigger bucking him, the realization of his inability to look her eye to eye, goaded him almost beyond endurance. Futilely he squirmed, and cursed himself for a weak fool. In the intervals between the harassing things that trickled in upon him methodically, he would make bold, determined resolutions. But each time when about regaining his poise some new thing would creep stealthily up on him to destroy his aplomb and set his nerves jangling again. More and more difficult did it become to hide his irritation.

And the things grew more repulsive. Two rusty black feathers, tied in a cross with a bit of red fibre root, seemed a harmless enough thing to find under one's pillow; but on raising it closer to his face he was struck almost breathless with the rank smell of old carrion. 'Gawd! What kind o' feathers . . . ?'

Then again, digging into his tobacco pouch one night, he felt something crisp and scratchy. Fishing it out, he saw a tiny, mummied gray hand! Nasty little thing! Charlie wondered. . . . Suddenly he gasped: 'Toad foot!' His hands flew open like springs. The pouch and the little hand dropped to the floor. Long he stood staring at the thing, futilely shaking his fingers, his face like yellow putty. Presently he wiped his brow on his shirt sleeve, and swept both pouch and little hand on to the papers in the fireplace. He struck a match to the papers and

watched. The smell of burning tobacco arose. Then a strangely sickening, mouldy odor drifted about him — faint, but as permeating as ether. He felt it seeping through him. Unexpectedly the pouch began to sizzle and spit little blue sparks. 'What de devil!' he murmured, stepping back, with a warding hand in front of him. Suddenly he turned and left the room.

The next day Charlie strode in to dinner with a glitter in his black eyes, his thin lips compressed. 'I'm givin' warnin' ag'in,' he gritted, his eyes flashing to Aunt Runa. 'If I catch any creepin' nigger in my room, may Gawd strike me dead if I don' kill 'em.'

Runa looked at him meditatively, as he peevishly stabbed at his food; then she smiled grimly around the table at the other darkies. Each pair of eyes in turn dropped to their plates. No one spoke.

II

The first cutting of red-top clover had been cured, and the wagons with their big slatted scow bodies had emptied their last mellow load into the great barns. Neal's and Joseph's bare ankles bore honorable scars of the dewberry briers and stubble of the near fields through which they had trudged to the barn behind the tall loaded wagons, to ride back in the empties.

The long interminable rows of corn had been 'laid by,' and the single ploughs lined in a row beneath the pole shed till next summer.

Aunt Runa had in silent melancholy put her seasonable duties behind her. The new pullets had been turned out, the young turkeys brought safely through. Week by week the lines of jars on the storeroom shelves had lengthened and fattened. Each white-scrubbed board, with its layer of yellow sliced apples or red cherries, had dried its allotted time under the midsummer sun. From cherry bounce to brandied peaches, Runa had fulfilled her quota, and could go easy till the little wine grapes assumed their dark purple coats — ready for the press.

Through the long July drought, when the sun set day after day in a pitiless ball of fire, on into the late days of a rainless August, when the wells ran dry and the dusty corn leaves drooped on their seared stalks, Charlie battled with himself. Through the hot, breathless nights, when the cattle kept him awake with their plaintive lowing, he fought against the thoughts that seemed eating at his brain. Things! Things! Always coming suddenly, unexpectedly! He found them everywhere — even in his food. In spite of his efforts at self-control, and his reiteration of the little formula, ''T ain' nothin'! 'T ain' nothin' but 'at old devil tryin' skeer me,' he grew more nervous and irritable. From a mere pecking, the things had grown to hammer him without let-up. And they seemed more ominous, too.

Where at first he would have stepped over the seven little cones of gray powder on his doorsill with a curt oath, he instead carefully swept them into a can, and stealthily scrubbed the sill with kerosene before crossing it.

But the abhorrent things in his clothing, in his bed, touching his bare flesh unexpectedly — oh, Gawd! They were the worst. They seemed to tear and pull at his nerves like a dog at a young sheep. He cursed himself, but his mumbled string of oaths would die out in a low whimper. Sometimes he slept in his chair, a restless, moaning sleep that left him weary and broken in the morning. He was less himself — full of lassitude and odd creepings of the flesh. Malaria, perhaps.

New habits had grown on him, too. He turned over his pillow at bedtime and tapped his shoes bottom-up in the

morning. Before he thrust his hand into a pocket, into any shadowy recess, he would hesitate, as if weighing the consequences. To Jenny's consternation she found, on going to make up his room, a copious sprinkling of salt about the corners. Leaving it untouched, she ran to tell the cook.

Charlie's periods of ill humor, which at first had barely peeped through his friendly suavity, had come obviously to the surface. He was frequently cross even with Lila. The negroes had grown to recognize these cycles as something definite, something to be watched. Besides, a homemade ring on his finger — a ring fashioned from a horseshoe nail — drew sly, quickened glances from them. They wondered! Was it a nail from the *white mare-mule?* When Runa saw the ring she smiled almost cheerfully.

With the exception of her periodical days of brightening, — the days when Charlie was 'low,' — Runa's deep silences were seldom broken during the passing weeks. Mrs. Prescott sometimes wondered if she were n't growing dotty; but her work was done as dexterously and methodically as ever.

Neal, too, had grown fitfully moody. Never had Mammy had so long a spell; never had she seemed less to want him around. He gave up trying to break through her shell, and lapsed into his own long silences. His mother's thoughts turned to malaria, typhoid, the whole category of ills, but the Doctor laughed her out of them.

III

Before grape picking, the negroes were fully alive to the fact that Charlie's depressions were surely followed by a brightening in An' Runa. Once when he detected flecks of gray dust on his bread, and viciously stamped it under foot, Runa actually chuckled. Under their critical, almost contemptuous eyes, he dashed from the room in a cursing fury.

Yes, Charlie's bad days were Aunt Runa's good ones.

And, with his increasing testiness, Charlie seemed consumed with desire to hurt Runa; to belittle her, to goad her into controversy with his insinuations affecting her pride and self-respect. It looked as if his days were spent thinking up aggravating things to say, and ways to set back her work. She, however, appeared to take none of these things to herself. She seemed oblivious of it all — even dull. The other negroes were perplexed, but Lila grew more ill at ease in the presence of Runa and Charlie. To her frowns and headshakings Charlie paid no attention.

One morning Lila gave him a signal in passing. He followed her to an empty room. Her face was ashen, her trim figure drooped.

Fearsomely, as if pulled between desires, she began: 'Cha'lie, you jes' gotta stop buckin' An' Runa. You gotta make friends.'

'What!' he flared. 'With 'at old hell-cat!'

'You gotta!' she whimpered, clutching his arm. 'You gotta! Cha'lie, you don' know, you don' know . . .'

He threw off her hand, his eyes flashing: 'You crazy? I great mind slap yo' mouth.'

And, thrusting her roughly away, he started for the door.

Lila sprang, and threw her arms around him from behind. 'Listen — please!' she panted.

Whirling, his eyes met the stark fear bursting from her own. He paused.

'Fo' my sake, Cha'lie. . . . Ef you don't — ef you don't — Oh, Jesus! Gawd above!'

'I believe you *are* crazy,' he began.

But the girl's hands shut down so tightly on his arms that he winced. With a sob, as if using a fearful last resort, she suddenly whispered: 'I see 'er . . . bu'nin' grave dus' . . . over you las' night.'

'Dam' you!' he snarled, and, spinning her away, slammed from the room.

IV

Neal heard the news just before supper. Sobbing, vowing vengeance, he went to tell his mother. Somebody had killed good old 'Lisha, and hung his mutilated body on Mammy's gate — right where she would see it. He would catch them — put them in the penitentiary — hang them, the dirty cowards!

Comforting him as best she could, Mrs. Prescott promised that Mammy should have the pick of the new kittens; and he could go after supper to sit with her and comfort her.

Arriving out of breath at the little gate, Neal ran his hand through the slats and muffled the cowbells. He must go softly; this was no time for a noisy entrance. At the steps he paused, rigid. Mammy's voice had suddenly broken into that half-wailing, fearsome dirge, ''Rection Day.' It sent shivers through him and brought a lump in his throat. It was so portentous; so full of pending grief and irrevocable parting. His little fists clenched, his teeth steadied his lip. Softly the old voice quavered: —

> 'Preacher in de val-ley a-preachin',
> An' de moon drips awa-a-y into blood,
> When de rocks begin to me-lt,
> An' de riv-ers t' burn,
> Sin-nah-h, wha' . . . will yo' turn?'

'Mammy-y!' His voice quavered, too.

'Dat you, son? Wait a minute. I'll make a light.'

She sat in her low split-bottom rocker at one side of the fireplace, filled with cedar boughs.

Kissing her cheek, he knelt beside her, holding her arm about his neck. He grew tearful as he tried to console her for 'Lisha's death. 'You've had a lot of spirit trouble, too, this summer, have n't you, Mammy? Are the black sheep still following you?' he asked, stroking her hand against his face.

'Turble bad, son, turble bad. So black and sech a flock er 'em,' she moaned, 'all 'bout me, wo'kin' like maggits in a ol' ham. Maybe dey tote me 'way fo' long — dey so stronglike.' The boy's hand clutched hers tightly, his eyes became misty. 'Seem like my . . . strengt' leavin' . . . and my deep sight weak'nin'. . . . I feared I slidin' . . . down . . . down . . .'

'Oh, Mammy,' the child whimpered, 'don't talk that way!' And suddenly his clutch grew tighter and the little head went down in her lap. 'Don't talk — like that. . . . You 're just as strong as ever. . . .'

'Hardly — hardly,' she whispered, shaking her head. 'One dese mornin', when you wake up, I'll be gone.'

'Don't, oh, don't, Mammy!' he cried, struggling to his feet; and, hysterically clutching her in his arms, he sobbed on her old bosom.

Gently she drew him on to her lap, and with a 'Sh-h-h, baby, sh-h-h!' she folded his little body in her arms and began to rock gently, patting his shoulder in rhythm with her rocking. 'You 'member,' she began divertingly, 'how I use' to rock you, an' sing?' His head nodded against her bosom; his muffled voice came up, 'Sing now, Mammy.'

Folding him tighter, she bowed her cheek on his head, her rocking became regular, her pats measured. Softly, with a slight quaver, rose her soothing voice: —

'Gwine a-ride on de milk-white ho'ses,
By an' by, li'l child'en,
Gwine a-ride on de milk-white ho'ses,
By an' by-y-y.
Gwine a-clim' dat golden ladd-er,
Dat leads right up to heav-en,
An' a-walk dem golden stre-ets,
By an' by-y-y.'

When Lila came, Mammy's tired form was still rocking. Neal was asleep. Mammy made Lila walk home with him.

V

Snooping, watching, became an obsession with Charlie. But his spying and his timorous hunts through shelves and drawers, his systematic shaking of garments, were fruitless. Just when he was feeling hopeful that he had been granted a respite, — possibly forgotten, — he would suddenly be startled to the very quick. He was lashed from fury to despair. Whiskey — hot raw whiskey — was a solace. But even this was suddenly denied him. On raising the hidden bottle to his mouth one night, he felt something like a little chip touch his lip. He held the bottle to the light. A small lizard, grotesquely stiff, swirled slowly in the liquor. An illness swept over him. With the pains of his retching, he thought he could feel faint creepings and gnawings in his stomach — like something nipping at his insides.

By threshing time Charlie was a sick man. Bad dreams and night sweats and agues troubled him. His food tasted queer — like the horrid smell that had come from the burning tobacco pouch. And the creepings and gnawings in his stomach continued. This symptom worried him more than all the rest.

He complained of everything. His smiling repartee, his piquant tales of trade-school life, were a thing of the past. His shell of savoir-faire seemed to have broken, to let out a disturbing, unpleasant personality that wore badly with the negroes. Hunh! Dat Cha'lie was sure gittin' worrisome an' tetchy. Slam a door, or knock a pan, and he would jump an' cuss. Look like when he did laugh he sorta strained at it. He oughta git Doctor to gi'e him some pills an' tonic.

Charlie thought so, too, for he asked Doctor Prescott to prescribe for him.

Runa did n't carry quite the former air of stress about her; she appeared to have relaxed somewhat, as one does after the crux of a highly tensed situation. She looked at Charlie less often, less intently. He seldom even glanced toward her.

The moon turned to its wane, and Charlie grew worse. He talked aloud to himself, and, although he knew that was a bad sign, he could n't stop it. He would curse and then pray — plunging from one to the other. Gawd! If they would only let up! If he could but look forward to a month — a week — of peace! But the dam' things kept hammering — like the beat of a rubber mallet on his brain. And he found himself waiting — waiting for the next blow. The spring had left his stride; his small eyes turned yellow, like old Runa's, and they had now a strange look to them. 'Jes' like he all time 'spectin' somep'n tur'ble to happen — to hese'f,' ventured the cook, in a hushed voice, to the others about the table. 'Hit sho' is skeery. Look like somep'n — wo'kin' on 'im,' she continued. But no one spoke; no one looked at the other. Shivering, she whispered, 'I feel like somep'n — gwine happen. Jesus — ' Her whisper died. Suddenly she began collecting the plates with an unusual clatter.

Yes, Charlie was bad off. They all knew it. He dodged Runa, and avoided even Lila. And Lila was grievin', too, — love-grievin', — they could see it. Charlie must have lost his taste for her. They would watch closer.

But Runa did n't avoid Charlie any more. It seemed to him she sought him out — followed him. Without warning she would pop out on him; unexpectedly she would be standing beside him — smiling her dour, inscrutable smile.

After a particularly trying day of almost hiding from her, he went to bed early; not that he expected to sleep, but to be alone. Somehow he needed to be alone these days. His bare foot touched something! He sprang from the bed, shaking as in a chill. Tremblingly he lifted the folded sheet. There, lifelike, squatted a yellow-gray toad. Gawd! Stealthily clutching a shoe by the toe, he struck. The stuffed toad exploded and a fine dust rose in the air. It seemed to penetrate his vitals. Nostrils, lungs, even his very heart seemed choked with an acrid burning.

He staggered to the cook's door adjoining, and frantically hammered. 'Help! Help!' he gasped. 'Can' see! . . . Can' breathe! . . . She killin' me! She killin' me!' as he fell across her bed.

'Who killin' you?' she asked excitedly.

'Water!' he begged. 'Water!'

Between moans, he drank great gulps.

The cook sat watching him, a mingling of awe and intense curiosity in her face. When his low moans lessened, she asked curiously: —

'Why n't you go on to yo' room now?'

'No! No! Le' me stay here — on a quilt — in de corner. I 'fraid . . . I git sick ag'in. . . .'

She gave him a strange, critical look, almost of contempt, but nevertheless humored him; and Charlie lay on the floor, staring up into the black dark, till day broke.

The day was one of little work for Charlie. He sat in his room, trying to think, trying to plan. Then he wandered vacantly about the stables, and finally out into the orchard, where he sat against an apple tree listening to the busy sounds of wheat threshing. But the interminable moan of the big thresher drifted down upon him depressingly. Droning, droning monotonously, then shrieking out as in agony when it crunched into the heavy bundles of grain. 'Like a sick somebody moanin' an' hollerin',' he mumbled, fidgeting. And the never-ceasing chant of the driver boys, urging the twelve big mules round, and round, and round, worried him. Their eternal 'Gi' up! Gi' up! Gi' up-up-up-up!' throbbed in his ears, pecked at his nerves. Cursing the boys, the thresher, everything, he raged back to his room and shut himself between its hot walls.

He was tired, sick of Kennon Hills and its people. He had often thought of leaving; had been on the point of quitting before. But now, as always, his pride, the white blood in him, revolted against acknowledging, even to himself, that he was being — well, sort of driven away . . . by an old . . . But to-day he could n't think. He was sick — that was it! Too sick to think! He would n't try. Wait till to-morrow — when he felt better, and could plan — scheme. He had always been able to scheme — out of anything.

Stealing back from the kitchen late that night, Charlie tiptoed into his room and stealthily closed the door. From under his shirt he took out a flour sifter, and tilted it face-out against the door. He wondered why he had n't thought of this charm of his old grandmother's before. Maybe sifters did catch — things. Sitting on the bed, he took a nutmeg from his pocket and, after looking at it for a moment, began stitching a piece of dark cloth about it. Then to the cover he sewed the loop of a string. Opening his shirt, he tied the

ends around his neck. He remembered several old people wearing nutmeg trick breakers. With a weary sigh of hopefulness, he stretched out and presently slept.

Charlie felt better, more at peace, after his good night's sleep. He was elated, almost happy with the idea that Grandma was right. Perhaps the old folks did know. . . .

In place of a surly grunt he gave Lila an almost genial greeting. The girl's eyes quickened. Searchingly, hopefully, she gazed at him. Throughout the morning she made opportunities to be near him, to watch him appraisingly. Later she cornered him. 'I gotta talk wid you to-night, Cha'lie,' she began earnestly. 'Dere's a heap I 'bleeged to tell you — a heap you gotta know. My min' can' res'!'

Sensing something disagreeable, he peevishly demurred; but at length he nodded reluctantly. 'A' right — under de same tree.'

VI

Lila was very late. Aunt Runa had been fidgeting and mumbling for some time. Suddenly, with a look of stark resolve, she removed her slippers and stockings and glided out of the door.

Silently as an Indian she stole down the lane, pausing, listening. Voices in the orchard! She crept along the shadow of the fence. Lila's voice! And a man's! That pizen yaller nigger. . . .

Lila's earnest tones were interrupted by a voice quivering with rage: 'I great min' kill you — you hussy!'

With a sharp cry, the girl sprang up. 'An' Runa!' she gasped, and shrank back against Charlie.

'Come here to me!' Runa's pitiless voice commanded. Lila started; hesitated. 'You hear me?' and the incisive words seemed to penetrate the girl like a knife. Moaning softly, her head bowed, she dragged her feet slowly toward the old woman. The man hesitantly followed, as one dazed.

Runa's old frame tautened. Like a flash she lunged — and struck. One, two, three open-handed blows against the girl's face! Lila screamed. It was hopeless to struggle. A steely claw clutched tight in her hair. Fast, fast, like strokes of a snake, came the blows. 'You would — would you? You slut — wid a — yaller snake . . .'

'He'p, Cha'lie! He'p!' the girl beseeched frantically.

Berserk, with smouldering hate bursting forth with the flame of resentment, the yellow negro sprang. Viciously he swung against Aunt Runa's face. Her old knees sagged; slowly the old body toppled and lay still — almost hidden in the pea vines and Jimson weeds.

VII

Mammy was very sick, Neal heard at breakfast. She had fallen in the night and seriously hurt her head. And Mammy was so old — one scarcely knew . . . No, he must n't go up now. Mother would send her a nice tray later. No, they could n't tell just how ill she was. Mother would let him know at dinner. Neal could n't eat; struggle as he would, great straining sobs would break out and choke him. Mrs. Prescott rose and, putting her arm about him, led him from the room.

Leaning against the dining-room wall, apathetic, Charlie had tried to make his mind take in the conversation. Stupidly his brain felt for the elusive thoughts. Suddenly a look of satisfied cunning came over his drawn face. His brain began to function — brokenly. She had n't told on him! . . . Maybe she would die? . . . Lila would never tell! . . . He could stay on at Kennon Hills, with Lila, and rule the roost again! Gawd knew he wished

she would die. But if she should n't! He caught his breath. His eyes grew round and glassy. Had n't he struck her? Gawd, yes, he had actually hit her — hard. Pity he had n't used a rock! . . . But he had n't. . . . And if . . . when . . . she came back? Jesus, the Saviour! He had a great mind to run. He struggled against the thought, fought it. But the idea drove him out of the room, into the pantry, undecided, confused. Pressing both hands against his forehead, he sank on to the low bench, his head bowed almost to the worn boards. Presently he gave a deep, quivering sigh, and, straightening, let his hands fall loosely. The inherent pride of the 'high yellow' had conquered. He would wait — take a chance.

Neal was sitting on the back porch, dejectedly stroking Budger's head. It was quiet there, where he could be alone with his thoughts. His shocking grief at the possibility of Mammy's dying had worn itself down with its very intensity. And with emotional exhaustion had come youthful optimism. Mammy was n't the kind to give under to a little old fall. She had survived a mule's kick, the black mare's throwing her against a tree — oh, lots of things! Besides, Mammy's mind — her second sight — would bring her through. . . .

The twelve-o'clock bell struck. Neal looked up. Suddenly he started. Then, with a cry of 'Look! There 's Mammy! Mammy!' he tumbled the startled puppy aside and dashed across the yard.

Weaving down the lane, bracing herself with a stick, tottered Aunt Runa.

When Neal helped her up the steps she was nearly exhausted. He shouted for his mother, Elizabeth, the cook — everybody. Run quick! Here was Mammy! His was a hysterical frenzy of joy.

With the family solicitously gathered around her, Neal fanning her, the cook bringing ice water, and Jenny a stool for her feet, Aunt Runa lay back motionless, a look of pride, a smile of triumph on her ashen face.

Charlie had missed it all. He was sleeping exhaustedly in his room.

Presently the cook helped her down to the cellar room, where she could drink her coffee in peace. Neal hurried to find cake, jelly, rolls, crackers — anything he could lay hands on.

Mammy's return was indeed a triumphal one. Nor was her departure less; for the Doctor, coming back from a call, scolded her from her chair, and with Jenny on one side, the cook on the other, and Neal walking backward in the van, he ordered her to his shiny buggy and helped her to the cushioned seat.

As the procession emerged from the area-way, Charlie came out of his door, and stopped, frozen. With a sucking of breath, he sprang inside, slammed the door — and locked it.

Charlie came late to dinner. He had an ill, hunted look. Abstractedly he reached into the cupboard for his bottle of tonic. His fingers touched a bottle — but it did n't feel familiar. . . . Deliberately he drew forth the strange bottle. It was pale green, of queer shape, and . . . Hesitating, but spurred by some inner urge, he moved slowly across the room to a better light. Tense eyes followed the bottle as Charlie raised it. 'Who put this —' he began to snarl. But a muffled cry broke in: 'Look! Jesus — dey 'live!'

Charlie started. His hand trembled, his eyes bulged. The coppery mass in the pale green bottle was alive, squirming! Fascinated, like one hypnotized, he stared. A small red lizard, with little bunches of hair tied to its forefeet, swam sinuously up from the bottom, as if to greet Charlie.

'Christ!' he choked, and, with only the instinct to get rid of the thing, flung it hysterically against the wall. It crashed, and with the crash came a woman's scream. Conjure bottle — broken! As if by magic Charlie was alone.

Shaking, his yellow face like a dead man's, he swayed. Catching the table, he staggered through the door, out into the yard. Not a soul was in sight. In a half run he reached his room.

VIII

Charlie gave notice that night. He was too sick to work. Thought he'd better go to the City. He would like to take his things in the spring wagon when it went to town to-morrow. He asked that the servants not be told till he was gone. Save him a lot of questions.

The man was undoubtedly ill. Doctor Prescott was more puzzled than ever. He ordered him to bed. The wagon would n't leave till after dinner to-morrow.

Aunt Runa tottered down in the late forenoon next day, and insisted on mending some of Neal's clothes. She felt lots better, she protested.

Shortly before servants' dinner time she came into the kitchen, to rest and talk, she said. The cook was grumbling about Miss Betty's ordering her to boil eggs for 'dat Cha'lie.' Placing the food on a tray, she asked An' Runa please to take it downstairs for her, while she brought the other things.

When Charlie came in, he answered their perfunctory greetings and sly inquisitive looks with a mumbled word and a vacant, dazed smile around the table. Runa's inflexible stare caught his eyes, and held them. Their vacant look was slowly crowded out by one of dreadful fear. Suddenly a strange light of desperation shot from them. Runa looked away.

Charlie ate his eggs half-heartedly, in silence. Suddenly he sprang up and started for the door, but before he could reach it he vomited. One brought a glass of water, another a towel; even Aunt Runa joined the solicitous group about him. Charlie was led to a chair.

Jenny's voice startled them: 'Jesus Gawd! Look!' Shrinking back, with abject horror in her eyes, she pointed to the splotch on the floor.

Charlie looked up weakly at the awe-struck negroes gathered behind the rigid, pointing girl.

'Gawdamighty!' breathed the cook. Throwing her apron over her head, she stumbled for the door — the others in sheer panic crowding her through.

Runa stood calmly looking down with a contemplative smile at something obscurely wriggling. 'Hit's a lizard, ain't it?' she said in a tone of casual interest, not shifting her gaze.

At the word 'lizard,' Charlie struggled to his feet. Slowly, fearsomely, he advanced, his eyes fixed on the spot. Abruptly he stiffened. For a full minute he stared as one hypnotized. But, as if drawn by some power beyond him, his glazed eyes slowly lifted to meet the old woman's mockingly triumphant ones.

Suddenly his face blazed with a maniacal glare. His teeth snapped shut, the lips drawn back like a vicious dog's. With the snarl of a mad beast he sprang back, his finger pointing rigidly at Runa. ''T ain' so! 'T ain' so!' he screamed — and leaped for the door.

The spring wagon left for town without Charlie. No, no one knew where he was, nor anything about him. Doctor Prescott was puzzled — and worried. When questioned, Neal smiled half-pityingly into his father's face, but denied all knowledge of 'that sneakin' yellow nigger.'

IX

The domestic machinery of Kennon Hills had gone to pieces. From garden to chambers there was little done; and that little as if by absent-minded, furtive idiots, thought the mistress. Even Neal bore a mysterious air of silent preoccupation. Mammy had taken to her bed. She felt po'ly — kinda tired out. If the Doctor did n't mind, she'd rest a few days.

At dusk the third evening after Charlie's disappearance, Neal came in from a drive to the river farm with his father. Moses, the stableboy, was not waiting in his accustomed place by the steps; nor was there any response to the Doctor's impatient calls. Neal hitched the horse to the rack, and followed his father indoors. There was no light on the first floor. The Doctor spluttered as he started upstairs. Confound the lazy niggers! Son must run to stir them out — this minute!

Drifting through the half-dark rooms, Neal was struck with an unnatural stillness pervading the house. Not a nigger in sight! That was funny! He shivered. With a strained look of expectancy, he tiptoed on to the porch and paused, silent, listening.

Faintly out of the dusk came the low murmur of voices, from the lane, behind the smokehouse. For a moment the boy stood tense; then he crept softly down the steps, and across the yard. Cautiously he looked around the corner.

A group of silent, shadowy figures stood about an old darky who held a mule by the bridle. The old man's low voice continued dramatically: —

'. . . an' dey see by de light er de lantun dat 't was *him* de possum dogs had treed . . . dar, in de middle er de Big Slash. He fit 'em like a wil'cat; but las' dey got 'im down . . . an' tied 'im . . . wid dey galluses. . . .'

A stifled sob broke from a girl's throat. Vague feet shuffled softly; dim forms moved, swayed gently; and a long indrawn breath quivered — and died. Then a woman's awed voice trembled in supplication: —

'Jesus, de Saviour . . . have mercy, Lord!'

A low 'Amen!' came in responsive chorus.

Neal's very flesh seemed to creep from his back. He crowded hard against the wall, and held his breath.

'An' so,' the old negro's voice dropped almost to a whisper, 'Doc'r Wright an' de Sheriff took 'im down, dis mornin' . . . to de 'sylum.'

(*The End*)

AN EXPERIMENT IN FAITH

RADCLIFFE COLLEGE

BY LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS

'WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?'
'I'm going to the Annex, sir,' she said.

'What are you going for, my pretty maid?'
'I'm going to be cultured, sir,' she said.

'What will you study, my pretty maid?'
'Chinese and quaternions, sir,' she said.

'Whom will you marry, my pretty maid?'
'Cultured girls don't marry, sir,' she said.

'The Annex' which this poem celebrates was an institution wherein certain courses of study in Harvard College were repeated by Harvard teachers for qualified girls and women. Its full title was 'The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women by Professors and Other Instructors of Harvard College,' but it needed, as Beatrice said to Don Pedro, 'another for working-days': hence 'the Annex.' The *Harvard University Catalogue*, announcing a prize open alike to Harvard boys and Annex girls, maintained its dignity by calling the girls 'students pursuing courses of instruction in Cambridge under the direction of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women.' Expanded and recast in 1893–94, the Annex became Radcliffe College, the women's Harvard. In June 1929 it will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary.

Now — when collegiate instruction of women is an indubitable fact — we forget that fifty years ago it was still regarded by the world in general as an innovating theory. Now — with it as with the suffrage — the question is no longer 'Shall they have it?' but 'What do they do with it?' For they not only have it; they have it all over. They have it with men and without them; in sequestered places and in metropolitan centres; in state institutions and in privately conducted institutions; in men's studies taught by men, or by men and women, or by women only, and in such feminine accomplishments as kindergarten and cooking. Fifty years ago, when it was still looked at askance as an eccentric novelty, a handful of people in Cambridge thought the time ripe for a bold experiment. With financial resources glaringly insignificant, with no assurance of support for more than a single year, they undertook, by private arrangement with certain Harvard teachers, to make available for women certain Harvard courses of instruction. They could offer few courses and no degree; they could pay their teachers little; they had no buildings, scarcely any books, no recognizable expectations. They appeared to be laying a foundation in a swamp, or even in a quicksand; but they were upheld by the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. In fifty years, gradually, steadily, miraculously, with no convulsion of Nature, the quicksand has hardened into a rock.

An Athenian orator boasts that his nation differs from others in the purity

of its origin, since it is autochthonous, sprung from the very soil. Radcliffe was born of no man's or woman's ambition and wealth, but rather of something in the air, in the spirit of the time and of the region whence came our oldest university.

An air castle the Annex must have seemed to the conservatism in which the region abounds. Whose air castle has been a matter of dispute. The late Agnes Irwin, first Dean of Radcliffe College, declared that she had known at least eight founders. I have always believed that the dreamers of the dream which waked the people of Cambridge were Arthur Gilman and Stella Scott Gilman, his wife. Arthur Gilman was not a Harvard man till years after, when he received from Harvard an honorary degree of A.M. as 'purveyor of sound education to girls and women.' He was the proprietor of a school for girls, a man of literary interests, doing literary work, living in Harvard society, with ample opportunity for observation of the University in its relation to the public.

The unconscious stimulus of the Gilmans' dream was a normal, vigorous, and capable girl who, a year before the Annex was founded, had appeared in Cambridge and had surprised three Harvard professors into accepting her as a private pupil. Almost before they knew it Professors Goodwin, Child, and J. B. Greenough had agreed to teach her in Greek, English, and Latin, respectively. She surprised them again by her scholarship. She knew what she wanted, deserved it, got it, and used it well (in later life she was Professor Abby Leach of Vassar College).

Why should not these three gentlemen, and others, teach women by repeating for them selected courses hitherto offered in Harvard College only? Thus women would gain some small share of the University's resources, without a revolution in its principles and charter.

Clearly such extension demanded, in both courtesy and policy, the good will and the spiritual support of President Eliot. Without these the Annex could not have come into being; without their constancy it would soon have come to an end. President Eliot disappointed, and possibly enraged, those women who demanded admission to Harvard as a right, and who, rather than compromise, would bombard; he did not please them when he said that, though women had shown in scholarship their ability to do what men could do, we did 'not yet know at what sacrifice'; but, from the very first, he was a rock of dependence in the strength and the integrity of his good will. He was not the founder of the new institution — not the founder, but the foundation.

Nor could the Annex have existed without the cordial help of teachers willing, for small pay, to duplicate parts of their college work, nor without the active approval of people whose names and personal quality meant much in Cambridge — Mrs. Louis Agassiz, for example, and Miss Alice Longfellow. At a time when the collegiate instruction of women was unfashionable, these women, who had not known it themselves and who might be regarded as evidence that it is not needed, threw into the scale with it their energy, their culture, and their unquestioned social position. They opened their houses to the eagerly studious girls, giving time and strength to the problems which the new venture constantly presented, embodying the spirit which animated it, stirred by the triumphant optimism of pioneers.

Pioneers they were, in spite of all that America had already done for the education of women: they were breaking new ground with new implements.

Pioneers, also, in their lack of money. Except Tuskegee, which opened in a specially cleaned henhouse,[1] Radcliffe is the best illustration that I know of the relatively small part played by physical equipment in an institution of learning. In the little upper room of a little private house, a silver-tongued philosopher, 'glorious old Palmer' (as William James has called him), held his classes spellbound. A great teacher 'makes one little room an everywhere.'

For obvious reasons nearly all the original students were 'Specials.' Yet, though the Annex had no right to give degrees, and could promise only certificates that certain courses completed in it were equivalent to corresponding courses in Harvard University, though its offering of courses was closely limited, though it could see its way for one year only, the opening of that year brought three students who in due time did work which in quantity and quality met the requirements of a Harvard A.B. and which years afterward, when Radcliffe was established, gave them the degree from Radcliffe.

Thus with no manifest material foundation, living from hand to mouth (chiefly on faith, with a few tuition fees thrown in), the Annex struggled along till, like a squatter, it achieved a sort of title by merely existing where it was. Some persons have complained that repetition of a course saps a professor's strength without promoting his intellectual growth. Others have answered that few professors can support their families on their salaries; that few can earn extra money more readily than by the use of material already prepared; that the change of sex in the audience offsets to some extent the monotony of repetition, and that, even if all this were not true, Harvard has offered as an inducement to more than one man of small means whom it wished to employ for itself the probability of piecing out those means by teaching at Radcliffe.

In the early days of the Annex, Arthur Gilman was, to most persons, the whole visible administration. When the Annex was formally organized as Radcliffe College, Agnes Irwin, head of a school for girls in Philadelphia, became Dean. Miss Irwin was an accomplished and brilliant woman, a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin. Miss Mary Coes (Annex 1887) was Secretary; Mrs. Louis Agassiz was President; Henry Lee Higginson was Treasurer; Professor William E. Byerly, whose long and unselfish service can never be overestimated, was Chairman of the Academic Board, which prepared, from year to year, the list of available Harvard courses. This Board served as a warrant to the Harvard Faculty that the work of every student recommended by Radcliffe for a degree met the requirements for the corresponding degree at Harvard; that Radcliffe was genuinely a Harvard for women. The only member of the Board who was not in the Harvard faculty also was the Dean. Even she did not vote on proposals affecting degrees; the right to vote for degrees at Radcliffe was contingent on the right to vote for degrees at Harvard. Recommendations for degrees at Radcliffe were sent for approval to the governing boards of Harvard; the diplomas signed by the President of Radcliffe were countersigned by the President of Harvard, who testified to the equivalence of Radcliffe and Harvard degrees.

Coeducation, except in graduate courses, was avoided by common consent; nor was it permitted in all graduate courses. Now and then a specially

[1] 'Boss!' said the old negro whom Booker Washington asked to clean it. 'Boss! Clean out a henhouse in de daytime!'

qualified woman was admitted to a small advanced course for both graduates and undergraduates which was given at Harvard and not at Radcliffe. On one or two occasions, greatly to the amusement of the Harvard faculty, a Harvard student has asked permission to take at Radcliffe a Harvard course not offered at Harvard in the year in which he needed it. The general feeling of both institutions is strongly opposed to undergraduate coeducation.

The main question for the public interest in a college is not 'How is it organized?' but 'What does it accomplish?' Accomplishment depends, in great part, on stability — certainly on enough stability to ensure existence and large intellectual opportunity. Here was an institution which secured its teachers year by year, dependent, so to speak, on their annual good will and subject to the sudden loss of those who were constrained to reduce their work. How could such an institution ensure the stability which brings endowment or even the stability which brings students who look ahead?

The answer is not so much how it could as that it did. Though unable to offer regularly some courses which it would gladly give, though unable to secure always for a course the same Harvard teacher who gave the course at Harvard, Radcliffe has steadily maintained a high average in the number of excellent courses offered and a high percentage of the strongest Harvard teachers. Slowly and surely it has developed in Harvard a moral responsibility, first for its continued existence, then for its scope and success. Beginning with next to nothing in money, having, a score of years ago, something like seventeen thousand dollars a year as its only unrestricted income outside of tuition fees, it has built up, in the accurately informed public, a confidence which has brought it bequests from persons not previously known to be its friends. It counts twice as many students as it once thought it could get or need; it has its chapter in Phi Beta Kappa; it has a college life independent, but by no means isolated; it has graduate students from many states and many nations; it has an excellent working library of its own and certain privileges in the Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library of Harvard, one of the great libraries of the world. Last but not least, it is steadily moving toward a solid relation to Harvard, wherein it will share with Harvard the payment of a professor's salary and the right to a proportionate part of his time. Its logical future makes it one of the great schools in Harvard University, of which even now it is, in fact if not in lawful name, an important part. All that seems wanting is a dowry large enough to maintain a full share in the costly teaching which Harvard maintains for itself.

My excuse for writing about this college and this college only is my certainty that the experiment which resulted in it and the function which it has achieved are not popularly understood and are peculiarly its own. Individuality is as important in colleges as in persons; in colleges for girls as in girls themselves. Though educational standards are necessary, what is called the standardizing of education means usually a leveling mediocrity and a deadening mistake. Girls who want coeducation, girls who want either the seclusion of the forest or the confusion of a great city, girls who want commercial training or domestic science, will find excellent institutions by which their wants are met. Even a beautiful and spacious campus — more is the pity — Radcliffe lacks. No reasonable being will deny that much which Radcliffe lacks is desirable,

though not equally desirable to all girls. This college justifies itself by offering to women the intellectual food which Harvard offers to men, by offering it in such a community as Cambridge, near Boston but not of it, and in a relation to the social life of the community more natural than that of the isolated college; not undertaking everything, but undertaking one great thing and doing it well.

Witness to its work is borne not merely by its own bachelors of arts, but by the graduate students whom I have already mentioned briefly. Though the college has as yet no dormitory for graduate students except two or three small buildings which were once private houses, the instruction and the Harvard Library bring every year two or three hundred of these students, some of whom are brilliant women working for the degree of Ph.D. There are few better illustrations of the truth that a university is not buildings but teachers. The educational ideal expressed in the shopworn quotation about Mark Hopkins and the student at opposite ends of a log is impracticable; for, as President Eliot once said, there are not Mark Hopkinses enough to go round; but there is nothing impracticable in the ideal of bringing every student who has genuine promise within range of great teachers.

'By their fruits ye shall know them.' For eighteen out of twenty successive years I attended the Commencement Dinner of the Radcliffe Alumnæ Association. I doubt whether there is anywhere a finer group of women. Some, like Olive Hazlitt, have distinguished themselves as scholars; some, like Sarah Wambaugh and Fannie Fern Andrews, as workers for the public good, whether in humanitarian causes near home or in international relations. What strikes a veteran observer is the growth of hundreds whom he first saw as crude freshmen into the accomplished women whom he sees now. What they got in college is so much greater than they knew it to be that it keeps growing with them and they with it. The result is a group of women who, with full appreciation of the lighter joys in life, keep what makes itself felt wherever they are and leavens the community in which they live — the best gift of a college to woman or to man, a constancy of earnestness.

Said Sir Walter Mildmay to the Queen: 'I have set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof.'

NIGHT

Night falls on the lone
  Sahara, and spark by spark
Arabs I have not known
  Light fires in the dark.

Of the specks of ash in the smoke,
  Which atom knows
From what fire it awoke,
  Or whither it goes?

In the wilds of Space, in the dark,
  Spiral nebulæ
Twirl spark upon spark,
  Whereof one are we.

Who can say for what task
  They arose, or whither they slip?
And all the Spirits I ask
  Stand finger on lip.

Lord Dunsany

THE WOMEN'S COLLEGES REPLY

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

I

About a year ago the *Atlantic* published an article signed by the heads of seven of the leading colleges for women in which an attempt was made to summarize the achievements of these institutions and to show that they deserve more liberal treatment than they have received in the apportionment of gifts and bequests for educational purposes. The argument was that they had already paid large dividends on a very small capital and had earned the right to larger resources. Last October, Professor Munro of Harvard published in the same magazine an article with the deadly title, 'Are Our Colleges Playing Poor?' If his affirmative answer to this question is valid, the ground is cut from under the appeal of the women's colleges.

Mr. Munro begins by citing Professor Ripley's articles on the financial methods of certain types of corporations, and, suggesting that big business might retort with a *tu quoque* to the universities, he proceeds to supply the material. But there is an important difference between the method of the professor of economics and that of the professor of government. Mr. Ripley was fearless and specific, naming names and supplying exact facts and figures, so that, whether one accepted his conclusions and remedies or no, one was in no doubt as to what and whom he was talking about. Mr. Munro, on the contrary, is vague and general. No institution is named, and hence the charges and insinuations are spattered over all of us. One might suppose that, since Mr. Munro has been long a member of the faculty of Harvard, he has that university particularly in mind, were it not that to anyone who knows the personnel of the government of Harvard the idea that many of his charges should be meant to apply to them is unthinkable. In any case, Harvard and the men's colleges can be trusted to look after themselves. We of the women's colleges feel that after our statement of last year it is imperative that it be made clear that of us, at least, these things are not true.

II

It seems best to deal briefly with Mr. Munro's points in order. The first charge is that colleges, in order to make a showing of poverty when they beg for funds, hide their assets. As an instance he cites the case of the entry in the investment list of 'a certain American university' of nearly 16,000 shares of General Electric common at a dollar, although they are worth more than $2,000,000. Mr. Munro must know that on a number of occasions General Electric has declared stock dividends, and at least once has split its shares in four. The obvious interpretation of the fact he cites is that when the block of stock he mentions came on the university books it represented no cash outlay. Investments must appear on the books in one of three ways — at par, at market, or at cost. Par seldom

represents actual present value, and the General Electric common has no par value; market fluctuates day by day; so that most institutions carry their investments at a book value representing their cost, or, if they were gifts, at their market value on the date of their acquisition. If they appreciate later and pay dividends that show a high yield in relation to the book value, that is the legitimate reward of wise investment, and not 'an artificially inflated return on investments.' Many, if not most, institutions show also once a year the market values of their holdings, but these figures have no permanent statistical value. The case is similar with his other instances. United Fruit stock has been split and has no par value, and Electric Bond and Share common shares were distributed without cost to holders of General Electric, and so went on the books at a nominal figure.

In this connection it is incidentally charged that alumni publications are financed from the college treasury in order 'not merely to sell the college to the alumni and the public, but to keep it sold,' and that the cost is 'hidden' under the head of publicity. Such a proceeding may or may not be justifiable, but it is not followed by the seven colleges for women, whose alumnæ periodicals are paid for by the alumnæ. It is charged that college investments are not sufficiently diversified and that in some 'from two thirds to three fourths of their entire endowment' is invested in real-estate mortgages. The college with whose finances I am most intimately acquainted has less than one per cent of its funds in mortgages, and none of the others of the group has more than ten per cent.

The following sentences contain a more serious implication. 'If you keep the personnel of this committee [i.e., on investments] in mind when you glance through the list of college investments, you will discern the possible explanation of a good many things, including the retention of some holdings which are obviously speculative or otherwise not suitable for such a list. If they were held by a bank, they would promptly come under the examiner's censorship.' From time to time a college receives as a gift a security which it never would have bought, but which, by the terms of the gift, it is not permitted to sell within a given time. Such items might produce the impression described by Mr. Munro. But he does not have such in mind, for he suggests that the investments in question are due to the personal financial affiliations of the investment committee. Our experience is that these financial advisers lean backward in their anxiety to avoid any possibility of personal advantage as a result of their dealing with college funds. College trustees may have many failings, but it rarely if ever happens that they sacrifice the interests of the institution they serve.

III

'It is a rare college,' Mr. Munro says, 'whose operating balance does not stand in the red at the end of the fiscal year, to be sure; but this does not necessarily mean an excess of current expenditures over current income.' Let me say first that even an apparent deficit is not so general as he supposes. Smith College, for instance, was founded in 1871 and has never shown a deficit on its operating account. Furthermore, this fact, so far from weakening its appeal to men of financial experience, has always elicited approval of the policy of cutting one's coat according to the cloth. But Mr. Munro's main point here is that a deficit is not a

real deficit if the college has unspent income. A college has an endowment limited, let us say, to the development of a museum. Objects for that museum are obtainable only occasionally, and in the interval the income accrues. Meantime, the general expenditures exceed the general income and the annual balance shows a deficit which is only too real. If the college has, as Mr. Munro says, too little leeway in the spending of restricted income, it is its misfortune, not its fault; and loyalty to the terms of a gift can hardly be called 'playing poor.' 'To charge against unrestricted income various expenses which could have been defrayed out of gifts for designated purposes' is a practice unknown to these women's colleges. To charge against current income items that are really capital outlays is a practice which may well occur, because the differentiation between operating and capital expenditure is often extremely difficult. In financing a college library, for example, we have a recurrent annual outlay for books. The books become a more or less permanent asset, and might be charged against capital. But usually there is no capital fund available for the purpose, and, since the books must be bought annually and paid for out of current income, one can understand why some institutions charge them against current income. There is no need to assume that this is done to produce a misleading impression of poverty.

But Mr. Munro insists that all such bookkeeping conventions are due to the desire of avoiding a surplus, since a surplus is an invitation to raid the treasury. 'Just announce that *any* college has money unappropriated, and within a few hours the president can count upon finding most of the faculty in his waiting room.' One can only say that such is not one's own experience. The present writer has shown a surplus every year for eleven years, and can recall no instance of a request for an increase of salary or appropriation based upon that surplus. I served for many years on the same faculty as Mr. Munro, and sometimes the balance was on the right side, yet I can recall no such stampede to University Hall.

IV

'College alumni are the Class B stockholders of the academic organization; they put their good money into the enterprise and are left without voting power.' Where? I sit on a board of trustees with seven men and seven women, and all the women are alumnæ with full voting power. Though the numbers vary, the essential fact is the same in all seven colleges. The institution is rare in which the alumni are not represented on the board of control. The form of organization with a board of overseers separate from the corporation, as at Harvard, is rare.

Mr. Munro's picture of the procedure by which the college budget is framed seems to me a flight of imagination. Where has he seen it? Once more, one can only state specifically against his general accusation that to the colleges for which I am speaking his description does not apply.

The charges that the colleges do not make allowances for depreciation or accumulate surpluses for sabbatical leaves would seem to indicate that they are playing rich, not playing poor. In most colleges, if the usual business allowance for depreciation were made annually, most of their buildings would by this time stand on the books at the nominal dollar to which Mr. Munro objects so vigorously in the case of stock dividends. My own experience is that the repairs and improvements made annually on the college buildings

have made them worth considerably more than their original cost, so that writing off for supposed obsolescence would only still further misrepresent the value of the equipment. It is hardly necessary here to point out that many of the reasons for writing off for depreciation which are valid for business organizations do not apply to colleges. As for a reserve for sabbatical absences, if the apportionment of funds for instruction is regularly made with the need for adequate substitutes in view, there is no need for an earmarked reserve.

I pass over with a mere plea of not guilty, for the group I represent, the insinuation as to the prostituting of honorary degrees. The accusation that courses have been extravagantly multiplied is one that bears, if at all, on the faculties rather than on the administration or trustees. The idea that the colleges 'have too many courses because each feels that it must go its neighbors one better' is quite new to me. For thirty years I have sat on the faculties of such representative institutions as Harvard, Columbia, Bryn Mawr, and Smith, and I have never heard the practice of another institution cited as a ground for adding or retaining a course. Once I heard it urged as a reason for dropping one.

V

That there has been a large increase of nonteaching personnel is undoubtedly true. This has been due to three causes: first, the desirability of taking much mechanical and statistical routine off the shoulders of the faculty in order to free them for their proper functions of teaching, study, and research; secondly, because one of the most important of recent advances in education is the realization of the importance of treating students as individuals, and to do this demands more personnel. The hierarchy of deans to which Mr. Munro scornfully refers is in fact a highly useful body of men and women who are working faithfully and intelligently to get away from the curse of mass education. That the deans are the president's 'Yes-men' seems too ridiculous a charge to answer. Certainly the present writer has found no 'Yes-women' among them. 'The teacher,' Mr. Munro says, 'who wants to teach, to study, and to write is compelled to divert his time and attention to the chore of compiling records,' and so forth. If this is so, how is the teacher to be helped if we cut in half, as he proposes, the clerical staff which now attends to the major part of record keeping and the like? No one disputes Mr. Munro's truism that the effectiveness of a college ultimately depends on the quality of its teachers; the job of the administration is to find the qualified teacher and as far as possible see that he is free to do his appointed work. The third reason for the increase of the clerical force is the advance in the adoption of improved business methods, especially in the treasurer's department, an advance which accounts for the improvement in recent years which our critic commends.

I regret that in this examination of Professor Munro's statements it has been necessary to refer so often to my personal experience. This has been so because the only way to refute a general negative is to produce a specific affirmative, and vice versa. It is unfortunate that we of the academic world should thus wrangle in public, but it would be still more unfortunate if there should be permitted to go uncontradicted a series of statements and implications misinterpreting current college financial methods, involving the reputation of busy men who

give much disinterested service on the financial committees of our boards, and leading the public in general and our benefactors in particular to believe that the funds of the colleges are not handled with 'accuracy, frankness, and fidelity.'

If there are institutions known to Mr. Munro that are betraying their trust, let him by all means bring them to book. But out of a tender solicitude for such sinners I submit that it is not fair to besmirch a whole class, and to shake public confidence in the candor and business ability of the majority of those who handle the finances of our institutions of learning.

A BRIEF REJOINDER

NOTHING could have been further from my intent than to 'bespatter' the colleges, as President Neilson terms it, or to imply any 'betrayal of trust,' or to 'shake public confidence' in them. Public confidence is more likely to be impaired by the suppression of criticism than by the free expression of it. I plainly asserted my conviction that our colleges 'are giving a high measure of service in return for the generous benefactions which they have received,' and that their trustees are 'men of the highest ideals and probity.' Far be it from me to desire any slackening in the flow of resources for higher education.

But when Mr. Neilson intimates that holdings of common stock can properly be listed as of no value whenever they happen to have 'no par value' I take straight issue with the proposition that public confidence in the candor of college finance can be strengthened in that way. To say, moreover, that some colleges in the East have less than ten per cent of their funds invested in mortgages is no answer to my assertion that many other colleges in the West have a far larger percentage thus invested. As to budgets and deficits, one of the best-known college treasurers in the United States has assured me that my description exactly coincides with his own experience of many years. Another outstanding educational administrator writes, 'I find it hard to believe that your experience was not gained on this campus, so faithful is the drawing, even to details.' I can multiply this testimony many times over.

If my criticisms of college methods seem to be unjust, the way to meet them is not by imputing sinister motives, or by flat contradictions based on a single educator's limited observation, or by an effulgence of Caledonian acerbity. When attention is called to the fact that many colleges have self-perpetuating trustees, and that most colleges have too many courses, it is disingenuous to evade the main issues as has been done in this instance. If Mr. Neilson believes that our colleges do not have too many administrative understrappers of the reëcho type, let him ask the American Association of University Professors. And if he really believes that honorary degrees are never inspired by a lively hope of largesse I fear that his worldly sophistication leaves something to be desired.

—WILLIAM B. MUNRO

PEACE ON EARTH—AND THE U. S. A.

BY WILLIAM MARTIN

I

Politics are often explained by geography. To understand certain existing differences between Europe and America, we need only look at a map. The nations of North America are few in number. Their populations are relatively sparse and they possess vast natural resources. In consequence, their inhabitants feel no great need for expansion. They lack powerful armies simply because they do not need them. If the United States bordered on a large overpopulated country, instead of having Canada and Mexico for neighbors, its outlook on military problems would certainly be altered.

In Europe, however, the situation is different. On our side of the Atlantic many nations are crowded into a small piece of territory, and frontiers devoid of natural character separate one thickly settled country from another. Our standard of living is lower, and our lack of resources makes expansion necessary. The inequality of the various European nations tempts the stronger countries to oppress the weaker and compels the latter to guarantee themselves against invasion. Thus the Continent of Europe is at least committed to anxiety, if not to war, and the problem of security dominates all our political life.

The peace treaties of 1919 did not essentially lessen these dangers. To be sure, they put an end to the war and made another war impossible for a certain length of time. History teaches us that Europe is smitten about once a century with a great convulsion. We have witnessed the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century, the wars of Louis XIV at the dawn of the eighteenth, Napoleon's struggles at the beginning of the nineteenth, and the World War at the beginning of the twentieth. Between these outbursts local conflicts occurred, but general weariness and exhaustion of economic resources have not permitted nations to entertain vast ambitions or to indulge in slaughter on a grand scale.

It would be chimerical to hope that the new frontiers established by the peace treaties can definitely ensure European stability. It was a good thing to eliminate most of the injustices that apparently caused the World War, but new injustices have been created and their effect will make itself increasingly felt in international relations.

The truth is that the principle of nationality on which peace was made cannot be rigorously applied in Europe. The populations of certain regions are so ethnically mixed that it is impossible to lay down definite frontiers dividing people of one nationality from people of another. The negotiators of the peace treaties cannot be reproached with having failed to establish just frontiers, because the very idea of justice is incompatible in Europe with the idea of a frontier.

And here is something perhaps more serious still. Victory was gained by a coalition of nations, aided by the United States. The significance of this

fact is that no one of the victorious nations is strong enough to dominate Europe by itself and to establish peace. This makes it possible for weak nations to enjoy a condition of real independence, and it explains why so many small States wanted the Allies to beat Germany, since Germany would have established a powerful hegemony over the Continent. On the other hand, however, the strongest European State now finds itself in the ranks of the vanquished, while the other camp, which supports the present condition of affairs, is entirely made up of the weaker nations.

Peace is a problem of security, and security is a subjective element. As a general thing it is not imperialism that causes war, but fear. It would be easy to prove that Napoleon waged most of his wars — and all of his later wars — not to subdue new nations, but to assure the security of those he had already subjugated. The same thing is even more true of modern Europe. Those big armies which are often held responsible for war are not due to ambition, but to fear. Thus it is that all great political alliances are concluded with a view to security. They may afterward be transformed into instruments of aggression, but at first they possess a merely defensive character. As one group gains more adherents the other side is automatically provoked to make new alliances of a similar character. Even a war of aggression may really be preventive. Fear of a Russian attack explains why the German Government has unceasingly claimed that this aggressive war they fought was really a war of defense. For peace to be assured, nations must be made to feel certain that they will not be attacked, and for the past ten years this has been the goal toward which all governments have labored. Their efforts can be divided into these categories: first, the efforts conducted within the League of Nations; second, the efforts of various European governments conducted outside the League of Nations; and third, the efforts of the government of the United States.

II

Everyone knows the mechanism that the League of Nations employs to bring about security. Countries belonging to the League have agreed in advance to recognize that the League Council is authorized to declare whether a war is one of aggression or of defense. In this way they are themselves deprived of passing judgment, having given an exterior body the right to pass on this point beyond appeal. When the Council unanimously agrees that a State is guilty of aggression, the sanctions of the League of Nations are unleashed against it. When, on the other hand, the Council is unable to pass unanimous judgment, the war becomes legal. In any case the League Covenant has made war more difficult by creating delays and imposing a peaceful method of procedure to which every State must submit or be qualified at once as the aggressor.

If this system is applied, war is a practical impossibility, for there is no country in Europe — and probably no country in the world — sufficiently independent economically and financially to be able to wage or even risk a war against the rest of the world. America presents the only difficulty. Since the United States is not subject to the League Covenant, it would unfortunately be possible for its government not to agree with the League Council as to which country was the aggressor, and the nation subjected to the sanctions of the League might thus be able to gain efficient aid from the New York money market and from

American industry. Thus if a nation were declared the aggressor and the League were compelled to bring its sanctions to bear, there would be grave danger of a conflict between the League of Nations and America.

Everybody knows that an efficacious blockade can only be applied by sea. In the last analysis, therefore, it would be incumbent upon the British fleet to blockade any country condemned by the League of Nations. As long as the United States would collaborate, this task would be easy enough, but the moment that there is any possibility that the League of Nations would be standing on one side of the fence with the United States even morally standing on the other, the British fleet would be facing a difficult and perilous task.

The United States and England have different conceptions of maritime neutrality, and it was to defend her conception of neutrality that America went to war in 1812 as well as in 1917. The spectre of a war between the two great Anglo-Saxon naval powers thus emerges once more, and it is this factor that has been influencing British policy toward the League during the last few years.

To sum up: No one can foresee how Article XVI of the Covenant would be carried out in case of some aggressive act. Its chief value is preventive. If the United States belonged to the League it might well be that the preventive effect of Article XVI would be so great as definitely to prevent all war, but in the absence of the United States an aggressive act remains theoretically possible.

III

For this reason nations have been led to attempt various methods of securing greater security outside the League Covenant. The first of these methods consists of making alliances. This category includes the Little Entente and a series of treaties between France and the new countries of Central and Eastern Europe. In principle these treaties are not hostile to the League of Nations; their one purpose has been to reënforce the guaranties of the League. The States that gained by the war have merely acted on the maxim that two precautions are better than one, although it hardly applies when the two precautions are contradictory.

What will happen in actual practice? Recent history teaches us that solemn alliances are often broken when they do not express popular feeling. Italy, Greece, and Rumania proved this during the last war. Will a nation break its word as a member of the League in order to help an aggressive State, and will it remain faithful to a treaty that the Covenant has already declared illegal? Since this is improbable, to say the least, the very statesmen who have made alliances are aware of the weakness of these treaties and have not hesitated to return to the bosom of the League.

As for armies, they offer but a false security. The only real security lies in the strongest army, and even then such an army may tempt a nation to ruin, as was the case with Germany in 1914. Moreover, armies are expensive, and in the present state of economic and financial exhaustion not many European countries can afford them.

Article VIII of the Covenant has made disarmament the first duty of the League, and ever since the first sessions of the Assembly this question has played a rôle of prime importance. Successive commissions have studied it from both a technical and a political point of view, and have all agreed that disarmament is impossible in Europe unless security be established first.

In 1922 this point was affirmed in Resolution XIV of the Assembly and was elaborated by Lord Cecil and M. de Jouvenel, the French representative. In executing this resolution, the 1923 Assembly adopted the treaty of mutual assistance, which the British Government promptly rejected. The weakness of this treaty was that it defined the duty of mutual assistance among League members, but provided no mechanism for the peaceful adjustment of any conflicts that might arise. It is futile to hope that in the Europe of to-morrow harmony will be so complete that no point of difference between nations will ever emerge. If war is forbidden purely and simply, and if no method of peaceful procedure for adjusting international litigation is created, aggressor States will not have been disarmed, but States that would act in good faith will have been.

Taking advantage of favorable political circumstances, the Assembly was able to make a new step in the same direction in 1924 when it framed the Geneva Protocol, which England again rejected as she did the treaty for mutual assistance, though for different reasons. If we go to the bottom of the matter we cannot fail to recognize that the principal reason for British opposition was the fact that the United States did not belong to the League. Quite naturally England was not disposed to lay herself open to fresh international complications and to increase the risks she might run in case sanctions against an aggressive nation should have to be enforced. There is no doubt that the British Government would not sign the League Covenant to-day. It has no intention of resigning, but it can hardly be asked to go beyond a strict interpretation of its obligations under the Covenant as long as it is not sure that these obligations may some day set it up against the American navy. This explains why Sir Austen Chamberlain, immediately after the Geneva Protocol was rejected, took the initiative in creating a system of security on the European Continent, in which Great Britain participated. The Locarno Pact does not differ essentially from the Protocol. It, too, contains full assurances of mutual nonaggression, a system of compulsory arbitration, and an implicit promise to disarm; but it applies only to certain Continental States, and the risks that it involves can be calculated closely. Furthermore, there is so little chance that the Locarno Treaties will engender difficulties between England and America that the English Government felt able to run this small risk. These treaties have affected European politics profoundly, but they have remained impotent in the domain of disarmament.

Since Germany herself is virtually disarmed, she presents no problem. The chief sources of anxiety are Bolshevist Russia, Italy and Jugoslavia, and the Balkans. All these matters are untouched by the Locarno agreements, which have really made disarmament all the more urgent because they have stimulated the impatience and hopes of other countries. They brought Germany into the League of Nations and thus permitted her voice to be heard. The League has had to set to work once more, and still finds itself confronted by the same problem of security.

The Committee on Arbitration and Security has attempted to adapt the Locarno Pact to other nations, but as long as the British Government remains opposed to any universal agreement the League can only establish model treaties whose adoption and practical application are entirely dependent on the good pleasure of the various nations. Clearly the science of international law has in this way made an appreciable advance, but not

national security, for these treaties can only be accepted by States already living in a condition of mutual confidence, whereas they would only be useful between States that distrusted each other.

If we analyze the naval difficulties between England, France, and the United States, we promptly discover that England looks upon herself as the only eventual executor of League sanctions. To accomplish her task she needs powerful resources. The British people quite sincerely believe that the one purpose of their fleet is to bring an aggressive nation to reason, and they do not understand that other countries equally peaceful may oppose them in this task. It is clear where the logical flaw lies. The world at large is not sure that the British fleet will never execute any national designs, but the English themselves are sure, and this difference — like all the others — arises from the fact that all members of the League are not equally obligated by the conditions of the Covenant.

IV

From this brief historical survey, it is clear that peace is a whole. No lasting peace can exist on earth without a feeling of security; and security demands an effective means of regulating international conflicts as well as an appreciable reduction of armaments. Every attempt to solve one of these questions without the other has failed. They must be treated together, as they were in the Geneva Protocol. This method, however, always encounters the opposition of Great Britain because of her fear of the United States, which only goes to prove that peace is also a whole from the territorial point of view. It interests the entire world.

The people of the United States have understood this fact. Although their geographic situation assures complete security, their economic interests — to say nothing of their moral preoccupations — are so vast that America cannot fail to be interested in the maintenance of peace throughout the world. Beginning in 1921, the American Government tried to take a decisive step in the direction of naval disarmament. Although the results of the naval conference at Washington are satisfying in many respects, they have not made an essential contribution to world peace. Why is this? First of all, because peace does not depend on armaments, as we often believe. Armaments are merely a symptom. If we desire to reduce them without making sure that peace can be maintained in some other way, we are grasping the wrong end of the stick. In the second place, there is no danger of a breach of peace between Great Britain and the United States; the place to work for peace is between countries which are divided by real conflicts. And, last of all, the categories of ships limited at Washington did not represent the type of boat that interests most admiralties nowadays.

This fact became clear in 1927, when a new effort was made in the same direction. It then appeared impossible to apply the same rules to cruisers as to ships of the line, and for a very simple reason. Battleships are essentially offensive instruments, while cruisers are necessary for defense; in other words, for the security of maritime nations. And in this way the United States was once more led back to the great question that has been haunting Europe for ten years.

The international position of the United States is dominated by two factors — on the one hand, by the desire of the American people to remain free from European entanglements, and, on the other hand, by the impossibility of remaining politically isolated

because of all the economic and financial interests that bind the United States to the rest of the world. Just after the war the first of these preoccupations came to the fore. The American Senate's rejection of the Versailles Treaty was the symptom of an irresistible current of opinion that favored returning to the traditional position of political isolation. Years have now passed. The United States has been obliged to invest larger and larger sums abroad. It is no longer a debtor nation, and its industries have sought out new markets in other continents. Trade no longer follows the flag; the flag follows trade. And all the hesitations of American diplomacy during the last ten years, all its attempts to mingle in world politics, are explained by the fact that the country has not yet definitely chosen between these two attitudes, although the American people prefer an isolation that economic circumstances render impossible.

An effort to reconcile these two currents occurred in 1926, when the attempt was made to bring America into the World Court, but the conditions under which she was willing to join would have made her membership futile and might well have weakened the Court itself instead of strengthening it. Something else had to be found.

Article XVI of the Covenant was the determining factor in steering the American people away from the League of Nations. At no price whatever will the American people place themselves in the position where they may sometime be forced to apply sanctions against some European State without being able to come to such a decision of their own free will. This fear, however, is groundless to a certain extent, since Europe does not desire the United States to participate actively in any sanctions that the League Council may order. Such action is not necessary. By uniting against an aggressor, the nations of Europe will always be strong enough to bring that nation to reason without the help of the United States. But, if peace is to be maintained, Europe must know definitely in advance that an aggressive State cannot count on the moral, economic, or financial aid of the United States.

It was this idea that gave birth to the suggestion several American citizens advanced to M. Briand and that brought about his first proposition to outlaw war. The United States Government declared itself sympathetic to the scheme, provided that it could be expressed constitutionally and provided that it would not be opposed by the Senate. Hence the Kellogg Pact, which possesses two great advantages. Its absolute legal condemnation of war profoundly transforms the traditions of international law, for war in the past was always legal in the eyes of jurists. Now, however, nations have renounced in the most categorical fashion what they had previously considered as one of the essential attributes of their sovereignty.

In the second place, although the Kellogg Pact does not lay down any positive obligation in case of war, it places any aggressor in such a moral position toward the United States and toward the signers of the Kellogg Pact that it would be extremely difficult for the American people to give positive aid to an aggressor State. And this fact, as we have seen, would discourage any aggression in Europe and renders a new war almost impossible.

The influence of the Kellogg Pact in the domain of security has been considerable, and it may be equally important in the domain of disarmament. Whatever the present differences between the United States, France, and Great Britain may be on the subject of naval disarmament, it is impossible

that these difficulties should not be surmounted as soon as some general agreement has been reached as to the policy they would pursue toward any aggressor. Naval disarmament was very difficult as long as the British and American fleets might find themselves in conflict, but it becomes a simple matter as soon as it is certain that they will not oppose each other in case of some active aggression.

V

Developments in the last fifteen years prove that peace is not a mere theory. The current discussions of the subject are due to the fact that the new economic structure of the world has made peace necessary. Nations could afford the luxury of war as long as they were not economically interdependent and as long as it was possible to limit the theatre of war and its destructive effects. Now, however, it is clearly proved not only that wars spread automatically, but that they also tend to bring all the belligerents to a state of complete ruin.

Moral evolution has followed practical evolution in this field, but, as so often happens, the attitudes of different countries do not change at the same rate of speed. In 1914 moral evolution was much further advanced in Western Europe than with Germany and her allies, and this was one of the profound causes of the last war. Whereas the democratic Powers of the West looked upon war as a veritable crime, the men who took the responsibility for it still considered it a normal means of exerting political pressure.

Defeat possesses an educational value impossible to overestimate, and to-day all countries seem to have achieved this degree of moral evolution. Our attitude toward war is totally different from what it was a century, or even fifty years ago. War then seemed to be a misfortune, but not a crime. Statesmen tried to avoid it, but they did not feel dishonored if they had to make it. To-day the statesman who will assume responsibility for declaring a war, and will admit it, can be sure that his memory will be abominated.

Changing moral ideas underlie all human progress. It would be futile to make treaties outlawing war if these treaties were in advance of public opinion, but the truth is that the agreements now concluded gain their strength from the fact that they harmonize with opinion. Even so, morals are not enough. They are subject to sudden collapses, and laws must be established to maintain them. The twofold mechanism created by the League Covenant and the Kellogg Pact is based on morals and strengthens them.

Economic and financial ties are bringing all nations closer and closer together. Internationalized markets have bound the world in a network of common interests so closely woven that war, which was easy and natural in the past, becomes more and more a physical impossibility. It is this fact more than the texts of peace treaties and the security of nations which makes us believe in the duration of peace. Only skeptical or ignorant people can believe that what has been always will be. The history of the world is a history of continued progress.

THE ENGLISH PRAYER BOOK TO-DAY

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

I

ACCORDING to a famous metaphor, the Senate of the United States is the saucer into which the hot brew of the House of Representatives is poured to cool. In the English system the ideal function of the House of Lords is similarly conceived to be that it shall serve as a moderating influence on the precipitancy of the House of Commons. We have lately had a striking instance of the reversal of this process. A bill approved by the Lords has been thrown out by the more conservative Commons as involving too radical a departure from the established practice of nearly three centuries. The measure giving the necessary Parliamentary sanction to the Revised Prayer Book passed the Lords on December 14, 1927, by 241 votes to 88, but was rejected by the Commons on December 15 by 238 to 205. In the belief that this result was due to 'certain avoidable misunderstandings as to the character of the proposals,' the House of Bishops undertook a further revision, for the purpose of making 'such changes, and such changes only,' as might 'tend to remove misapprehensions and to make clearer and more explicit' the 'intentions and limitations' of the new book. The measure, as thus amended, was presented to the House of Commons on June 13, 1928, and after two days' debate was rejected by 266 to 220.

The history of the 'Prayer Book Measure' presents some points of unusual interest to the student of politics. During both debates in the Commons, the party whips enjoyed a vacation. Members were left perfectly free to speak and vote as they felt inclined. The Government assumed no responsibility in the matter. While the Prime Minister supported the bill, the Home Secretary led the opposition, and, of the other members of the Cabinet, some went into the 'Aye' lobby and some into the 'No.' The Liberal and Labor parties similarly left their followers untrammeled. It is significant that the speaking on both these occasions reached a much higher level than in any other debate of the session. There was a vitality about it that is commonly lacking at Westminster. One began to wonder whether the general dullness of the proceedings of Parliament may not be largely due to the curb that is normally set upon the tongues of individual members by the obligations of party allegiance.

The debates have raised a further question closely affecting the principles of representative government. In each division the Revised Prayer Book would have been carried but for the votes of non-Anglicans, — 'promiscuous non-Anglicans,' Mr. J. L. Garvin calls them, to emphasize the fact that they are members of various churches or of none at all, — and much rhetorical play has been made of the vote cast for the Noes by Mr. Saklatvala, a Parsee who sits for a London constituency. Mr. Garvin roundly declares that these men, while technically qualified to vote, had no moral right to decide an issue

relating to a church to which they did not themselves belong. The same contention has been put forward by Lord Birkenhead and the Bishop of Durham, as well as by many writers in the newspaper press. A few Free Church M. P.'s, including at least one former Cabinet Minister, deliberately abstained from speech or vote, excusing themselves on the ground that they were not themselves members of the Church of England.

Such an attitude surely indicates a surprising misconception of the functions and obligations of a Parliamentary representative. Either the Prayer Book Measure is a legitimate subject for the consideration of Parliament or it is not. If it is not, then neither Anglicans nor non-Anglicans have any justification for dealing with it in the House. But if it is, every member, whatever his faith or no-faith, has not only the right but the duty of voting upon it. He is elected in order to contribute his share to the settlement of all questions that come before the Legislature, and he is not entitled to shirk that responsibility by picking and choosing between them, thus practically disfranchising his constituency as regards those which he evades. The fact that he will not himself be personally affected by the result of a division is an insufficient ground for abstention. He is not to be excused from voting on a Trade Disputes Bill because he does not himself belong to a trade-union, or on a bill for regulating divorce reports because he is not a newspaper man, or on a Landlord and Tenant Bill because he lives in a house of his own and possesses no other house property. True, there has grown up a practice of allowing a member to abstain from voting if he wishes, but that practice is really a lax concession, inconsistent with a fundamental principle of representative government.

Mr. Garvin's argument meets its *reductio ad absurdum* if we reflect on what would have happened if on either occasion the division had resulted in a tie. In such emergencies the occupant of the chair is required to give a casting vote. Now on December 15 the chair was occupied by the Deputy Speaker, Mr. James Hope, who happens to be a Roman Catholic. If there had been a tie, would Mr. Garvin have thought it Mr. Hope's duty to remain neutral? If so, there would have come about a situation absolutely unprecedented in the history of Parliament, for a measure duly submitted to it would have been neither passed nor rejected, but left in the air. And, on the second occasion, the refusal of a non-Anglican chairman to vote in the event of a tie would have resulted in a similar deadlock, for the House was then presided over by the Speaker, Mr. J. H. Whitley, a Congregationalist. It may be unseemly for a Parsee to take part in deciding what is to be the sacramental ritual of the Church of England, but the possibility of his doing so is an inevitable corollary of the unique relation of that church to the State. As the Home Secretary reminded the House, the Prayer Book is 'the creation of Parliament,' and it cannot be altered without an Act of Parliament. If the worship of the Roman Catholic Church had similarly been a product of Parliamentary legislation, it would equally be both the right and the duty of Protestant as well as Roman Catholic members to take their share in any proposed revision of it. Alike in doctrine, ritual, and discipline, the affairs of the Anglican Church come within the purview of Parliament as a whole, and not merely of the Anglican members of it.

II

Let us now turn from political to religious considerations. One of the

outstanding features of the whole controversy is the evidence it has afforded of the keenness of popular interest in religion. This has been shown not only by endless discussions in the press and on the platform, but by the avalanche of letters from their constituents that descended upon M. P.'s. Sir George Courthope states that in twenty-two years' experience in the House of Commons he has never known pressure from the constituencies to be so heavy. In the House itself the two debates revealed a well-informed, thoughtful, and earnest appreciation of the problems involved. Indeed, the verbatim reports in *Hansard* might almost be used as a textbook of the matters at issue between the Anglo-Catholics and the Protestants. The case for each side was put fully, candidly, and on a high level of argument. Whether one is pleased with the result of the debates or not, it will henceforth be impossible to say that the people of England are indifferent to those problems of vital religious belief which, we have often been told, have lost all interest for the present generation. More than any other group of persons in the country, the House of Commons is a microcosm of the nation, and its intelligent and earnest treatment of this question may justly be interpreted as a sign of the attitude of the general public.

Why did the Bishops fail in their attempt to modify the original Revision in such a way as to make it acceptable? Was the first rejection, after all, due to a mere 'misunderstanding'? In a previous article [1] I summarized the pros and cons of the controversy as they appeared before the introduction of the first Prayer Book Measure, and it is unnecessary to recapitulate them here. Nor would it be worth while to set forth in detail the changes proposed in order to conciliate the opposition. The root cause of the fiasco was the fact that, to quote Dr. Carnegie Simpson, 'the revision has all through been directed under the aim of placating different parties within the Church, rather than under the aim of expressing the true and fundamental character of the nation's religious life.' And the further the process of attempted compromise was carried, the less satisfaction did it give to either of the parties concerned. Not only was the rejection by Parliament more pronounced in 1928 than in 1927, but the approval of the Bishops' proposals by the Church Assembly — a necessary preliminary, under the Enabling Act, to the introduction of the Prayer Book Measure into Parliament — was given by smaller majorities in the case of the second Revision than in that of the first. In their endeavor to win over the Protestant dissentients, the Bishops made certain alterations which led to the revolt of several influential Anglo-Catholic leaders who had supported the 1927 Revision. At the same time the changes did not go far enough to remove the objections of the Protestants, whose spokesmen were still able to describe the Revised Prayer Book as a milestone on the journey from St. Paul's to St. Peter's.

In a statement issued at the time, Bishop Barnes mentioned various specific proposals for further modification which had been submitted to his colleagues and rejected by them. And in the Commons debate on June 14 it was disclosed that the leaders of the Parliamentary opposition to the Revision had approached the Archbishop of Canterbury and told him that they were prepared to use all their influence in the House in securing the adoption of the Revision if only the provision for the perpetual reservation of the Sacrament were withdrawn. But this eirenicon proved futile. Accordingly, the question of reservation stands out as

[1] See the *Atlantic* for September 1927

the crucial issue of the whole controversy. And the general popularity of the rejection by Parliament of this innovation on the traditional doctrine and practice of the Church of England is clear testimony to the continued attachment of the country to the Protestant faith.

III

The vote of the House of Commons now leaves the Church of England in an almost intolerable situation. Is there any way out of the impasse? One suggestion is that the Revised Prayer Book should be still further revised by eliminating the reservation clauses, while retaining those modifications of the 1662 Prayer Book to which no party in the Church offers any objection. There is little doubt that the book, thus purged of its offense, would readily be accepted by Parliament. But the Bishops will hear nothing of any such proposal. Their intransigence in this respect is hard to reconcile with the declarations made by the Archbishop of Canterbury and his episcopal colleagues when the result of their labors as revisers was first given to the public. They then argued that a Revised Prayer Book was imperatively necessary in order that the services of the Church might be harmonized with the thought and feeling of present-day worshipers. If the modernization of Anglican worship is so urgent, the rejection by Parliament of those sections on which there is a sharp difference of opinion is surely an inadequate excuse for throwing the whole book into the waste-paper basket. Be that as it may, the attitude of the Bishops — which would doubtless be endorsed by the majority in the Church Assembly — will prevent the suggestion of an agreed Revised Prayer Book from being adopted.

The policy which seems most in favor among Anglo-Catholics, at any rate, is that which was foreshadowed by the Bishop of Lincoln before the final Parliamentary debate. He declared that, even if the House of Commons rejected the book, that would not prevent its being used. The lesson of history was that liberty was seldom conceded; it must be taken. They must take to themselves the liberty which they needed. And Lord Hugh Cecil, writing after the rejection, hopes that all the variations permitted by the Revised Prayer Book will be permitted by the advice of the Bishops. Such a challenge to constitutional authority has been justly described by Dr. Carnegie Simpson as 'ecclesiastical Bolshevism.' 'It is not a fair or right thing,' he points out, 'for the Church to make the agreement known as the Enabling Act, giving Parliament the final voice in all Church legislation, and then, when it does not work out as desired, to disown it.' But an attitude approximating to this appears to find favor in the highest ecclesiastical quarters. Addressing the first meeting of the Church Assembly held after the second rejection, the Archbishop of Canterbury disclaimed any intention on the part of the Bishops to authorize the use of the Revised Prayer Book 'as such.' But he made the significant addendum that 'the Bishops will have to consider what variations from the old prescribed law, the unworkable law, they can or ought to sanction,' and that 'in the book there are many things which will furnish us with guidance in determining what may rightly be permitted or prescribed in the present situation.'

One may infer, then, that an attempt is likely to be made to introduce into the worship of the Church, by a side wind, some of the practices whose inclusion in the Revised Prayer Book led to its rejection by Parliament. 'That

way madness lies' is the only possible comment on such a policy. It would bring the Church into a conflict with the State, in which the Church would start with the discredit of having openly flouted the authority of Parliament and deliberately defied the law of the land. The inevitable outcome of such a conflict would be disestablishment. Parliament would soon find means of preventing those who are unwilling to pay the price of the State connection from continuing to enjoy the benefits of it.

In the opinion of most people, disestablishment is bound to come, sooner or later, but even those who are most eager for it would desire its accomplishment by a process that would not bear so much of the character of a reprisal. If the separation of Church and State were to become an issue at the polls under such conditions, a needless and lamentable element of bitterness would be infused into the whole campaign.

It may be that further compromises will be proposed and further experiments tried before the question is finally settled. It has already been suggested, for instance, that the Enabling Act should be so amended as to allow the Church a larger measure of freedom in the regulation of her own affairs on condition that the laity should be given a greater share in their administration. During the final Commons debate the Attorney-General was interrupted by an inquiry why the English Church should be debarred from the freedom possessed by the Established Church of Scotland. He promptly asked in reply whether, if such freedom were granted, the Bishops would agree also that congregations in England should, as in Scotland, have the choice of their own ministers. The roar of acclamation with which this retort was greeted is reported to have been the loudest and most prolonged demonstration in the whole debate.

That incident points out a path which ecclesiastical statesmanship might profitably explore, but one may safely predict that the temper of the Anglo-Catholic priesthood, whether on the episcopal bench or in the parishes, will effectively prevent any steps being taken in that direction. To the Anglo-Catholic clergy even disestablishment would seem a more tolerable fate. And disestablishment is now being frankly recognized, both in ecclesiastical and in political circles, as not only a possible but a probable outcome of what has just happened.

In the August issue of the *Contemporary Review* Dr. William Temple, the Archbishop-designate of York, contemplates this solution without serious qualms (except as regards disendowment), and indeed admits that it would have the dual advantage of removing a sense of inequality in the State's relation to different religious bodies and of asserting the Church's freedom. In supporting the Prayer Book Measure in the House, the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared that its rejection would inaugurate a period of chaos, which could only be corrected by disestablishment. The Prime Minister, too, expressed the opinion that disestablishment would have much more chance of being brought nearer to the political sphere by the rejection of the bill. He went on to predict that, if the Church of England were to be freed from such State control as exists to-day, she would not remain long as an entity with these two streams of spiritual life, the Catholics and the Evangelicals, running together. 'I believe,' he said, 'that this connection with the State, galling as it may be at times, illogical as it seems to many, alone keeps those two streams, unique in their confluence, running in the Church of England.'

That is perfectly true, and it goes to the root of the whole matter. The 'comprehension' so often acclaimed as the unique merit of the Anglican Church does not spring, as is sometimes supposed, from an exceptional endowment of the grace of charity, but is simply the binding together of incompatible and contradictory elements by the artificial tie of the State establishment. Break that, and these discordant elements will fly apart. Many years ago, in his delightful volume of essays entitled *The Comments of Bagshot*, Mr. J. A. Spender showed the essential difference between a compromise and an equivocation. 'A compromise,' he pointed out, 'is a real mean between two extremes which both parties will accept as a basis of action; an equivocation is a verbal formula which can be so interpreted as to enable both parties to retain their original position.' He illustrated this distinction by the specific instance of the controversies in the Church of England. The articles of that church, he said, were less a compromise than an equivocation. They were so drafted as to enable one party to maintain that it was Catholic and another party to maintain that it was Protestant. They represented, therefore, not a compromise on which the two parties could unite, but a formula which enabled them to go their separate ways under an appearance of unity. These arrangements, Mr. Spender continued, served the practical purpose of masking or concealing conflict, 'but they are interpreted by each party with a mental reserve which may declare itself surprisingly in a moment of strain.' That moment seems at last to have arrived.

ITALY ABROAD

BY SILVIO TRENTIN

I

FATE has decreed that Italy, more than any other European country, must participate in that sphere of foreign policy where international relations are most complicated. She is geographically situated at a point of intense friction between France and Germany, the two most warlike European nations, whose antagonism has made the history of our peninsula an uninterrupted series of foreign invasions and oppressions. Obliged to develop a naturally poor soil, deprived of the first necessities of life, suffering from a lack of capital resources, and saddled with the vast needs of a constantly growing population, Italy could not fail to identify herself with the advancement of some international régime that would guarantee peace, liberty, and free exchange. Necessity compelled her to join whatever cooperative effort directed itself against a hegemony established by force of arms.

Until Fascism came into power Italy's foreign policy had always been governed by this consideration and had even resisted the mirage of colonial expansion. She was the last nation to

join the concert of great European Powers, all of them struggling for supremacy, and she felt that her position and purpose could not be better defined than by the words 'proletarian nation' which her own sons had given themselves. The bitter needs of daily life, the necessity for security, and the realization of the duties which her principles involved, soon taught her that she could be a great Power only if she became the interpreter and even the inspiration of agreements and understandings between all nations.

The policy she followed during the fifty years before the Great War was necessarily directed to this end. In a Europe built on the fragile pedestal of equilibrium, the Triple Alliance offered her the one means of existence and peaceful prosperity, since it afforded protection from her two possible adversaries, Austria-Hungary and France. The sudden outburst of the Great War quickly proved the extreme importance of Italy's attitude. There was a moment, it is true, when there were secret discussions of the conditions under which Italy would intervene, and it was vaguely hoped that she might be able to launch a Nationalist programme. It was, indeed, this hope that inspired those two honorable gentlemen, Salandra and Sonnino, when they concluded the famous London Pact on the twenty-sixth of April, 1915, which assured their country of increased territory even beyond the frontier limits to which she was justly entitled.

But there is another side to the story. At the end of the war Italy was aflame with Nationalism, but she was not long in recovering her true sense of responsibility. Ever since July 1919, Italian foreign policy has openly recognized that its essential rôle was the pacification of Europe and the methodical elimination of international discord even at the price of the nation's own prestige. The essence of this policy which Nitti and Sforza inspired and created cannot be better expressed than in the words of Count Sforza himself: 'In our own egotistical interest, which once more coincides with the interest of Europe, we ought to favor all attempts tending to consolidate peace and to combat all alliances beneath which we feel or suspect the old machines of war that were destroyed on the Piave. Only the kind of person who has just discovered Machiavelli can believe that Italy is able to derive any advantage from European dissensions.' The results steadily achieved by Italian diplomacy between 1919 and 1922 in following this programme were vast and fruitful indeed, as the following manifestations prove. In applying the Treaty of Versailles, Italy made every effort to bridge little by little the abyss separating France and Germany, and to combat anything that did not take account of the inescapable fact that a compact nation of sixty million people, situated in the middle of Europe, cannot — even if it has lost the war — be forcibly expropriated of the genius of its race, or shorn of its national dignity, or methodically blocked in its desperate efforts to raise itself from defeat. Italy, through the voices of her spokesmen, did not hesitate to draw attention to the dangers of such a policy and to show how absurd it was to base the economic reorganization of Europe on the hope of hypothetical and impossible reparations. We preached instead the necessity of a progressive understanding between victors and vanquished.

Italy was the one victorious Power that sent no troops of occupation to the Rhine. She was also responsible for the San Remo Conference in 1920 and for the Conference at Spa, where for the

first time the representatives of the Allies and the representatives of the German Reich discussed reparation terms together.

In adjusting its affairs with Yugoslavia, in applying the Treaty of St. Germain, and in attacking the delicate problem of Fiume, the Italian Government pursued the single objective of eliminating as soon as possible any cause of dissension with its Eastern neighbors. In consequence, cordial negotiations were quickly opened with Yugoslavia which presently bore fruit in the Treaty of Rapallo. At the same time, the Italian Government extended the principles of international law into new provinces by solemnly affirming its duty to respect German and Slavic minorities in its territories and by keeping its word.

In a similar spirit Italy offered to alter her Albanian policy and, by spontaneously renouncing the position guaranteed her in the Pact of London, helped to extinguish one of the most dangerous firebrands of Balkan wars. During 1920, Italian troops evacuated Albania, and the country's independence was promptly recognized. Furthermore, Italy was the only great Allied Power that did not participate directly or indirectly in the unfortunate anti-Bolshevist crusade organized by the so-called 'White' generals. The country's loyal abstention from any such adventure was further shown by its refusal in 1919 to yield to the solicitations of the English and occupy Georgia.

During this same period the Italian Government's emigration policy consisted in applying on a large scale the policy of free emigration as a means of regulating employment. In seeking this end many negotiations were undertaken with France and likewise with the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and the United States.

II

When Fascism came into power, Italy as a nation, and as a collective body of ideas, traditions, and interests, suddenly found herself unable to continue developing a foreign policy that was true to herself. The dictatorship did not represent the triumph of any principle or programme. To be sure, many borrowed ideas helped to mask its intrigues — Nationalism, imperialism, bourgeois conservatism, and anti-Bolshevism; but each of these ideas was successively denied. Of recent years we have witnessed Italian Fascism endeavoring in the name of Nationalism to establish alliances with the Pan-Germanic element. In the name of imperialism it has offered its services and sympathies to the Monarchist Party in France, and in order to support capitalist institutions it has endeavored to seal agreements with Bolshevist Russia.

The truth is that Italian foreign policy had to give place to Mussolini's personal politics, as he himself admitted when he cynically declared to a French journalist that Italian foreign policy was the province of a single individual.

It therefore becomes necessary to unveil some of its secret motives, all of which can be roughly reduced to these two fundamentals: First of all, since Europe's great need is for peace, Fascism exploits this desire, winning the indulgence and tolerance of the Great Powers by means of a theatrically aggressive attitude. In the second place, it keeps setting in motion new and ever greater intrigues to solidify reactionary groups wherever they appear, with a view to creating a general antidemocratic attitude which would surely be disastrous in the long run for Italian interests, but which would favor the consolidation of the dictatorship.

The idea that at first obsessed Mussolini was to utter a series of sensational declarations. In 1922 he told the world at large that he was going to deal with international problems from precisely the opposite point of view from that which all his predecessors had taken. Although diplomatic discussions were foreign to him, and although he was ignorant of the questions of the hour, he hoped that international politics might be regulated by the same forces and the same methods with which he had dominated his country's domestic life.

Events, however, soon obliged him to choose between the English and the French points of view in foreign affairs, and he did not hesitate to decide in favor of France, where the Bloc National seemed to guarantee his policy of force the greatest assistance. Paris at that time had just begun applying the Nationalist remedy, and ministerial and military circles alike were dazzled by a charming but chimerical prospect. This prospect, or rather mirage, was the removal of the German frontier to the left bank of the Rhine. Looking toward the past rather than toward the future, France gave herself over to pursuing this lovely impossible dream.

But a clash between two powerful forces finally steered French policy along the paths of wisdom. On the one hand, the industrial barons had laid down an ambitious programme of controlling the whole Continental oil production. On the other hand, the illusion persisted that certain legal formulæ in the Versailles Treaty had to be judged as if they were Holy Writ, and that any ensuing complications would have to be taken for granted. In January 1923, these two divergent theses came to grips when the French and English points of view on German reparations struggled for mastery. Bonar Law, although at death's door, came to the French capital with a generous offer in the hope of preventing a decision that would lead to irreparable disaster. The controversy was decided, as we know, by the cringing attitude of the Italian ambassador, who had been ordered to follow Poincaré. The Ruhr was occupied and European recovery retarded about two years.

It was at this moment that Mussolini conceived the idea of forming a Continental bloc against England, an idea which even France carefully refrained from taking seriously.

Then of a sudden came the tragedy at Janina, which cost the lives of the members of the Tellini Mission. The Duce believed that the hour had at last arrived to show the world his qualities of leadership and the irresistible force of his new diplomatic methods. The unfortunate occupation of Corfu, accompanied by his Napoleonic outbursts against Greece, merely succeeded in bringing about the collapse of his illusions. On this occasion, however, his defeat helped him to resume the path of prudence. He felt the universal hostility in the air and decided it would be wise to confine himself to proud isolation.

Between September 1923 and October 1924, even profane eyes could detect a serious crisis in Fascist foreign policy. The bitter lesson of Corfu, the constantly changing French policy toward reparations, and the arrival in power of the British Labor Party, convinced the Fascist leader that he had to assure an alarmed Continent of his peaceful intentions. In January 1924, he complacently forgot his earlier ultimatums to Yugoslavia and concluded the famous Nettuno conventions with Pashić, which embodied part of a project Count Sforza had long since prepared. Meanwhile, however, new events were occurring.

In May 1924, the Cartel des Gauches won a brilliant victory in France and raised to power the very men who regarded the Duce as the apostle of White reaction. In June the civilized world learned the ghastly fate of the martyred Giacomo Matteotti. Mussolini felt that he was banned. To irritate France and England he pretended to throw himself into the arms of Soviet Russia, and made believe that these two proletarian nations stood shoulder to shoulder against the sordid imperialism of the great West European Powers. In order to reopen the breach between France and Germany and resume the conflict that had set France and England at loggerheads in January 1922, he secretly bent every effort to depreciate in advance whatever results might be gained by the Conference of London, where experts were endeavoring to come to some agreement in regard to German indemnities. In order to ridicule the myth of democracy, he did everything in his power to wreck the Geneva Protocol signed by Herriot and MacDonald. But it is impossible for the spokesman of a great country to satisfy his caprices with impunity, and within a few months it was more than clear that Italy was on the point of losing all prestige and all international influence.

III

Luckily for Fascism, the British elections occurred in October 1924. Mr. Baldwin and his Conservatives, obsessed by the idea of safeguarding the Empire from the agents of Moscow, believed it urgently necessary to station a policeman in the Mediterranean. No one seemed better fitted for this rôle than Mussolini, who quickly saw the advantages he could reap and did not hesitate to offer enthusiastic support to his former foe. The bargain was sealed at once. Italy would be at the orders of Downing Street and serve English interests in Turkey, Egypt, Abyssinia, and Russia. England for her part would shut her eyes to Italy's seizure of Albania and would help in the projected exploitation of Eritrea in Africa.

It was at this moment that Mussolini first devised his scheme of establishing Italian supremacy in the Balkans. Thanks in part to the glorious maritime traditions of the Venetian Republic, the Balkans had always seemed to Italy an extremely interesting part of the world. In spite of the hostile vigilance of Austria-Hungary, Italian commerce even before the war had successfully opened up profitable dealings with Montenegro, Serbia, and Rumania. After the war this programme of peaceful penetration was diligently resumed, with the definite view of opening up a large market for surplus Italian products. This was the idea that inspired the policies of Nitti and Sforza, who believed that the Adriatic problem could be solved only by having Italy establish firm friendship with her Eastern neighbors. The collapse of democratic government in Italy, however, upset this policy of agreements and alliances.

Mussolini had his own plans for the Balkans, which differed from the plans of his predecessors in this vital respect: Italian penetration, instead of following the route of commercial exchange with the sole view of opening up the hinterland for the benefit of Italian industry, allied itself with the general staff and endeavored to encircle Yugoslavia and give Rome control over the mercenary insurrectionists in the Balkans. England had already allowed this movement full freedom of action, and therefore Mussolini at once set about gaining political and economic control of Albania and concluding a

life-and-death alliance with the Hungarian Regency. He then set about extending his sphere of influence to Bulgaria and later to Greece and Rumania, thus hoping to undermine the Little Entente.

The first step in his plan was quickly gained, though with some difficulty. As soon as the Italian troops had left Albania in September 1920, the country took up the work of national reorganization, and, thanks to the disinterested assistance of Giolitti's Cabinet, succeeded in getting the Council of Ambassadors to issue its famous declaration of November 9, 1921, which once more proclaimed the independence of Albania. Until 1924, nothing remarkable occurred save for an abortive attempt at rebellion on the part of the feudal Beys, led by Ahmed Zogu, which broke out in May 1923, at the instigation of the Italian Minister. In December 1924, London ordered the great offensive against Albania to begin. It was engineered with the assistance of Greece and Yugoslavia, under the pretext of setting up a barrier against Russia, since the Albanian leaders were about to open up diplomatic relations with the Bolsheviki, at the insistence, to be sure, of the Great Powers.

Two armed bands suddenly attacked the tiny republic on its northern and southern frontiers. One of these was organized on Yugoslavian soil and the other in Greece, and they both won quick successes. Ahmed Zogu immediately became president of the republic. He promptly paid off the men who had helped him by handing out some land to Yugoslavia, by offering England the petroleum concession, and by giving Italy the banking monopoly of the country.

In 1926 Italy sealed the Tirana Pact with Ahmed Zogu. This placed Albania under the political control of Rome, which was empowered to appoint the members of the Albanian Government; and in 1927 a second pact of alliance was signed at Tirana, which placed Albania under Italian military control. The structure which was thus erected under British protection was finally crowned by Ahmed Zogu's recent elevation to the throne.

IV

At the same time that it was occupying Albania, the Fascist Government entered into a close political and military alliance with the Hungarian Regency. The fruits of this alliance have included the secret arming of Magyar troops in flagrant violation of the treaties, open support of the Hungarian pretension that certain articles of the Treaty of Trianon should be removed in order to release Hungarian optants from Rumanian legislation, and even an indirect campaign for the revision of the entire Trianon Treaty.

I do not deny certain defects, contradictions, and even iniquities in the five peace treaties on which it was hoped to build a new Europe. Although these treaties were inspired by the Wilsonian principle of self-determination, they are actually nothing more or less than a weapon in the hands of the conquerors, who are enabled to pursue their own ends under cover of a magic formula. Nevertheless, I still maintain that it is insane to attempt reopening the discussion of all European frontiers under the pretext of correcting a small injustice, especially so soon after the Armistice. The truth is that all the treaties of 1919 are so intimately interlocked that it would be impossible to demolish one without ruining the others. Moreover, history teaches us that it is hard to make territorial adjustments without resorting to war, and revisionists of good faith recognize

that they must wait until Europe has really settled down to a peaceful existence, until the League of Nations is firmly entrenched, until France is no longer obsessed with the idea of security, until the East European countries are firmly established, until England has swallowed some of her impossible pride, and until Russia has definitely disarmed.

Mussolini's defense of the Hungarian demand for treaty revision was skillfully prepared by Lord Rothermere's Conservative papers. It was first revealed by an interview between Lord Rothermere and the Duce, and then by a speech before the Italian Senate, in which Mussolini affirmed that the Treaty of Trianon had done violence to Hungary and that treaties are not untouchable, but should be reopened for discussion in case of need. This strange attempt met with no great success and merely produced a firmer solidarity among the Little Entente.

The Duce's intrigues in Macedonian Bulgaria were no more successful. It was obvious that Italy had connived with revolutionary bandits in the recent bloody reaction throughout the Balkans. Indeed these efforts became so evident and dangerous that England and France believed it necessary to protest at Sofia and invite the Bulgarian Government to take measures against bandits who were enjoying the secret protection of Rome. Although Mussolini's Balkan policy was at first inspired and encouraged by England, it is now alarming even the most pro-Fascist partisans on the other side of the Channel, as the naval agreement with France proves.

V

Let us now turn to the latest report presented in the Italian Chamber by Signor Torre, President of the Parliamentary Commission on Foreign Affairs. This report affirms Italy's right to maintain her exclusive tutelage over Albania and confesses that Fascist foreign policy will bend every effort to break up the Little Entente. Fundamentally Mussolini is following the former programme of the Austrian Empire and is adapting to his own purposes the old slogans of 'Divide et impera' and 'Drang nach Osten.' He is exciting antagonism in the Balkans with a view to dominating there himself. He is exploiting the traditional hatreds that divide the nations of Eastern Europe with a view to becoming the arbiter of peace and war.

The development of this programme and the adoption of such methods could not fail to clash with the prudent policies of Downing Street. To be sure the Conservative English Cabinet had been hypnotized by the Bolshevist menace and by danger of a grand Slavic alliance, and had believed that it would be wise to give Fascism the task of blocking a possible Soviet outlet on the Mediterranean. The Conservative Government refuses, however, to pay for this police service by abandoning English trade in the Near East to Italy, and by allowing the Duce to toy with the peace of Europe. Baldwin's Government soon perceived that the crazy attitude of Fascism and its Balkan policy would seriously alarm France, and it is well to recall that one of the most characteristic Fascist manifestations consists of anti-French provocation. From its birth, Fascist Italy has ranged itself against the France that stood for the rights of man and against the France from which modern European civilization radiates.

Every means was employed to separate these two Latin countries by an abyss of misunderstanding and dislike. This is proved by the absurd campaign for the annexation of Nice,

Savoy, and Corsica; by Italian penetration into Tunis; and by the public encouragement to German Nationalists to form an antidemocratic and antipacifist government.

The tolerance of the Quai d'Orsay has been almost unbelievable. It is well to recall, for instance, that all Italian Consulates in France have been openly transformed into centres of espionage that direct their efforts against the employees of the department of public safety. In December 1927, when the Franco-Yugoslavian Treaty was signed and M. Briand expressed the hope that Italy would associate herself with this peaceful act, Mussolini unleashed a violent press campaign against Italy's Latin neighbor and alarmed all Europe, although a few days later he was obliged to admit to the Council of Ministers that this very treaty was remarkably loyal and quite in accord with the normal relations between States. The following January, M. Briand offered to discuss problems bearing on the two nations, but the Duce impudently replied that the first condition of any discussion would be the recognition on the part of France of Italy's predominance in the Balkans and in the Adriatic, and that France would have to modify her Yugoslavian policy, admit Italy into the administration of affairs in Tunis, and expel all anti-Fascist exiles from French soil.

Thus it is hardly astonishing that English policy toward Italy is undergoing a prudent change, now that certain adjustments have been made in the personnel of the Foreign Office. The sudden discovery of the Anglo-French Naval Agreement caused the Duce to explode against such irreverence toward the Kellogg Pact.

This last outburst reveals most clearly the characteristics and aims of Fascist international activity, and it is by objectively appreciating this attitude that civilized people will best learn the lesson of Fascist experience. It is this: —

The work of the League of Nations will amount to nothing but a play on words if the great organization at Geneva still hides behind the convenient principle of nonintervention and pretends to forget that it came into being to make justice reign on earth, and that it is useless to renounce war as an instrument of national policy if one lacks the courage to brand as illegal any attempt to embody this very policy in the person of a despot whose power, based on brute force, extends beyond the influence and control of public opinion.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Arrowhead

It was the two little girls adventuring with me who discovered that the back door of Herman Melville's house was unlocked. Their enthusiasm was keen. They had been reading *Moby Dick*. But their curiosity and excitement were no greater than mine, for I had been told that the house was deserted, that no one lived there, and it was with keen expectation that I opened the door and looked in. The result of that survey intensified the zeal with which this adventure had been undertaken. Staring at a dismantled kitchen filled with baskets of dishes covered with dust and cobwebs, as if they had lain there for many years, I wound my way across the floor to a door in an opposite wall. Opening this, I gasped, for there stood the famous bully of Arrowhead!

A few days before, while glancing along the shelves of the Great Barrington Library, the name of a book caught my interest because of its strange combination of words: *Mariner and Mystic*. Taking the book from the shelf, I crossed the room to a sunny seat, pondering curiously, for I knew much about mariners and would never connect the word 'mystic' with any of them. Soon, however, I was deeply interested in the life of Herman Melville, discovering that because of this incongruous but fitting combination of titles he was quite misunderstood in those days of the fifties, when the aristocratic Berkshires were 'a jungle of literary lions,' described, by a modern critic, as 'amiably ferocious in its provincial vanity.' His understanding of symbolism was too advanced for that age, and it is only in recent years that his books have received proper recognition.

Herman Melville had been a lonely man, the perpetual payment for individual thinking, until chance drew him into a strange friendship with Oliver Wendell Holmes and Nathaniel Hawthorne. Mr. Hawthorne was aware that Melville was the author of a very appreciative review of *The Scarlet Letter*, but this very knowledge, perhaps, kept the sensitive men apart and shy of approach, although thrown together occasionally in a company. One day a group of men were exploring Monument Mountain, described so vividly by Hawthorne in his *Wonder-Book*, when they were forced to seek shelter from a thunderstorm. Was it chance that sent Holmes, Hawthorne, and Melville under the same ledge of rock? Two hours of enforced intercourse, revealing so much of each other's thought and feeling, sealed the strange friendship that was spiritual food for Melville.

Up the road, about a quarter of a mile from Holmesdale, was an historic home built in 1780, and it was here that Melville established himself with his family in 1852 to write many of his tales, including *Moby Dick*. He gave the name of Arrowhead to the estate because of the many Indian relics found during the ploughing of the spacious rolling fields. At that time Oliver Wendell Holmes was in his sanctuary at Holmesdale, writing 'The Plowman' for his *Songs in Many Keys*, as he was a keen gentleman farmer of Pittsfield as well as an author. Across the valley at Lenox was Hawthorne, in his little 'red mansion,' producing

The House of the Seven Gables. In his *Wonder-Book*, also written there, read what he says of Melville: —

> On the hither side of Pittsfield, sits Herman Melville, shaping out his gigantic conception of his white whale, while the gigantic shape of Graylock looms upon him from his study window.

Having made fruitless inquiries at several places about the location of Arrowhead, I stopped at Holmesdale on the fortunate day, and obtained directions from an old gardener who said, as he pointed up a road, 'It's up that road a spell — 'bout a quarter of a mile. Nothin' to see — house is deserted and locked up.' We found it hidden in a grove of pines and maples.

I had read that in the exact centre of the house at Arrowhead was a massive chimney, twelve feet square at the base. Its central location and great bulk made the occupants and the interior of the house conform to its peculiarities, therefore to Melville it was a bully. Because the ancient kitchen possessed the most spacious fireplace, he appropriated this for his study, adding a modern kitchen at the rear. Then he began a quaint discussion with his chimney, printing bits of philosophy all over the face of the bricks. One can better understand what he was expressing when it is known that he was lovingly dominated by the five women of his household — his wife, mother, and three sisters. It was this refuge that I longed to see, and it was this bully that faced me as I entered the room. Opening some shutters, we reveled in the whimseys of this exceptional man. They were in a fair state of preservation. Here are a few: —

> A mighty smoke we two old philosophers make. It is resolved between me and my Chimney that I and my Chimney will never surrender. I and my Chimney have had narrow escapes. I and my Chimney, as Cardinal Wolsey used to say, I and my King. Yet this egotistic way of speaking wherein I take precedence of my Chimney is hardly borne out by the fact in everything except the above phrase. My Chimney taking precedence of me. My Chimney is Grand Signor here, the one Grand domineering object of the house.

To my surprise this room was still furnished as described in the book, Indian trophies adorning the walls and a whaler model over one door beside the chimney. This door, too, I opened, and saw the 'fastidiously picked and decorous library,' whose books still rested on their shelves, behind glass doors rising to the ceiling, looking on a room furnished with priceless antique furniture. Curiosity drew me farther and I crossed the front vestibule into the drawing-room. Here were enough treasures to start an antique shop. An air of mystery lay over this unlocked house, and we departed, carefully closing the back door, feeling that we had had a personal contact with the mind that created the tale of Ahab and the white whale.

The next point of interest was the north piazza, facing Graylock, the tallest mountain of the Berkshires. Here Melville wrote *Piazza Tales*, and this is what he said of this part of his home:

> A piazza must be had. . . . The house was wide — my fortune narrow . . . upon but one of the four sides would prudence grant me what I wanted. Now which side? Graylock carried it. No sooner was the ground broken than all the neighborhood broke into a laugh. Piazza to the north! Winter piazza! . . . But, even in December, this northern piazza does not repel — nipping cold and gusty though it be . . . for then, once more, with frosted beard, I pace the sleety deck, weathering Cape Horn.
>
> In summer, too, Canute-like, sitting here, one is often reminded of the sea. For not only do long ground swells roll the slanting grain, and little wavelets of the grass ripple over the low piazza, as their beach,

and the blown down of dandelions is wafted like the spray, and the purple of the mountains is just like the purple of the billows, and a still August noon broods over the deep meadows, as a calm upon the Line; but the vastness and the lonesomeness are so oceanic, and the silence and the sameness, too, that the first peep of a strange house, rising among the trees, is for all the world like spying, on the Barbary coast, an unknown sail.

Returning a few weeks later to this historic house to take some pictures, I was astonished to see the shutters and windows wide open and carpenters at work on the portico. A lady emerged from the house with an inquiry and, convinced of my interest, invited me to go upstairs to see where *Moby Dick* was really written. As I went up into a north bedroom, facing Graylock, — which coincided with Hawthorne's description, — I was approached by a quaint little old lady who said she was Melville's sister-in-law and the other lady his niece. They were gracious hostesses, but I felt that my former visit was the more intimate contact with the famous bully and its confiding companion.

The whole experience seemed like a dream, and indeed I began to wonder if it were not, for a few weeks later we passed the house again and it was barred, shuttered, and as desolate and deserted as we first saw it. Was the book, *Mariner and Mystic*, too realistic? No, for a newspaper clipping of recent date lies at hand telling of the sale of Arrowhead and the proposed restoration by its new owner.

A PHILOSOPHY OF PITH-BALLS

My wife and I entered the crowded lecture hall and found seats among the young chemists and engineers, among the inveterate and incorrigible lecture-goers who had come to hear the famous physicist, winner of the Nobel prize, and apostle splendid of science. We had come more in hope than in confidence, eager to obtain an idea of the tenets of modern physics, desiring at least some insight into the meaning of relativity, of the quantum theory, of the latest notions of the atom. But we came with well-justified doubts of our capacity, prepared either to be enlightened or bewildered; we listened to the first words of the lecturer as defendants curious to know our fate, and guarding ourselves against disappointment by a wise skepticism.

During the hour of progressive bafflement which followed, I was able to form one idea which I could take home as a monument of the occasion. From the mathematics and electrical theory which must remain, I am afraid, a sealed and forbidden book to my wife and me, a few clear and homely expressions emerged on which we fastened with delight. The lecturer kept referring to a pith-ball which, under favorable circumstances, illustrated some point in the nature or habits of electricity. Pith-ball! The word fell from his lips with a distinct and pleasing articulation, often preceded by one of those pauses which interrupt the flow of extemporaneous expression. Pith-ball. Pith-ball. With each utterance of the odd syllables, as they slid out inconspicuously in the hurried pronunciation of a sentence, or as they fell more solidly and prominently on the air after a brief hesitation, I felt an increasing sense of approval and gratification.

We think of science, surely, as of a body of ordered reasoning, of generalizations and principles arranged in the abstract and logical beauty of the intellectual realm. True enough, hazardous discovery, inspiration, fumbling in the dark and stumbling into the light, must have their part in the

human conduct of science. But the result, the body of knowledge or of serviceable hypothesis itself, must be ideal, mathematical, a serene and reasoned system of formula and equation. Yet here was a scientist, and a lion of his tribe, defining one of his ultimates by recourse to pith-balls and glass rods scraped with cat's fur! The lesson was unmistakable. Science in the end is but an examination into the casual, vulgar objects which surround the mad impromptu of life. It scrapes them against each other, pries into their oddities, and charts their foolish behavior; and lo, the glittering structure of reason, the pretentious universe which we associate with its name! Not only is music the scraping of horsehair on cat's gut. Science itself is an association of pith-balls, parasites, coals, gases, and every description of substances which are infinitely casual in origin and thoughtless in conduct, as rudely in contrast in their vulgar and vital existence to the categories of reason as the mechanical means of producing a symphony are in contrast to the sentimental purpose of the composer.

Writers of popular articles on science can usually be depended upon to glorify scientific laws as if they were a system of edicts, a Diocletian code promulgated by some Greater Popular Scientist, which the material world must obey. Vain glory! For scientific laws are but summaries of observed habits among the casual phenomena of the world — pith-balls with the rest. It is the laws which must obey, and not be obeyed. The laws are made by the habits which they express, and not the habits by the laws.

The popular-science writer then goes on to glorify the orderly universe which the laws of science reveal. But order is a human category, not a natural one. A room heaped with broken furniture, neglected and filthy, caked with dust, is as perfect an expression of scientific order as the starry heavens. Every atom in it is presumably distributed as strictly according to law as the most exacting scientist could wish, not to say, as it would probably be more truthful to say, every law is distributed strictly according to its tutelary atoms. But still, my wife and I agree, the room is not orderly.

No, existence is casual, and reason an insecure accompaniment to its impulsive flow. And all the products of existence are rooted in the casualness of their parent. If reason think itself primary, let it remember the pith-ball. Was not the first experiment with electricity performed with a kite string?

Half perceiving the deep secret of life, the poet will bury his senses in one class of natural facts, the clover swarming in the meadows, the mountain and wood in the spontaneous unreason of their beauty; the moralist and lover of the good will beat his breast at the unconcerned brutality of mankind; the scientist will weigh and manipulate and compare the odd variations of the substance of things which are open to his inspection, and on them erect his intricate knowledge of their habits; the satirist, in despair at the aspect of the grotesque which all existence wears, will draw men as hideous caricatures, Yahoos, Lilliputians, or coarse giants, exaggerated and out of plumb. The reasonable man — the whole man — must be saddened or strengthened by each of these views in turn. At least he will see what it is to live on the human scale, and will learn how human is the category of order.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The case of the Atlantic Monthly Company against the *Boston Post* has been settled on terms satisfactory to the *Atlantic*, and such as to render unlikely a repetition of the episode which led to the suit.

Such a revolutionary discovery as these Lincoln letters and books can of course only be finally appraised by scrutiny of the originals. The public will have ample opportunity to make their own first-hand investigation when the collection is put on exhibition at the Library of Congress. In the meantime, it is interesting to note the significant fact, proved from three distinct and dispassionate sources, that a generation ago Mr. Frederick W. Hirth, who possessed the collection, was accustomed to speak of it with pride and pleasure. This Mr. Hirth, a great-uncle of Miss Minor's, died in 1907 in Emporia, Kansas. The chronicler of all things Kansan, Mr. William Allen White, tells us that he himself went to the Hirth funeral and can identify it in his recollection through the Masonic pomp and circumstance of the obsequies. Mr. White knew Mr. Hirth but slightly and did not talk with him concerning his collection, but three other letters in our possession attest our statement.

In **Archer B. Gilfillan's** second paper on the joys of sheep herding we get the philosophy as well as the experience of a man with an original recipe for finding life by losing the world. △ With a quarter of a century's service in the ministry behind him, and a genius for quickening men's sympathies and understanding them, **Harry Emerson Fosdick** may well advise the youth of the country about his chosen profession. △ Since the seventy-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Lawrence, Kansas, is to be celebrated this year, **Mrs. Susan D. Alford's** first-hand description of a stirring episode in American frontier history comes at an appropriate moment. The letter that accompanied her manuscript contained this passage: —

> There are few surviving who experienced the hardships of the fifties, and as I am nearing the fourscore mark myself it seemed almost a duty to make my small contribution to the history of those crucial years. I cannot forget that through those cruel years the *Atlantic Monthly* was always in our home, read and reread, and read again to visiting neighbors.

Our second story from **Captain William Outerson** shows, like his first, perfect familiarity with the lives and characters of seafarers. His admirers are nautical as well as literary. One sailorman gave his trousers a hitch and inquired why one bell was sounded at 3.45 A.M., whereas the conventional ship's clock strikes one bell at 4.30, 8.30, and 12.30. The Captain was not to be caught.

> Very few sailing ships [he says] struck the half hour on the bells, because there was no need of it. The hours only were struck. One bell was struck at 3.45, morning and afternoon, and at 11.45 at night, merely for the purpose of intimating to the watch on deck that it was time to call the watch below. Seven bells were struck at 7.20 and 11.20 in the morning in order to give the watch below time to get up and dress, eat breakfast or lunch, and have time for a smoke afterward which they would not have had if they had been called at 7.30 or 11.30. It was merely a custom of convenience, and theoretically wrong.

Joseph Wood Krutch's observations on love and tragedy have turned philosophers into critics and critics into philosophers. Rarely have we published essays more thoughtful or more rewarding to those who love thought for its own sake. △ With her Latin title and her predilection for pressed flowers, **Dorothy Margaret Stuart** strikes the classical note of horticulture. △ Before setting forth to follow in the footsteps of Sir Francis Younghusband and deliver the

Asia Lecture before the Royal Geographic Society, **Owen Lattimore** was a welcome caller at this office. He and Mrs. Lattimore will be at home to their friends in Cambridge this winter. △ **In Irvin H. Myers** we uncover a South Dakotan Socrates with dialectics sharpened by practice of the law. **John Mason Brown** studied under Professor Baker at Harvard in the days of the famous '47 Workshop' and has just returned from a tour of the Moscow theatres. He has also been connected with the *Theatre Arts Monthly*. △ The second and concluding installment of **Pernet Patterson's** latest story shows this young Virginian building up to an impressive climax where fate and terror are powerfully blended. △ Two generations at Harvard invariably referred to **Le Baron Russell Briggs** as 'Dean.' Radcliffe, on the other hand, knew him only as 'President.' △ Night on the Sahara produces elemental emotions, to which **Lord Dunsany** gives voice. The Celtic poet and the Arab tribesman have the common denominator of awe in the face of darkness. △ So far as the women's colleges are concerned, there is no such thing as 'playing poor' — at least in the estimation of **William Allan Neilson,** President of Smith College.

At least every other day **William Martin** writes a leading editorial in his *Journal de Genève* which is promptly quoted the length and breadth of Europe. Living in the shadow of the League of Nations, he is in a strategic position to report on the progress of peace on earth. △ Over a year ago **Herbert W. Horwill** described the Revised Church of England Prayer Book in our columns. Recent developments have brought about a number of important changes, which this same British student again interprets. **Silvio Trentin** used to teach law in a number of Italian universities, besides occupying a seat in the Parliament at Rome. He is now living and writing in France, where his *L'Aventure Italienne*, a thoroughly documented attack on the Fascist régime, was published last spring. There is no such thing as an impartial expert on Fascist policy, domestic or foreign, since anyone who knows about it at first hand automatically takes sides. This paper makes the point that under Mussolini Italy departed from her historic attitude of conciliation only to eat humbler pie when England spoke in earnest. This point of view is further substantiated by the recent overtures between Paris and Rome which occurred after this article was written, indicating that the Duce finds he must modify his attitude in that direction also.

There follows a letter which the *Atlantic* takes seriously. The will has not been wanting through all these years to print personal records of individual adventures, physical and spiritual, practical and philosophic, whimsical and serious. Occasionally we have succeeded in securing such records; more often we have failed. Certainly we hope that the chance reader of this correspondence, recalling things experienced or sincerely felt whose relation will be of interest to our appreciative public, will write of them to the editor of the *Atlantic*.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just had the good fortune to spend a few days with a friend whose guest room was equipped with bound volumes of the *Atlantic* running back some twenty years, and with your recent issues fresh in my mind I embarked on a comparison of your pre-war contents with those of to-day. The differences were both striking and significant.

For some time past I have been half aware of a tendency on your part to devote more and more attention to political and financial matters. Was this, I wondered, a quality of the *Atlantic* itself, or was the magazine simply reflecting the spirit of the times? Your increasing popularity would seem to indicate the latter. Ten and fifteen years ago your intimate casual papers from small-town folk, your articles from light-hearted vagabonds, and later your thrilling accounts of happy-go-lucky adventurers in the Great War, portrayed a type of American that had almost vanished by 1920. That year, I believe, marks the disappearance of the beloved individualistic American, from the lowly hobo to the easy-going paterfamilias. Prosperity and normalcy have given us instead the hustling Babbitt, too delighted with his recent achievements to turn his eye inward.

It is, in short, my growing conviction that the past eight years have been more a period of anxiety than of prosperity. The lucky ones have been rubbing their eyes, wondering if their good fortune had come to stay, and the less fortunate

have spent themselves keeping up with the Joneses. Many of our 'best minds' have turned away from reflective pursuits and have given themselves over to inventing practical solutions to new problems. Now all this is no doubt as it should be, and I am the last to object if the *Atlantic* devotes more and more space to proposed reforms of an investment market in which more and more Americans are becoming vitally involved. I am only wondering, though, if the time has not come for a change. Is it even fantastic of me to hope that the overwhelming election of Mr. Hoover indicates that our present scheme of things is at last stabilized and that we can rest on our oars and look about us?

As I steeped myself in those *Atlantics* of only fifteen years ago, I felt transported to a different world, and even though that world was the one into which many of us were born, I realized that it was futile to hope for its return. But, I ask myself, is it also futile to hope that the world we live in now may take a little holiday and turn its eye inward as well as out? What manner of man or woman is our present representative citizen? A quarter of a century ago, he or she found satisfaction in literature, family life, and social intercourse for its own sake. How does the 1929 counterpart enjoy the automobiling, the golfing, the radioing that have so lately emerged? Do these things bring satisfaction, or are we just a little homesick? A dozen years ago a professor in a small college, writing in the *Atlantic*, took the fact that he had no dress suit for granted; now alumni funds have tricked him out in 'plus fours.' The casual adventurer is so rare that the stowaway on a Zeppelin becomes the hero of two continents. Is the amateur wanderer of yesterday eating his heart out at some desk or workbench, or has he turned into the familiar figure of the 'thumb tourist' safely begging rides at the roadside?

I hope these questions are not merely rhetorical, and I wish indeed that some evidence could be found that the individual still does exist in our midst, that paths are still open for self-realization. Perhaps the conventional routine can and does provide satisfaction. Perhaps it is only the big cities that are on the wrong track, and our smaller centres may be as independent as ever. And perhaps I am asking questions to which there is no answer. But still I wonder.

(Mrs.) Amelia Judson Gifford

Herbert Parrish's unflattering views on Protestantism are really responsible for the following piece of revivalist reminiscence, which dates back to the pre-Elmer Gantry period in American religious history.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Parrish's article on 'Some Constructive Principles' in the November *Atlantic* leaves an impression which can hardly be intended. He says (part III), 'Protestantism addresses itself too much to the intellect and too little to the emotions.' If he means intellect apart from intelligence he may be right, but an idea which does not appeal to intelligence does not live long. The constructive principle is lacking, and ideas must either grow or die.

Since he had previously referred in a tone of criticism to Methodists and Baptists who 'wallow on the ground and bark like dogs,' to 'Corybantic religious frenzies of the old-fashioned revivalism,' and to 'the orgiastic savagery of the Elmer Gantry period,' all of which would be highly emotional if true, one is left in doubt as to how he derived his conclusion from his premises. There was very little foundation of fact for the latter. The old camp meeting was a happy gathering of neighbors over a radius of many miles, and almost as much a matchmaking as a religious event.

I have some very pleasing recollections of the old knights-errant of the Christian message who rode the circuits. Their table manners were much those of King Arthur's court, and if sometimes in their wanderings they stopped to saw a cord or two of hickory wood for a friend in distress, such knightly deed was held in high esteem.

My father's house was a sort of wayside inn for anyone connected with church work, and one of the most frequent callers was a man of great age who had ridden circuit in his youth in Indiana. He was tall where tall men were common, and his iron-gray hair and beard and heavy brows gave him a severely austere air to strangers. But we children were always glad to see him because of his great laughter and his stories of Indians, bears, and other matters of interest. He was sure to stay for dinner, and we were cautioned to pay no attention to his table habits. He would at times prop both elbows on the table, hold a saucer of tea in both hands, and punctuate his conversation with gusty blowing across the tea. He might be handling a bit of food with knife, fork, or spoon, and blow that. Or with a piece of meat on his fork and his elbows on the table he would alternately blow and make short, sharp gestures with the meat. He never lost anything by that, and we were able to restrain ourselves.

Came a day when we had cucumber pickles, quartered lengthways, on the table. The old gentleman got a quarter on his fork and began blowing that.

My sister started the giggle, and Father turned with a thunderous frown. But before he could speak he was checked.

'Oh, Doctor,' exclaimed our friend, chuckling as he held the pickle out toward my father, 'let 'em laugh! This pickle was already cool!'

M. H. VAN H. BATTENBERG

We all know the issues involved in making chapel compulsory. The Warden of St. Stephen's College has this to say.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Sperry's article on 'Compulsory Chapel' is excellent as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough — far enough back. The basis for required chapel — at Yale, for instance — was originally that Yale was a college of Christians who believed worship a part, and a vital part, of culture. Chapel was required for precisely the same reason that going to lectures was required. It ministered to the purpose of the institution. The concept of life and learning held at Harvard, and in most other American colleges, has changed. Such a college is no longer a place to which men go desiring and expecting spiritual as well as mental discipline. It is an intellectual shop. Religion seems an individual matter, not a collegiate or corporate matter. That is the nub of the situation. There are colleges which do still believe that religion is a collegiate concern, colleges composed of men of varied communions all of whom know before they enroll that the discipline of regular and reverent worship is expected as a matter of course.

What Dr. Sperry does is generalize. He assumes that all American colleges are and should be alike. Like many Yale men, he thinks all American colleges are or ought to be just like Harvard. Nothing could be further from the fact.

Yours sincerely,

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

They order these things better at Smith, where feminine common sense — assisted, we may add, by President Neilson — has worked out this ingenious chapel system.

October 29, 1928

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

We are very much interested in Dean Sperry's article on 'Compulsory Chapel' because we think we have at Smith College a chapel system which combines 'joy' and 'discipline' in almost exactly the proportions he advocates. We should very much like to know whether he agrees with us.

About ten years ago the administration abolished compulsory chapel at Smith because they felt about it very much as Dean Sperry feels. The students, however, voted to compel themselves to go to chapel on an average of four times a week. Every year they take a fresh vote and, though there is always a minority who do not believe in being compelled to do anything, the great majority of the college is so well satisfied with the present system that we do not have a 'chapel problem' for more than one week in the year. President Neilson has called the system 'voluntary compulsory chapel.'

The refreshment they get from the simple religious service brings some students to chapel. Others come for the pleasure of meeting their 'chapel dates'; others out of curiosity as to what the President may have to say. The majority, I suppose, come from a mixture of all three motives. They want to come, but they feel that they would not come unless they made themselves do it. 'Wordsworth,' says Dean Sperry, 'was right when he said that life means something more than discipline, and that more is joy; a joy which cannot be attained without discipline, but a joy which at the last knows discipline only as the pleasurable memory of transmuted pain.' By 8.30 in the morning most Smith students have transmuted their pain.

Yours very truly,

MARGARET L. FARRAND

Set a skeptic to catch a skeptic. Here is an agnostic layman who feels that Robert Keable's honest doubts about the man of history and the God of legend need not have been quite so profound.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The pathetic figure of Robert Keable, bereft of health, faith, and finally of life by the Great War, should arouse our tenderest sympathies. But even these sympathies, and his plausible — at times delightful — English style, cannot make thoughtful people indifferent to his lack of clear thought and adequate information when he tackles serious matters like the fundamentals of religion. Any writer who asserts in positive dogmatic fashion, without semblance of qualification, that the records of Jesus are less than contemptible as historical fact is playing into the hands of extremists rather than following the most competent and impartial scholarship.

Like Professor Paul Shorey in his able analysis of the extreme evolutionary doctrine of certain psychologists, we might emphasize the results of such unguarded teachings in the field of practical morals, pointing out the loss that liberals would feel were their historic Leader taken from them, or the disappearance of spiritual inspiration experienced by the orthodox when belief in a divine

and risen Saviour is weakened. But the ultimate test of truth is truth, not moral effect; so one's main objection to such teachings is that *they are not true*. Oh, yes! They may seem true to a small group of radical partisans, but not to the majority of competent and fair-minded scholars, unless some of us are wholly misinformed.

Now let it be immediately and energetically made clear that these remarks are not the spoutings of some outraged orthodox parson, but rather of a most unorthodox, skeptical, agnostic layman. Nor are they derived from what is called 'conservative' scholarship (for which the writer has a perhaps unfair lack of respect and confidence), but rather from what seems to be a consensus of reasonable liberal opinion, with even a concession to the radical view. Particularly impressive are these words, quoted from a leading liberal in the course of a most impartial discussion of the Virgin Birth (in which he does *not* believe): 'Impressive also is the acknowledged trustworthiness of one, at least, of the narrations. Critics object to Matthew as too greatly influenced by the desire to find fulfillments of prophecy. But more and more sound historical criticism tends to support strongly the trustworthiness of Luke as a historian. The most conspicuous witness here is Harnack, who holds that Luke wrote both the Gospel and the Acts, finished the Acts before the end of Paul's imprisonment (and therefore the Gospel earlier), and is to be depended on as a careful historian.'

This view, of course, does not leave us an infallible record, wholly free from legend, as reliable in narrating a birth that took place in 4 B.C. as a crucifixion in 29 A.D. (two events a generation apart, one connected with an obscure family and the other with a conspicuous religious leader). A host of difficult problems still remain. But it gives us some apparently sincere and almost contemporary records, not to mention Paul's earlier letters; we have Mark and Luke, and possibly Matthew, but probably not John (unless Lord Charnwood and his ilk be right). Of course these writers had their sources, their Q, their X, their Y, and their Z. What historians do not? And what should we say about them if we felt that they had written simply from oral tradition without known sources — which, by the way, suggest other written records used by them of which we have at present no suspicion? This, in fact, is the clear statement of the situation in the opening sentences of Luke's Gospel.

GALLIO

Descending to mundane affairs, we take this opportunity to report that Philip Cabot's piece on public utilities has brought in several pleas for public ownership. We print below a reply from Maurice Scharff, and only wish we could squeeze in another letter which points out that Mr. Hoover's home town of Palo Alto conducts a municipal gas plant that was purchased from private owners and now pays its own way, yields handsome profits, and charges lower rates than prevail in a neighboring city.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just been reading Professor Cabot's discussion, in the November issue, of my September article on utilities. I pass over the accusation of Calvinism, and his classification of me as belonging to an 'ilk.' (Though I confess 'ilk' irks me. I don't think I deserve it.) And so I come to the extraordinary argument that our system of public utility regulation (so highly praised in the publicity of the utility industry) has led the managers of the holding companies to 'conceal or divert the real profits so that they shall not appear in the net income' and to 'devise some way of manipulating these operating costs so as to get a profit out of them.' Are we to believe, then, that the abuses which I pointed out as the misdeeds of individual companies, which I thought should be regulated by the industry, are really the settled, conscious policies of the entire industry, to circumvent the system of public regulation?

Finally, Professor Cabot asks the question, 'Confronted with this dilemma, can you blame a manager if he seeks some way to camouflage the position by introducing some intercompany profit into the operating expenses which, while increasing them and reducing the apparent profit, will in fact keep the profit of the holding company intact?'

Well, yes, I think you can blame him. Or at least you can blame him if, at the same time, he continues to protest that regulation is effective, and that he is laying 'all of the facts before the public.'

Of course, I don't believe that the utility holding companies are quite as bad as Professor Cabot's argument makes them out to be. There are unquestionably serious abuses in some parts of the industry. But there are many young men, and some older men, in the industry who believe as I do, that it is possible to make profits in the industry by actually conducting it in accordance with the principles which it professes; and who would like to see the abuses corrected by action within the industry, before it is permanently and irreparably damaged as a field of business opportunity.

MAURICE R. SCHARFF

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A BLESSED COMPANION IS A BOOK

Jubilee Jim, by Robert H. Fuller. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. 8vo. vii + 566 pp. Illus. $3.50.

MR. FULLER'S initial decision was responsible for a weakness in his book which does much to neutralize very real excellences. Facing the problem of characterizing a man whose reputation was not pleasant, but whom he believed to be maligned, he elected to bring the methods of fiction to the support of biography. The proceeding is not, to be sure, an innovation, though contemporary biographers have sometimes failed to inform their readers that the two genres were being fused. The potential gains are greater vividness and a more plausible freedom in speculative interpretation. But in *Jubilee Jim*, a biography of Jim Fisk which is a recital in the first person by an invented confidant of the principal, the method actually inhibits its own purpose. Wholly undocumented, an *ex parte* pleading by one who uncritically admires the florid buccaneer, it lacks the persuasiveness of fiction and the factual reality of history. One does not know, one cannot know, whether any given incident is based upon fact or is merely a friendly exculpation.

The reader's powerlessness to appraise the evidence for himself is a serious defect in Mr. Fuller's book. It is the more annoying in that Mr. Fuller's ideas about Jim Fisk are unusually interesting, novel, and unorthodox. He conceived the partner of Jay Gould, the friend of Boss Tweed, the manipulator of Erie, and the conspirator of Black Friday as, essentially, a white-headed boy, a popular product of the democracy whose hero he was, an incarnation of the jovial energy of America's flush age. Morality, according to this view, is hardly a concept that one can use in judging Jim Fisk. Simply, in those incredible years that followed the Civil War the yeasts of America were at work, and one of their growths was Jim Fisk. Vermont, in producing him, had endowed him with a vast love of spectacle and an impulsive shrewdness in business and in the manipulation of his fellows. These endowments he put to work in the hectic, wholly amoral anarchy of the post-war decade. He fitted the late sixties as perfectly and as garishly as the lithographs of the day. The bravura that made him a millionaire made him also an object of popular homage. In the conflict between a rising plutocracy and a declining aristocracy of culture and traditions the mob was enthusiastically on the side of the plutocracy. Jim Fisk conducted his financial escapades and his amours, his orgies of extravagance and his military spectacles, in full limelight and to the accompaniment of thunderous applause.

Such a man — so runs the unspoken commentary of Mr. Fuller — cannot be judged by the canons of a private or a public or even a commercial morality. He was an expression of his times, a symbol, an earth spirit. He was a jovial man who was good to his father and, in his way, to his wife also. Remember, the great heart of the people loved him; and fifty million democrats cannot be wrong. And also, his mistress, after great publicity, betrayed him — which was tragic and brought on an annoying scandal.

Mr. Fuller was, in some degree, right: such characters as Jim Fisk need treatment in fiction. But first they need explicit treatment in biography — in biography that must be hard-minded, impersonal, factual, and documented to the last comma.

BERNARD DEVOTO

The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. 8vo. xi + 414 pp. $3.00.

WILL not some publisher sponsor a library of prison literature? It could begin with the *Phædo*, and include works from many climes and times. Raleigh's *History of the World* would be in it, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Silvio Pellico's *Le mie prigioni;* Kropotkin's vital autobiography, Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, and Boethius's *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*. In such a collection, these *Letters* would hold an abiding place. Apart from any judgment on the famous case, they cannot be forgotten; they burrow too deep into reality.

They represent, among other things, the desperate effort of two men to hammer an alien medium of expression to their purpose. In a way, they are at their best when simplest. The peasant mind of Sacco finds effective passages: 'Every night when the light goes out I take a long walk, and really I do not know how long I walk, because the most of the time I forget myself to go to sleep, and so I continue to walk, and I count, one, two, three, four steps, and turn backward and continue to count, one, two, three, four. . . . Frequently I stop to my window cell and through those sad bars I stop and look at the nature into crepuscular of night, and the stars in the beauti blue sky.' His letters to his son Dante, to Baby Inez, whose 'little and so dearest letter' he will 'carry right under my heart to the last day of my life,' have authentic pathos. Vanzetti's English is more tormented, for he is trying to render ideas. Yet he too can

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find memorable phrases. 'Our agony is our triumph' — that epitaph will not die. He has indeed, as he foretold, become 'a vanquished man but a formidable shadow.' Both men were learning English in the school of noble books. Literary terms appear with quaint effect, as when Sacco calls himself 'thes sad recluse,' or Vanzetti varies his favorite expletive, 'By Gosh,' with writing of Fascism as 'the exploitation of a purulent growth which has been forming and ripening itself in the sick body of the social organism.'

Vanzetti was a thinker. Through his tortured sentences burns an intellectual fire. He liked 'the teaching of Tolstoy, San Francesco and Dante.' During the tragic leisure of the prison years, he reads insatiably: William James, much savored because 'he speaks with simplicity'; Marcus Aurelius, Vedanta philosophy, Emerson. 'I will delight myself at the lecture of Emerson's Politics, Nature, New England Reformers, so exquisitely anarchist.' Take notice, Boston! He is the perfect anarchist himself, Vanzetti. He grows into warm sympathy with his middle-class and sometimes conservative defenders, but through his escape from class consciousness his anarchist convictions never flag.

Vanzetti takes the wide resonance of that case quite impersonally. It 'should cheer every one of goodwill.' 'That is done for us by the people of the world, the laborers and the greatest minds and hearts, proves beyond any possible doubt that a new conception of justice is plowing its way in the soul of mankind.' Believing this, he did not die unhappy: 'I have brought my pebble to the altar of freedom and life.' He forgave 'some people' at the last 'for what they are now doing to me.' This was no easy feat. 'I can not forgive murderors,' he had written not long before. The deepest interest of this book is that it presents, albeit in a clouded mirror, the progress of a spirit subjected to such tests as few have known. Cries of bitterness abound. 'There is venom in my heart and fire in my brain.' But he advances from the anguished, writhing letters written in 1925, within the hospital for the criminal insane, to the dignity, the thought for others, the high composure, of the letters of 1927. Before such letters as these last, silence is best.

VIDA D. SCUDDER

The Tragic Empress, by Maurice Paléologue. Translated by Hamish Miles. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. 8vo. 264 pp. Illus. $3.50.

MAURICE BARRÈS has evoked *l'Impératrice du Silence;* we are now invited to hear the Empress of Tragic Confessions. From 1901 to 1909, the Empress Eugénie had several interviews with Mr. Maurice Paléologue, who had been presented to her by the Princess Mathilde. The Empress felt a trusting affection for this diplomat, in whom she found courtesy, independence of judgment, and a wealth of information on European history. Having come to the close of her life, she wished to deliver herself of a heavy load of valuable confidences. She had promised Napoleon III never to write her *mémoires;* she has kept her promise, but to Mr. Paléologue she has opened the treasures of her extraordinary memory, and we can to-day reap an intensely interesting harvest from his pages.

Mr. Paléologue brings her to us vividly: a woman who has been tried without losing courage, who has known, as a wife and sovereign, as a mother and a patriot, every anguish and every sorrow. 'She still retains the traces of her former beauty. . . . Her shoulders, held rigid and erect, do not so much as touch the back of the armchair. Her hands, extremely delicate, are of a pale amber color. . . . From her whole person there springs a curious impression of majesty, of something hieratic, and of ruin.' She is cultivated; she reads, as they appear, all important works on history and politics. She quotes Shakespeare or Æschylus, without pedantry and with *à propos.*

The glories and mirages of the Second Empire, treaties and crowned heads, victories and defeats, men and nations — everything takes life for us. Not that Mr. Paléologue accepts without restrictions certain of the statements of the Empress. More than once the tactful diplomat, confessing that 'pity made *him* acquiesce in what she said,' adds to his notes historical discussions in which the personal plea of a sorrowful woman is confronted with the inflexibility of facts and of chronology.

Some chapters bring to history revelations which we must henceforth take into consideration. It appears, for instance, that her personal rôle was more decisive than certain historians, such as Mr. de la Gorce, are willing to grant. If she protests with indignation against the terrible words so often attributed to her concerning the war of 1870, 'It is my war!' ('Never, do you hear me, *never* did that sacrilegious phrase, nor any like it, come from my lips!') she recognizes that she was an important factor in the decision which launched Maximilian on the mad Mexican venture. 'What gave Napoleon III the final and decisive impetus?' asked Mr. Paléologue. Abruptly she answered, 'It came in 1861, at Biarritz, from myself.'

One of the most striking documents revealed in this book is an autograph letter, dated October 26, 1870, which King William of Prussia wrote to the Empress Eugénie, to confirm the Draconian demands of Bismarck: 'Germany is desirous of being assured that the next war will find her better prepared to repulse the aggression on which she can count as soon as France has restored her strength or gained allies. It is *solely* this regrettable consideration and not my desire of national aggrandizement which forces me to insist on cessions of territory which have no other end than that of pushing further back the starting point of French armies in the future.'

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When the reader closes this book, so full of tragic memories and noble sincerity, he cannot help subscribing to the words of Mr. Paléologue, admiring in the Empress Eugénie 'a pride and nobility of spirit beyond the common' and asserting that 'not even in the Empire's most glorious hours, with the diadem on her brow, did the Empress appear more full of majesty.'

ANDRÉ MORIZE

The Decline of the West, by Oswald Spengler. Volume II, Perspectives of World History. Translated by Charles Francis Atkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. 4to. xi + 507 + xxxii pp. $7.50.

WHEREAS Spengler's first volume included an introductory statement of doctrine substantiated by a series of essays in mathematical, artistic, scientific, religious, and sociological fields, his second and concluding tome is chiefly devoted to world history. This is fitting and proper, for he is endeavoring to establish a morphology of history, a theory that Culture congeals into Civilization and culminates in meaningless atrophy, the entire process consuming about one thousand years. What brings forth a 'Higher Culture' Spengler himself cannot say, but states that 'the fact that we have before us eight such cultures, all of the same build, the same development, and the same duration, justifies us in *looking at them comparatively.*

The second volume, in which these words appear, opens with a comparison between plant and animal life, and the distinction here made between fixed macrocosm and freely moving microcosm is extended into a bewildering number of fields. As plants are to animals, so is feeling to intelligence, so woman to man, time to space, politics to religion, race to language, destiny to causality. Once these distinctions are established we move on to the group of the Higher Cultures and the emergence of 'meaningful' history. A comparison between Roman, Arabic, and modern law illustrates some of the peculiarities of these Higher Cultures. Next comes a discussion of city life in which it is asserted that world history is urban history and that the peasant type remains changeless while city dwellers decay into the 'fellaheen peoples' of late Roman and Egyptian times.

The extensive survey of Arabic culture which follows is an attempt to coördinate and explain the first thousand years of the Christian era. Christ is depicted as the great religious flowering of the 'Magian Soul,' and his meeting with Pilate is ingeniously interpreted as the country man facing the city man, culture contemplating civilization. Mohammed is then dubbed the Cromwell of Arabia, and the whole movement of Islam is linked with primitive Christianity and Mazdaism, just as Protestantism can be linked with the religion of the Middle Ages. The concluding chapters dealing with the State draw upon European history and show how economic activity has temporarily displaced political activity. We are now, it seems, on the road from Napoleonism to Cæsarism — 'money is celebrating its last victories and the Cæsarism that is to succeed it approaches with quiet, firm step.' Modern Faust-like man, impelled toward infinite horizons, has developed the machine to an extent undreamed of by men of any other Culture, but in attempting to set himself above the gods he has made himself the slave of his own creation.

To assign any absolute value to such a theory is impossible; one can only indicate some of its outstanding qualities. Essentially *The Decline of the West* represents a deep reaction against everything that we have come to associate with the name of Charles Darwin. It sets Destiny above Evolution and pours contempt upon the 'frog-perspective' of such men as Marx, Shaw, and Ibsen. Spengler's great skill resides in his ability to give ideas the breath of life, and his translator makes us feel this enthusiasm as if at first hand.

QUINCY HOWE

Some Recent Books of Poetry

IT has been long since originality, vigor, ambitious design, and sustained enthusiasm have been poured into a work of poetry as they have into **John Brown's Body,** by **Stephen Vincent Benét.** This remarkable book does not invite great subtlety of judgment; its characteristics lie plainly visible and open to inspection. It is not marked by the mysterious and unpredictable qualities of phrase and conception which are characteristic of the greatest poetry. It contains many passages intensely and truly poetic, but perhaps its nearest approach to great poetic style is in its eloquent Invocation.

Among its virtues must be counted its abundant vitality and its ambitious plan: it is the story — flung nervously and hotly into verse — of the great struggle against slavery, of the brutalities, fights, and strange, contrasting, implicated threads of the Civil War and its period. This story — really a segment of history — is incorporated in the lives, through these fateful years, of a large number of characters: Southern gentleman, Pennsylvania farmer, mountaineer, slave, Connecticut Yankee, belle, chambermaid, President, and general. Thus the treatment is concrete and naturalistic; indeed the naturalism of the book — so perfect as to seem at times inspired — is another of its conspicuous merits. It is a merit with a limitation, perhaps, considering the book poetically, for the naturalism and the poetry are not often united. They are apt to alternate rather than to fuse.

Among the defects of the book, it seems to me, must be reckoned the confusion of the first part, resulting from frequent abrupt changes from one character and one metre to another. It is curiously noticeable throughout the book that the great scenes, in which the characters and events belong to universal history, are much inferior to the scenes which Mr. Benét's imagination

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has largely or wholly created, and in which the characters are his own.

Judgment of *John Brown's Body* as a book will differ somewhat from judgment of it as poetry. As a book, it is a deeply impressive, animated, and understanding picture of one of the great conflicts of history seen through the lives of humble and important participants. Many of the most memorable scenes are such as a novelist might have created, and are remembered as they would be remembered from a novel. As poetry, the book is varied. Passages of great poetic excellence it contains, and, inevitably, much that is inferior. Some of the most successful pages, metrically, are quasi-Byronic jingles in form, such as the meditations of Cudjo, the old negro servant in Wingate Hall. But the plan of the book would have been impossible without the nervous concentration and immediate emotional reality which poetry makes possible. If Mr. Benét has not succeeded in the Homeric perfection of uniting poetry with action and natural detail, he has produced a remarkable and original book, for which no exact precedent is to be found either in the novel or in the narrative poem. It is a step toward combining the merits of each.

Content with simpler themes, a tried veteran of American poetry, **Robert Frost,** has been tilling his field quietly, and now comes with sound and sweet-smelling products to market. No volume of poetry ever bore a more charming title than **West-Running Brook.** It cannot be said of it that it contributes to poetry as an art; in form and expression the verses are of the most unpretentious — sometimes, indeed, lacking the significance and care due even such neighborly poems as Mr. Frost's. Nor can it be said that the poems utter a philosophy, except as they contain gleams of a wise humor and suggest a personality at peace with itself, rooted in simplicity and spiritual health. What can be said is that they give pleasure — often tenuous and slight, like gossamers, vanished before they can be caught, but pleasure nevertheless. For several poems in the book particular appreciation is due; but in the last of all, 'The Bear,' humorous perception has wrought a masterpiece.

Of chief interest in **Carl Sandburg's Good Morning, America** is the composition which gives its title to the volume. Obviously owing to Whitman in form, 'Good Morning, America' (which was read as a Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard) is marked by even less regularity of rhythm than Whitman employed. It ranges from long and complex prose sentences to short, quasi-metrical paragraphs. In substance, it is an affirmative salutation to America, to its 'facts,' industrial, historical, emotional, to its power and to its complexity. America, all in all, in the multitudinous phases of its existence, is breathed in and held in suspension so that the mind may ruminate on its vital and fundamental life as on a cud. No very coherent reflections or conclusions are produced, but as rumination is a healthy act, the implication is strong that while defects and crudities may be present in America, its mere being and variety are justified by vital instinct. Hardly free from turgidity, 'Good Morning, America' is full of vitality and humor, and the pleasure of reading it is considerable.

The volume also contains a large number of briefer impressions, often remarkable for delicacy and beauty of perception. In form these impressions belong no more to the poetic category than 'Good Morning, America' itself. Yet, tested by the quality of enjoyment which they give, their effects are frequently more poetic than their form.

The case with the latest volume by **Edna St. Vincent Millay** is in large part exactly opposite. In outward semblance the poems in **The Buck in the Snow** are accomplished and skillful; in substance they offer almost nothing with which criticism can come to grips. Fugitive impressions predominate in the book, and even as impressions they seem ineffectual. The poems inspired by the case of Sacco and Vanzetti scarcely differ in strength from the casual verses. Here one cannot doubt the sincerity of Miss Millay, but the results are no fair measure of the feeling in which the poems must have originated. 'Justice Denied in Massachusetts' is poetically conceived: it seems rich in undeveloped potentiality. Its restraint and indirection — it gives no hint of the bitter circumstances that gave it birth, and speaks only of the sick and sad shadow fallen on indifferent fields — are interesting to criticism. But the poem needs some transmuting coal laid to its lips, some explicit and bold seizure of its theme. Had it this added directness, its lines might have spoken with prophetic fervor.

The name of **Thomas Hardy** looms like a shadow from Valhalla. **Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres,** which he prepared for publication before his death, contains a few poems in which greatness is unmistakably felt to be present. These, despite phrases which seem like the uncouth arms of primitive machinery, suggest in their grave, large thought, conciseness of expression, and proportion of form, the Greek Anthology. Aside from these few native woodnotes, the most interesting feature of the volume is its Introductory Note, in which Mr. Hardy writes: 'My last volume of poems was pronounced wholly gloomy and pessimistic by reviewers. . . . My sense of the oddity of this verdict may be imagined when, in selecting them, I had been, as I thought, rather too liberal in admitting flippant, not to say farcical, pieces into the collection.' And later: 'I also repeat what I have often stated on such occasions, that no harmonious philosophy is attempted in these pages — or in any bygone pages of mine, for that matter.'

These words deserve sympathy, and no doubt should be taken into account in the interpretation of Hardy as a man and of his work. But it can hardly be expected that they will materially

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change the definite impression which he has already made on the public and critical mind. Certainly the contents of *Winter Words* will not change it. Although deliberately flippant pieces are present, grimness prevails. Tragedy is immanent, whether conscious and formulated pessimism is intended or not. Often the grimness becomes altogether grotesque, and one would like the justification of the preface for applying the word 'farcical' to pieces that bear every appearance of seriousness. How much the volume would have been altered had the author lived to revise it further is a fitting question; but perhaps it is best to dwell on the few poems which in brief compass utter permanent reflections, and utter them with the dignity and mystery characteristic of great poetry.

This Blind Rose, by **Humbert Wolfe**, is a collection of a considerable number of short, casual poems. Out of so many separate entities, it is natural that a limited number should emerge as possessing the individuality and significance which invite comment. In the rest, tendencies to the banal and to the sentimental both in phrase and in idea must be recognized, and the reader must frequently be aware of noticeable defects and a lack of definite character. I cannot feel that the poems devoted to love are true evidences of a grand passion. Those which I should whole-heartedly praise are of a different sort. They are reflective and spiritual, as when Mr. Wolfe, in sympathy with Plato, says that the rose is a parable 'of how things fadeless, when they seem to fade,' relinquish only their earthly defects,

> Since Time to that divine conjecture must
> remould, each spring, the instrumental dust.

Modern poets are like modern actors. The latter, when they pronounce blank verse, seem to do their best to disguise the fact that it is blank verse they are speaking. In the same way modern poets often seem anxious to conceal the fact that it is poetry they are writing. The familiar outward trappings and splendors of the art they avoid; and although one discovers that the same emotions and rhetorical methods are present, they are introduced conversationally and as if by a tacit agreement with the reader to ignore them.

Of all the writers touched on in this review, **John Masefield** seems to me most unashamedly a poet, and his **Midsummer Night** most unmistakably poetry. In this volume of Arthurian ballads, the historic devices of the poet come into their own — the formal simile, the obsolete or poetic word, the stanza constructed with a fine harmony of rhymes. Legend and magic flower again; love, fighting, and vengeance, action and passion, prevail.

I cannot feel that much is to be expected *a priori* of a new poetic treatment of the Arthurian legends. Many poets have already given their versions of this great cycle of romance, but none has equaled Malory. *Le Morte Darthur* is among the greatest writings in the English tongue, and to read it is to fulfill completely and sublimely the particular kind of experience which it offers, the enchanted contemplation of a wonderfully varied and magical world of characters whose adventures reach deep into the roots of folk story and fairy tale and whose implicated fates yet possess the dignity to bring about a tragic and portentous dissolution. Little can be hoped of a secondary treatment of so great a theme.

But with the first page of *Midsummer Night* hope and expectation are forgotten. It can only be said that the unpredictable beauty and magic of the legends quicken in Masefield's ballads, and the birthright of poetry is recaptured in the music and simplicity of his words. Little of the largeness and cumulative effect of Malory can be found in *Midsummer Night*. It is noticeable, too, that such familiar stories as the attempt of Modred and his followers to take Lancelot in the queen's chamber, where comparison with Malory is suggested, have not the force of the less familiar stories or versions in which Masefield enjoys more of the primacy of the creator. Often the use of obsolete or rare words is too free — such favorites as 'meyny' and 'raddled' come to be expected regularly. There is a predilection to be somewhat specifically bloody in the fights; and the imitation, not so much of Chaucer as of the kind of freshness and liquid simplicity for which Chaucer stands, is noticeable. But often this freshness is not sought after; it wells forth spontaneously, bathing rhyme and stanza with beauty and delight such as are not often found. When this occurs, the reader is made aware again of the quenchless power that resides in the true gift of poetry.

THEODORE MORRISON

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
West-Running Brook, by Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt. $2.50.
Good Morning, America, by Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace. $3.00.
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